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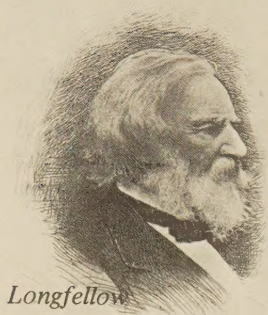




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AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY

Edmund Clarence Ferner



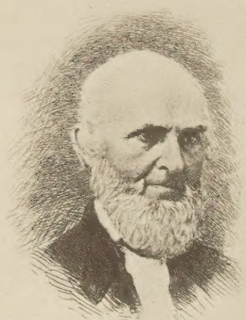
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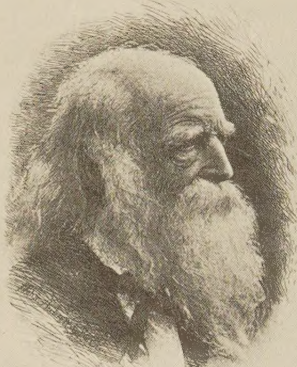
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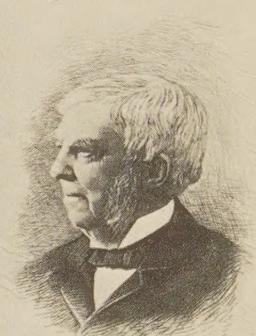
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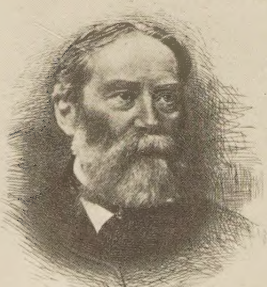
Whittier



Bryant



Holmes



Lowell



Lanier

AN
AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY
1787-1900

Edited by FRANK CLUNETT TOWNAR



The Grave of Emerson

Volume I.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO

AN
AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY

1787-1900

SELECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE EDITOR'S CRITICAL
REVIEW OF AMERICAN POETRY IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

EDITED BY

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

AUTHOR OF "POETS OF AMERICA," "VICTORIAN POETS," ETC.
AND EDITOR OF "A VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY"

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I



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1968

vol. 1

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To
CYRUS OSBORNE BAKER

INTRODUCTION

THE reader will comprehend at once that this book was not designed as a Treasury of imperishable American poems. To make a rigidly eclectic volume would be a diversion, and sometimes I have thought to spend a few evenings in obtaining two thirds of it from pieces named in the critical essays to which the present exhibit is supplementary. In fact, more than one projector of a handbook upon the lines of Palgrave's little classic has adopted the plan suggested, and has paid a like compliment to the texts revised by the editors of "A Library of American Literature."

But no "Treasury," however well conceived, would forestall the purpose of this compilation. It has been made, as indicated upon the title-page, in illustration of my review of the poets and poetry of our own land. It was undertaken after frequent suggestions from readers of "Poets of America," and bears to that volume the relation borne by "A Victorian Anthology" to "Victorian Poets." The companion anthologies, British and American, are meant to contain the choicest and most typical examples of the poetry of the English tongue during the years which they cover. The effective rise of American poetry was coincident with that of the Anglo-Victorian. It has been easy to show a preliminary movement, by fairly representing the modicum of verse, that has more than a traditional value, earlier than Bryant's and not antedating the Republic. Again, as the foreign volume was enlarged by the inclusion of work produced since the "Jubilee Year," so this one extends beyond the course surveyed in 1885, and to the present time. This should make it, in a sense, the breviary of our national poetic legacies from the nineteenth century to the twentieth. Now that it is finished, it seems, to the compiler at least, to afford a view of the successive lyrical motives and results of our first hundred years of song, from which the critic or historian may derive conclusions and possibly extend his lines into the future.

When entering upon my task, I cheerfully assumed that it would be less difficult than the one preceding it; for I had traversed much of this home-field in prose essays, and once again, — aided by the fine judgment of a colleague, —

while examining the whole range of American literature before 1890. Many poets, however, then not essential to our purpose, are quoted here. More space has been available in a work devoted to verse alone. Other things being equal, I naturally have endeavored, though repeating lyrics established by beauty or association, to make fresh selections. While verse of late has decreased its vogue as compared with that of imaginative prose, yet never has so much of it, good and bad, been issued here as within the present decade; never before were there so many rhythmical aspirants whose volumes have found publishers willing to bring them out attractively, and never have these tasteful ventures had more assurance of a certain, if limited, distribution. The time required for some acquaintance with them has not seemed to me misspent; yet the work of selection was slight compared with that of obtaining privileges from authors and book-houses, insuring correctness of texts and biographical data, and mastering the countless other details of this presentation. My forbearing publishers have derived little comfort from its successive postponements in consequence of these exigencies and of the editor's ill health. The delay, however, has rounded up more evenly my criticism and illustration of English poetry, carrying to the century's end this last volume of a series so long ago projected.

The anthologist well may follow the worker in mosaic or stained-glass, to better his general effects. Humble bits, low in color, have values of juxtaposition, and often bring out to full advantage his more striking material. The representation of a leading poet is to be considered by itself, and it is a pleasure to obtain for it a prelude and an epilogue, and otherwise to secure a just variety of mood and range. I have allotted many pages to the chiefs reviewed at chapter-length in "Poets of America," yet even as to these space is not a sure indication of the compiler's own feeling. An inclusion of nearly all the effective lyrics of Poe, and of enough of Emerson to show his translunary spirit at full height, still left each of these antipodal bards within smaller confines than are given to Longfellow, — the people's "artist of the beautiful" through half a century of steadfast production, or to Whittier — the born balladist, whose manner and purport could not be set forth compactly. Similar disproportions may appear in citation from poets less known, the effort being to utilize matter best suited to the general design. Time is the test of all traditions, even those of one's own propagating. We still canonize as our truest poets men who rose to eminence when poetry overtopped other

literary interests, and whose lives were devoted to its production. Yet there was an innocent tyranny in the extension of the prerogative accorded to the "elder poets" throughout the best days of a worshipful younger generation. The genius of new-comers might have been more compulsive if less overshadowed, and if less subject to the restrictions of an inauspicious period — that of the years immediately before and after the Civil War. Their output I have exhibited somewhat freely, as seemed the due of both the living and the dead. To the latter it may be the last tribute by one of their own kith and kin; to all, a tribute justly theirs whose choice it was to pursue an art upon which they had been bred and from its chiefs had learned beauty, reverence, aspiration, — but which they practised almost to alien ears. Not only their colleagues, but those that should have been their listeners, had perished, North and South. To the older members of this circle, — those born in the twenties, and thus falling within the closing division of the First Period, — even too little space has been allotted: the facts being that not until the Second Period was reached could an estimate be formed of the paging required for the entire book, and that then the selections already in type could not be readjusted.

A veteran author, Dr. English, recalls an assurance to the editor of American compilations famous in the day of Poe and the "Literati," that "his sins," much as he had incurred the wrath of the excluded, "were not of omission but of commission." Dr. Griswold performed an historical if not a critical service; he had a measure of conscience withal, else Poe would not have chosen him for a literary executor. But if this anthology were modelled upon his "Poets and Poetry of America" it would occupy a shelf of volumes. I have not hesitated to use any fortunate poem, howsoever unpromising its source. A ruby is a ruby, on the forehead of a Joss or found in the garment of a pilgrim. Here and there are included verses by masterful personages not writers by profession, and the texts of hymns, patriotic lyrics, and other memorabilia that have quality. As befits an anthology, selections mostly are confined to poems in their entirety, but the aim is to represent a poet variously and at his best; sometimes this cannot be achieved otherwise than by extracts from long poems, — by episodes, or other passages effective in themselves. The reader will find but a few extended Odes other than Lowell's Commemoration Ode and Stoddard's majestic monody on Lincoln, either of which it would be criminal here to truncate. In the foreign compendium there was little to present in the dramatic form, and that not often of a high order; from this

volume dramatic dialogue — regretfully in cases like those of Boker and Taylor — is excluded altogether, with the exception of an essential specimen in the prefatory division; but lyrical interludes from dramas are not infrequent. As to sonnets, one often finds them the most serviceable expression of a minor poet. The sonnets of two or three Americans take rank with the best of their time, but I have tried to avoid those of the everyday grade. Finally, whatsoever a poet's standing or the class of selections, my tests are those of merit and anthological value, and the result should be judged accordingly. There is no reception more distrustful, not to say cynical, than that awarded nowadays to a presentment of the artistic effort of one's own time and people. An editor must look upon this as in the nature of things, happy if he can persuade his readers to use their own glasses somewhat objectively. With regard to a foreign field personal and local equations have less force, and to this no doubt I owe the good fortune that thus far little exception has been taken to the selection and range of material used for "A Victorian Anthology."

This brings to mind a departure in the following pages from the divisional arrangement of the last-named compilation. Essayng almost every method of setting forth our own poets, I found it impossible to follow the one which before had worked so aptly. A chronological system proved to be not merely the best, but seemingly the only one, applicable to my new needs.

The ease wherewith the British record permitted a classified arrangement was a pleasure to the orderly mind. It crystallized into groups, each animated by a master, or made distinct by the fraternization of poets with tastes in common. Whether this betokened an advanced or a provincial condition may be debatable, and the test of any "set" doubtless involves the measure of self-consciousness. Surveying the formative portion of the Victorian era it was easy to find the Roisterers, the Poets of Quality, the several flocks of English, Scottish, and Irish minstrels, the Rhapsodists, the Humanitarians, all preceding the composite idyllic school — that with Tennyson at its head. With and after Tennyson came the renaissance of the Preraphaelites, and also new balladists, song-writers, a few dramatists, the makers of verse-a-la-mode, and so on to the time's end. From all this, distinct in the receding past, it was possible to map out a cartograph as logical as the prose survey which it illustrates. But when the latter-day verse-makers were reached, an effort to assort them had to be foregone, and not so

much from lack of perspective as because, with few exceptions, they revealed more traits in common than in differentiation. It would be too much to expect that subsequent to the Victorian prime and the going out of its chief luminaries there should not be an interval of twilight — with its scattered stars, the Hespers of the past, the Phosphors of a day to come. The earlier groups were discernible, and reviewed by me, in their full activity; at present, when prose fiction, instead of verse, is the characteristic imaginative product, it is not hard to point out its various orders and working-guilds.

A derogatory inference need not be drawn from the failure of attempts to classify the early and later singers of our own land. Poetry led other forms of our literature during at least forty years, — say from 1835 to 1875. Nevertheless, like many observers, I found scarcely a group, except that inspired by the Transcendental movement, of more import than an occasional band such as the little set of “Croakers” when New York was in its ’teens. With the exception of Poe, the *dii majores*, as they have been termed, alike were interpreters of nature, sentiment, patriotism, religion, conviction, though each obtained mark by giving accentuated expression to one or two of these fundamental American notes. With the added exceptions of Whitman and Lanier, and of Lowell in his dialect satire, the leaders’ methods and motives have had much in common, and the names excepted were not initiative of “schools.” There were a few exemplars, chiefly outside of New England, of the instinct for poetry as an expression of beauty, and of feeling rather than of the convictions which so readily begat didacticism; yet for decades the choir of minor poets have pursued their art in the spirit of the leaders and have availed themselves of the same measures and diction.

Variances of the kind arising from conditions of locality and atmosphere have always been apparent. An approach can be made to a natural arrangement by geographical division somewhat upon the lines of Mr. Piatt’s illustrated quarto, in which the lyrics and idylls of the Eastern States, the Middle, the Southern, the regions of the Middle West and the Pacific Slope, are successively exhibited. Until of late, however, the population and literature of the country were so restricted to the Atlantic seaboard that this method excites a sense of disproportion none the less displeasing for its fidelity to the record. Thus by a process of exclusion the one satisfactory order proved to be the chronological; this being of the greater value since national evolution is more fully reflected in the poetry of

America than in that of countries, further advanced in the arts, wherein lyrical expression has derived importance from its literary worth rather than from its might as the voice of the people. If it is difficult to assort our poets of any one time into classes it chances that they are significantly classified by generations. The arrangement of this volume thus depends upon its time-divisions, of which the sequence can be traced by a glance at the preliminary Table of Contents.

Colonial verse, howsoever witty, learned, and godly, is beyond the purview ; and well it may be, if only in obeisance to the distich of that rare old colonist, Nathaniel Ward, who tells us in "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," that

"Poetry 's a gift wherein but few excel ;
He doth very ill that doth not passing well."

Those who wish glimpses of life in New England after the forefathers were measurably adjusted to new conditions, may acquaint themselves with the lively eclogues of our first native poet, Ben Tompson. They will find nothing else so clever until — a hundred years later — they come upon the verse of Mistress Warren, the measures grave and gay of Francis Hopkinson, the sturdy humor of Trumbull and his fellow-wits. Barlow's "Columbiad" certainly belonged to neither an Homeric nor an Augustan age. Contemporary with its begetter was a true poet, one of nature's lyrists, who had the temperament of a Landor and was much what the Warwick classicist might have been if bred, afar from Oxford, to the life of a pioneer and revolutionist, spending his vital surplusage in action, bellicose journalism, and new-world verse. A few of Freneau's selecter songs and ballads long have been a part of literature, and with additions constitute my first gleanings of what was genuinely poetic in the years before Bryant earned his title as the father of American song. In that preliminary stage, an acting-drama began with Tyler and Dunlap and should have made better progress in the half-century ensuing. A dialect-ballad of the time, "The Country-Lovers," by Fessenden of New Hampshire, though unsuited to this Anthology, is a composition from which Lowell seems to have precipitated the native gold of "The Courtin'." Apart from these I think that sufficient, if not all, of what the opening years have to show of poetic value or association may be found in the selections from Freneau and others earlier than the First Lyrical Period, — a period which Pierpont, despite his birth-record, is entitled to lead off, considering the date of his first publications and the relation of his muse to an heroic future.

Accepting the advent of Bryant and Pierpont as the outset of a home minstrelsy which never since has failed of maintenance, our course hitherto divides itself readily into two periods, with the Civil War as a transitional rest between. The First ends with that national metamorphosis of which the impassioned verse of a few writers, giving no uncertain sound, was the prophecy and inspiration. The antecedent struggle was so absorbing that any conception of poetry as an art to be pursued for its own sake was at best not current; yet beauty was not infrequent in the strain of even the anti-slavery bards, and meanwhile one American singer was giving it his entire allegiance. Before reverting to these antebellum conditions, it should be noted that a Second Period began with the war olympiad, lasting to a date that enables a compiler to distinguish its stronger representatives until the beginning of the century's final decade. To complete the survey I add a liberal aftermath of verse produced in these last ten years; for it seems worth while to favor a rather inclusive chartage of the tendencies, even the minor currents and eddies, which the poetry of our younger writers reveals to those who care for it. As to omitted names, I reflect that their bearers well may trust to anthologists of the future, rather than to have lines embalmed here for which in later days they may not care to be held to account.

The sub-divisions of each of the lyrical periods, — covering, as to the First Period, three terms of about fifteen years each, and as to the Second, three of ten years each, represent literary generations, some of which so overlap one another as to be in a sense contemporary. Finally, the "Additional Selections" at the end of every sub-division, and succeeding the preliminary and supplementary pages, are for the most part chronologically ordered as concerns any specific group of poems. These addenda have afforded a serviceable means of preserving notable "single poems," and of paying attention to not a few unpretentious writers who, while uttering true notes, have obeyed Wordsworth's injunction to shine in their places and "be content."

Here I wish to set down a few conclusions, not so much in regard to the interest of the whole compilation as to its value in any summary of the later poetry of our English tongue.

When I told a New York publisher — a University man, whose judgment is well entitled to respect — that I had this book in mind as the final number of a series and as a companion to the British volume, he replied off-hand: "You

cannot make it half so good as the other : we have n't the material." This I was not ready to dispute, yet was aware of having entertained a feeling, since writing "Poets of America," that if a native anthology must yield to the foreign one in wealth of choice production, it might prove to be, from an equally vital point of view, the more significant of the two. Now having ended my labor, that feeling has become a belief which possibly may be shared by others willing to consider the grounds of its formation.

In demurring to what certainly is a general impression, the first inquiry must be : What then constitutes the significance of a body of rhythmical literature as found in either of these anthologies, each restricted to its own territory, and both cast in the same epoch and language ? Undoubtedly, and first of all, the essential quality of its material as poetry ; next to this, its quality as an expression and interpretation of the time itself. In many an era the second factor may afford a surer means of estimate than the first, inasmuch as the purely literary result may be nothing rarer than what the world already has possessed, nor greatly differing from it ; nevertheless, it may be the voice of a time, of a generation, of a people, — all of extraordinary import to the world's future. A new constructive standard was set by Tennyson, with increase rather than reduction of intellectual power, but shortly before the art of the laureate and his school there was little to choose in technical matters between English and American rhythmists, Landor always excepted. Since the Georgian hey-day, imagination of the creative order scarcely has been dominant, nor is it so in any composite and idyllic era. Our own poetry excels as a recognizable voice in utterance of the emotions of a people. The storm and stress of youth have been upon us, and the nation has not lacked its lyric cry ; meanwhile the typical sentiments of piety, domesticity, freedom, have made our less impassioned verse at least sincere. One who underrates the significance of our literature, prose or verse, as both the expression and the stimulant of national feeling, as of import in the past and to the future of America, and therefore of the world, is deficient in that critical insight which can judge even of its own day unwarped by personal taste or deference to public impression. He shuts his eyes to the fact that at times, notably throughout the years resulting in the Civil War, this literature has been a "force." Its verse until the dominance of prose fiction — well into the seventies, let us say — formed the staple of current reading ; and fortunate it was — while pirated foreign writings, sold cheaply everywhere, handicapped the evolution of a native prose school — that the books of the "elder

American poets" lay on the centre-tables of our households and were read with zest by young and old. They were not the fosterers of new-world liberty and aspiration solely; beyond this, in the case of Longfellow for example, the legends read between the lines made his verse as welcome in Great Britain as among his own country-folk. The criterion of poetry is not its instant vogue with the ill-informed classes; yet when it is the utterance of an ardent people, as in the works of Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, it once more assumes its ancient and rightful place as the art originative of belief and deed. Emerson presented such a union of spiritual and civic insight with dithyrambic genius as may not be seen again. His thought is now congenital throughout vast reaches, among new peoples scarcely conscious of its derivation. The transcendentalists, as a whole, for all their lapses into didacticism, made and left an impress. Longfellow and his pupils, for their part, excited for our people the old-world sense of beauty and romance, until they sought for a beauty of their own and developed a new literary manner — touched by that of the motherland, yet with a difference; the counterpart of that "national likeness" so elusive, yet so instantly recognized when chanced upon abroad. In Bryant, often pronounced cold and granitic by readers bred to the copious-worded verse of modern times, is found the large imagination that befits a progenitor. It was stirred, as that of no future American can be, by his observation of primeval nature. He saw her virgin mountains, rivers, forests, prairies, broadly; and his vocabulary, scant and doric as it was, proved sufficient — in fact the best — for nature's elemental bard. His master may have been Wordsworth, but the difference between the two is that of the prairie and the moor, Ontario and Windermere, the Hudson and the Wye. From "Thanatopsis" in his youth to "The Flood of Years" in his hoary age, Bryant was conscious of the overstress of Nature unmodified by human occupation and training. It is not surprising that Whitman — though it was from Emerson he learned to follow his own genius — so often expressed himself as in sympathy with Bryant, above other American poets, on the imaginative side. The elemental quality of the two is what makes them akin; what differentiates them is not alone their styles, but the advance of Whitman's generation from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. The younger minstrel, to use his own phrase, also saw things *en masse*; but in his day and vision the synthesis of the new world was that of populous hordes surging here and there in the currents of democracy. Bryant is the poet of the ages, Whitman of the generations. The æsthetic note

of poetry was restored by Longfellow, in his Vergilian office, and by Edgar Poe with surer magic and endurance. Has any singer of our time more demonstrably affected the rhythmical methods of various lands than Poe with his few but haunting paradigms? He gave a saving grace of melody and illusion to French classicism, to English didactics, — to the romance of Europe from Italy to Scandinavia. It is now pretty clear, notwithstanding the popularity of Longfellow in his day, that Emerson, Poe, and Whitman were those of our poets from whom the old world had most to learn; such is the worth, let the young writer note, of seeking inspiration from within, instead of copying the exquisite achievements of masters to whom we all resort for edification, — that is, for our own delight, which is not the chief end of the artist's throes. Our three most individual minstrels are now the most alive, resembling one another only in having each possessed the genius that originates. Years from now, it will be matter of fact that their influences were as lasting as those of any poets of this century.

The polemic work of Whittier, Lowell, and their allies, illustrates the applied force of lyrical expression. Their poetry of agitation scarcely found a counterpart on the Southern side until the four-years' conflict began; yet any study of the causes and conduct of that war confirms our respect for Fletcher's sage who cared to make the ballads of a nation rather than its laws. His saying never applies more shrewdly than at the stage of a nation's formation when the slightest deflection must needs be the equivalent of a vast arc in the circle of its futurity. It is strange to realize that the young now view the Civil War from a distance almost equal to that between their seniors' childhood and the war of 1812 — the veterans of which we watched with kindly humor when their lessening remnant still kept up its musty commemorations. Our youth know the immeasurably larger scope of the mid-century struggle; they cannot understand from the echo of its trumpetings the music of a time when one half of a people fought for a moral sentiment, — the other, for a birthright which pride would not forego. Even the motherland, though gaining a fresh view from that convulsion and its outcome, formed no adequate understanding of her progeny over sea. Years go by, and the oceans are held in common, and the world is learning that our past foretold a new domain in art, letters, and accomplishment, of which we have barely touched the oorder. Making every allowance for the *gratia hospitum*, a recent visitor, William Archer, need not fear to stand by what he had the perception to discover and the courage to declare. In his judgment, "the whole world will one day come to

hold Vicksburg and Gettysburg names of larger historic import than Waterloo or Sedan." If this be so, the significance of a literature of all kinds that led up to the "sudden making" of those "splendid names" is not to be gainsaid. Mr. Howells aptly has pointed out that war does not often add to great art or poetry, but the white heat of lyric utterance has preceded many a campaign, and never more effectively than in the years before our fight for what Mr. Archer calls "the preservation of the national idea." Therefore an American does not seem to me a laudable reader who does not estimate the following presentation in the full light of all that his country has been, is, and is to be.

Time has not clouded, but cleared, the lenses through which our neophytes regard those distant movements so fully in accord with the modern spirit as Poe's renaissance of art for beauty's sake, and Whitman's revolt against social and literary traditions. The academic vantage no less held its own with Parsons and Holmes as maintainers, — the former our purest classicist, and a translator equalled only by Bayard Taylor. The stately elegance of Parsons limited his audience, yet perfected the strength of his ode "On a Bust of Dante," than which no finer lyric ennobles this collection. Holmes's grace, humor, contemporaneousness, brought him into favor again and again, and the closing days of a sparkling career were the most zestful for the acknowledged master of new "architects of airy rhyme" on each side of the Atlantic. In Lowell, the many-sided, the best equipped, and withal the most spontaneous, of these worthies, their traits were combined. Never was there a singer at once so learned and so unstudied; no other American took the range that lies between the truth and feeling of his dialect verse and the height of his national odes.

This is not a critical Introduction, and the writer need not dwell upon the shortcomings of our still famous matin choir. These were discussed in commentaries that differ very little from what they would be if written now, though after this farther lapse of time I might not enter upon such judgments with the glow and interest of the earlier years, when those hoar and laurelled heads still shone benignantly above us.

Along the century's midway, a group of somewhat younger poets appeared, whose places of birth or settlement rendered them less subject to the homiletic mood which even Lowell recognized as his own besetting drawback. Taylor, Boker, Stoddard, Read, Story, and their allies, wrote poetry for the sheer love of it. They did much beautiful work, with a cosmopolitan and artistic bent, making

it a part of the varied industry of men of letters ; in fact, they were creating a civic Arcadia of their own, — but then came the tempest that sent poets and preachers alike to the storm-cellar, and certainly made roundelays seem inapposite as the “pleasing of a lute.” Yet my expositions of the then current writers, taken with the sheaf of popular war-songs, Northern and Southern, bound up in a single section, prove that the fury of the fight called forth inspiring strains. Some of these were as quickly caught up by the public as were the best known efforts of the laureate of Anglo-Saxon expansion in a recent day. On the whole, the stern and dreadful war for the Union produced its due share of the lays of heroism and endeavor. But then, as oftentimes, pieces that outrivalled others were wont to have the temporal quality that does not make for an abiding place among the little classics of absolute song.

As the country slowly emerged from the shadow, its elder bards hung up their clarions, and betook themselves to the music of contentment and peace. Their heirs apparent were few and scattered ; encouragement was small during years of reconstruction, and without the stimulus of a literary “market ;” yet the exhibit in the first division of the post-bellum period shows that song had a share in the awakening of new emotional and æsthetic expression. Fifteen or twenty years more, and a resort to letters as a means of subsistence was well under way, — and like a late spring, vigorous when once it came. Poets, in spite of the proverb, sing best when fed by wage or inheritance. The progress of American journals, magazines, and the book-trade coincided with a wider extension of readers than we had known before. Such a condition may not foster the creative originality that comes at the price of blood and tears, but it has resulted in a hopeful prelude to whatsoever masterwork the next era has in store. The taste, charm, and not infrequent elevation of the verse contained in the three divisions of the second portion of this compilation render that portion, in its own way, a fit companion to the series preceding it. One must forego tradition to recognize this ; in the Hall of Letters, as in Congress and wherever a levelling-up movement has prevailed, talent is less conspicuous by isolation than of old. The main distinction between the two Periods is a matter of dynamics ; the second has had less to do with public tendencies and events. It has had none the less a force of its own : that of the beauty and enlightenment which shape the ground for larger offices hereafter, by devotees possibly no more gifted than their forbears, yet farther up the altar steps. In its consistency, tested by what went before, it stands comparison as reasonably

as the product of the later Victorian artificers, when gauged by that of Tennyson, Arnold, the Brownings, and their colleagues.

It is not my province to specify the chief writers of this Period, so many of whom are still with us. As the country has grown, the Eastern song-belt has widened, and other divisions have found voice. The middle West quickly had poets to depict its broad and plenteous security; and more lately very original notes have come from territory bordering upon the Western Lakes. The Pacific coast and the national steppes and ranges as yet scarcely have found adequate utterance, though not without a few open-air minstrels. Dialect and folk-lore verse represents the new South; its abundant talent has been concerned otherwise with prose romance; yet the song of one woman, in a border State, equals in beauty that of any recent lyricist. American poets still inherit longevity. Since the premature death of the thrice-lamented Taylor — at a moment when he was ready to begin the life of Goethe which none could doubt would be a consummate work — a few others have gone that should have died hereafter. Sill was a sweet and wise diviner, of a type with Clough and Arnold. O'Reilly is zealously remembered, both the poet and the man. In Emma Lazarus a star went out, the western beacon of her oriental race. When Sidney Lanier died, not only the South that bore him, but the country and our English rhythm underwent the loss of a rare being — one who was seeking out the absolute harmony, and whose experiments, incipient as they were, were along the pathways of discovery. Eugene Field's departure lessened our laughter, wit, and tears. In the present year, Hovey, whom the new century seemed just ready to place among its choristers, was forbidden to outlive the completion of the intensely lyrical "Taliesin," his melodious swan-song.

To end this retrospect, it may be said that the imaginative faculty, of which both the metrical and the prose inventions alike were termed poetry by the ancients, has not lain dormant in the century's last quarter; although certain conditions, recognized in the opening chapter of "Victorian Poets" as close at hand, have obtained beyond doubt. The rhythm of verse is less essayed than that of prose — now the vehicle of our most favored craftsmen. Already books are written to show how an evolution of the novel has succeeded to that of the poem, which is true — and in what wise prose fiction is the higher form of literature, which is not yet proved. The novelist has outsped the poet in absorbing a new ideality conditioned by the advance of science; again, he has cleverly

adjusted his work to the facilities and drawbacks of modern journalism. It is not strange that there should be a distaste for poetic illusion in an era when economics, no longer the dismal science, becomes a more fascinating study than letters, while its teachers have their fill of undergraduate hero-worship. At last a change is perceptible at the universities, a strengthening in the faculties of English, a literary appetite that grows by what it feeds on. Letters, and that consensus of poetry and science foreseen by Wordsworth, may well be taken into account in any vaticination of the early future. Meanwhile, what do we have? Here as abroad — and even if for the moment there appears no one of those excepted masters who of themselves re-create their age — there continues an exercise of the poet's art by many whose trick of song persists under all conditions. Our afterglow is not discouraging. We have a twilight interval, with minor voices and their tentative modes and tones; still, the dusk is not silent, and rest and shadow with music between the dawns are a part of the liturgy of life, no less than passion and achievement.

The reader will hardly fail to observe special phases of the middle and later portions of this compilation. In my reviews of the home-school a tribute was paid to the high quality of the verse proffered by our countrywomen. This brought out a witticism to the effect that such recognition would savor less of gallantry if more than a page or two, in so large a volume, had been reserved for expatiation upon the tuneful sisterhood. That book was composed of essays upon a group of elder poets, among whom no woman chanced to figure. A single chapter embraced a swift characterization of the choir at large, and in this our female poets obtained proportional attention as aforesaid. The tribute was honest, and must be rendered by any one who knows the field. A succession of rarely endowed women-singers, that began — not to go back to the time of Maria Brooks — near the middle of the century, still continues unbroken. Much of their song has been exquisite, some of it strong as sweet; indeed, a notable portion of our treasure-trove would be missing if their space in the present volume were otherwise filled. Not that by force of numbers and excellence women bear off the chief trophies of poetry, prose fiction, and the other arts; thus far the sex's achievements, in a time half seriously styled "the woman's age," are still more evident elsewhere. It cannot yet be said of the Parnassian temple, as of the Church, that it would have no parishioners, and the service no participants, if it

were not for women. The work of their brother poets is not emasculate, and will not be while grace and tenderness fail to make men cowards, and beauty remains the flower of strength. Yet for assurance of the fact that their contribution to the song of America is remarkable, and even more so than it has been — leaving out the work of Elizabeth Browning — to that of Great Britain, one need only examine its representation in this anthology. I am not so adventurous as to mention names, but am confident that none will be ungrateful for my liberal selections from the verse upon the quality of which the foregoing statement must stand or fall.

Poetry being a rhythmical expression of emotion and ideality, its practice as a kind of artistic finesse is rightly deprecated, though even this may be approved in the young composer unconsciously gaining his mastery of technique. Our recent verse has been subjected to criticism as void of true passion, nice but fickle in expression, and having nothing compulsive to express. An international journal declares that "our poets are not thinking of what they shall say, for that lies close at hand, but of how they shall say it." On the whole, I suspect this to be more true abroad than here: our own metrists, if the less dexterous, are not without motive. There was said to be a lack of vigorous lyrics on the occasion of our war with Spain. The world-changing results of the war will find their artistic equivalent at sudden times when the observer, like Keats's watcher of the skies, sees the "new planet swim into his ken" — or at least finds this old planet made anew. Anglo-Saxon expansion or imperialism, call it as we will, has inspired one British poet, yet he is so much more racial than national that America claims a share in him. As for our poetry of the Spanish war, I think that sufficient will be found in my closing pages to indicate that our quickstep was enlivened by a reasonable measure of prosody. The Civil War was a different matter — preceded by years of excitement, and at last waged with gigantic conflicts and countless tragic interludes, until every home was desolate, North or South. Men and women still survive who — with Brownell, Willson, and others of the dead — made songs and ballads that, as I have said, were known the world over. Why should these veteran celebrants decline upon lesser themes, or not stand aside and let the juniors have their chance? The latter had scarcely tuned their strings when the Spanish fight was over. Still more to the point is the fact that poets of all time have been on the side of revolt. Our own, however patriotic, when there was so little of tragedy and the tug of war to endure, felt no exultation in chanting a feeble enemy's deathsong.

In any intermediary lyrical period its effect upon the listener is apt to be one of experiment and vacillation. It is true that much correct verse is written without inspiration, and as an act of taste. The makers seem artists, rather than poets: they work in the spirit of the graver and decorator; even as idyllists their appeal is to the bodily eye; they are over-careful of the look of words, and not only of their little pictures, but of the frames that contain them, — book-cover, margin, paper, adornment. That lyrical compositions should go forth in attractive guise is delectable, but not the one thing needful for the true poet, whose strength lies in that which distinguishes him from other artists, not in what is common to all. While making a fair presentation of the new modes and tendencies of the now somewhat timorous art of song, a guess at what may come out of them is far more difficult than were the prognostications of thirty years ago. Each phase has its own little grace or effect, like those of the conglomerate modern piano-music. Among those less rational than others I class attempts to introduce values absolutely exotic. The contention for a broad freedom in the chief of arts is sound. It may prove all things, and that which is good will stay. Owing to our farther remove from the European continent, foreign methods are essayed with us less sedulously than by the British minor poets. Both they and we were successful in a passing adoption of the "French forms," which, pertaining to construction chiefly, are common to various literatures. In attempting to follow the Gallic cadences and linguistic effects our kinsmen were bound to fail. Our own craftsmen even less have been able to capture graces quite inseparable from the specific rhythm, color, diction, that constitute the highly sensuous beauty of the modern French school. A painter, sculptor, or architect — his medium of expression being a universal one — can utilize foreign methods, if at a loss for something of his own. But there has not been an English-speaking captive to the bewitchment of the French rhythm and symbolism who has not achieved far less than if he had held fast to the resources of his native tongue. Literatures lend things of worth to one another, but only as auxiliaries and by gradual stages. Between the free carol of the English lyric, from the Elizabethan to the Victorian, and the noble variations of English blank verse in its every age and vogue, our poets have liberties enow, and will rarely go afield except under suspicion of reinforcing barren invention with a novel garniture. The technique of the lyrical Symbolists, for instance, is at best a means rather than an end. Though pertinent to the French language and spirit, it is apt, even in France and Belgium, to substitute

poetic material for creative design. That very language is so constituted that we cannot transmute its essential genius; those who think otherwise do not think in French, and even an imperfect appreciation of the tongue, and of its graces and limitations, should better inform them. Titles also are misleading: every poet is a symbolist in the radical sense, but not for the sake of the symbol. The glory of English poetry lies in its imagination and in its strength of thought and feeling. Deliberate artifices chill the force of spontaneity; but at the worst we have the certainty of their automatic correction by repeated failures.

Even as concerns the homely, slighted shepherd's trade, there is a gain in having our escape from provincialism indicated by distrust of inapt models, and through an appeal to our own constituency rather than to the outer world. The intermingling of peoples has qualified Binney Wallace's saying that "a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity." The question as to a British or American production now must be, What is the verdict of the English-speaking world? To that vast jury the United States now contributes the largest contingent of intelligent members. Our poets who sing for their own countrymen will not go far wrong, whether or not they bear in mind the quest for "local color," — as to which it can be averred that our elder group honestly expressed the nature, life, sentiment, of its seacoast habitat, the oldest and therefore most American portion of this country. Younger settlements have fallen into line, with new and unmistakable qualities of diction, character, atmosphere. Our kinsmen, in their pursuit of local color, more or less deceive themselves; with all its human zest, it is but a secondary value in art, though work surcharged with it is often good of its kind, while higher efforts are likely to fall short. When found, we sometimes fail to recognize it, or care no more for it than for those provincial newspapers which are so racy to native readers and so tedious to the sojourner. What foreigners really long for is something radically new and creative. In any case, praise or dispraise from abroad is now of less import than the judgment of that land in which a work is produced. The method and spirit peculiar to a region make for "an addition to literature," but a work conveying them must have the universal cast to be enduring, though its author waits the longer for recognition. But this was always so; the artist gains his earliest satisfaction from the comprehension of his own guild. Time and his measure of worth may do the rest for him.

A public indifference to the higher forms of poetry is none the less hard to

bear. A collective edition of an admired poet's lifework, with not a line in its volumes that is not melodious, or elegant, or imaginative, or all combined, and to which he has applied his mature and fastidious standards, appears without being made the subject of gratulation or extended review. A fresh and noble lyric, of some established order, gains small attention, while fetching trifles are taken up by the press. If a fair equivalent of the "Ode to a Nightingale" were now to come into print, a reviewer of the magazine containing it doubtless might content himself with saying: "There is also a poem by Mr. —." But this, after all, in its stolid fashion may betoken a preference for something revelatory of the infinite unexplored domain of poetic values; a sense that we have a sufficiency of verse which, however fine, is conformed to typical masterpieces; a desire for variants in creative beauty to stimulate us until they each, in turn, shall also pass into an academic grade.

In offering this final volume of a series that has diverted me from projects more in the humor of the hour, I feel a touch of that depression which follows a long task, and almost ask whether it has been worth completion. Would not the labor have been better expended, for example, upon criticism of our prose fiction? The muse sits neglected, if not forspent, in the hemicycle of the arts: —

"Dark Science broods in Fancy's hermitage,
The rainbow fades, — and hushed they say is Song
With those high bards who lingering charmed the age
Ere one by one they joined the statued throng."

Yet after this verification of my early forecast, why should not the subsidiary prediction — that of poesy's return to dignity and favor — no less prove true? As it is, having gone too far to change for other roads, I followed the course whether lighted by the setting or the rising sun. Concerning the nature and survival of poetry much is said in view of the apparent condition. Song is conceded to be the language of youth, the voice of primitive races, — whence an inference that its service in the English tongue is near an end. But surely poetry is more than the analogue of even those folk-songs to which composers recur in aftertime and out of them frame masterpieces. Its function is continuous with the rhythm to which emotion, age after age, must resort for a supreme delivery, — the vibration that not only delights the soul of infancy, but quavers along the heights of reason and intelligence.

If the word "lost" can be applied to any one of the arts, it is to poetry last of all. Not so long ago it was linked with sculpture, now the crowning triumph of a world's exposition. We must be slow to claim for any century supereminence as the poetic age. Our own country, to return, has not been that of a primitive people, colonial or under the republic; and among all peoples once emerged from childhood modes of expression shift in use and favor, and there are many rounds of youth, prime, and decadence. Spring comes and goes and comes again, while each season has its own invention or restoration. The new enlightenment must be taken above all into account. The world is too interwelded to afford many more examples of a decline like Spain's, — in whose case the comment that a nation of lute-players could never whip a nation of machinists was not a cynicism but a study in ethnology. Her lustration probably was essential to a new departure; while as for America, she has indeed her brawn and force, but is only entering upon her song, nor does a brood of minor poets imply that she has passed a climacteric. It will be long before our people need fear even the springtime enervation of their instinctive sense of beauty, now more in evidence with every year.

More likely they have not yet completed a single round, inasmuch as there has been thus far so little of the indubitably dramatic in our rhythmical production. The poetic drama more than once has marked a culmination of imaginative literature. Constructively, it is the highest form of poetry, because it includes all others metrical or recitative; psychologically, still the highest, going beyond the epic presentment of external life and action: not only rendering deeds, but setting bare the workings of the soul. I believe that, later than Shakespeare's day, the height of utterance in his mode and tongue is not of the past, but still to be attained by us. Thus poetry is indeed the spirit and voice of youth, but the thought of sages, and of every age. Our own will have its speech again, and as much more quickly than after former periods of disuse as the processes of action and reaction speed swifter than of old. To one bred to look before and after this talk of atrophy seems childish, when he bears in mind what lifeless stretches preceded the Miltonic and the Georgian outbursts. A pause, a rest, has been indicated, at this time especially innocuous and the safeguard against cloying; meantime our new-fledged genius has not been listless, but testing the wing in fields outside the lyric hedgerows. In the near future the world, and surely its alertest and most aspiring country, will not lack for poets. Whatsoever the prognosis, one thing is to be gained from a compilation of the songs of many: this or

that singer may be humble, an everyday personage among his fellows, but in his verse we have that better part of nature which overtops the evil in us all, and by the potency of which a race looks forward that else would straggle to the rear.

Compact Biographical Notes upon all the poets represented, as in "A Victorian Anthology," follow the main text of this book. They have been prepared by various hands, and revised by the editor — occasionally with a brief comment upon some name too recent to be found in the critical volume, "Poets of America."

For texts I have depended upon my own shelves, the public libraries, and the private stores of Mr. R. H. Stoddard and other colleagues. Acknowledgment is made to Mr. C. Alexander Nelson, of Columbia University, and to Mr. Robert Bridges, for repeated courtesies. Important aid has been derived from the Librarian of Brown University, Mr. Harry Lyman Koopman, and from the Harris-Anthony collection of American poetry within his charge. There is an enviable opportunity for the friends of this notable collection to place it beyond rivalry by filling in many of its gaps, and by making copious additions from the output of the last twenty years.

Throughout two years occupied with the main portion of the compilation, a time of frequent disability, I have owed much to the unstinted and competent service of Miss Ella M. Boulton, B. L., who has been in every sense my assistant-editor, — not only as to matters of routine, but in the exercise of literary judgment. In correspondence, proof-reading, and textual revision, Miss Laura Stedman has been a zealous subordinate, and has paid special attention to the Biographical Notes. Many of the latter have been written by Miss Lucy C. Bull (now Mrs. Robinson) and Miss Beatrix D. Lloyd. At the inception of my task, I was aided by Miss Mary Stuart McKinney and Miss Louise Boynton, A. B. Miss McKinney, who had previous experience in connection with the Victorian Anthology, was the valued assistant-editor of the opening division of the present collection.

The attention of compilers and others is directed to the list of proprietary books and writings, under the copyright notices which follow the title-page. This anthology could not be issued without the friendly coöperation of American publishers, and pains has been taken to conserve their rights by legal specification at the outset, and in some instances by notices elsewhere. Where it has been doubtful whether rights exist, and, if so, under what ownership, the editor relies upon the indulgence of all concerned. My thanks are due to living authors, and to the heirs of the dead, for placing works at my disposal without restriction as to the character or extent of citations. The verse of one American writer, now living abroad, has been omitted at his own request. One or two Canadian poets, whose residence and service are now on this side of the border, are justly in such favor that I would seek to represent them here were not their songs and ballads already a choice portion of a Colonial division in the British compilation. E. C. S.

LAWRENCE PARK, BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK,

August, 1900.

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EARLY YEARS OF THE NATION

(THE QUARTER CENTURY PRECEDING BRYANT AND HIS
CONTEMPORARIES)

FRENEAU'S EARLIER COLLECTIONS OF HIS POEMS: 1786-95
BRYANT'S "THANATOPSIS" IN "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW": 1815

PRELUDE

I SAW the constellated matin choir
Then when they sang together in the dawn, —
The morning stars of this first rounded day
Hesperian, hundred-houred, that ending leaves
Youth's fillet still upon the New World's brow;
Then when they sang together, — sang for joy
Of mount and wood and cataract, and stretch
Of keen-aired vasty reaches happy-homed, —
I heard the stately hymning, saw their light
Resolve in flame that evil long inwrought
With what was else the goodliest demain
Of freedom warded by the ancient sea;
So sang they, rose they, to meridian,
And westering down the firmament led on
Cluster and train of younger celebrants
That beaconed as they might, by adverse skies
Shrouded, but stayed not nor discomfited, —
Of whom how many, and how dear, alas,
The voices stilled mid-orbit, stars eclipsed
Long ere the hour of setting; yet in turn
Others oncoming shine, nor fail to chant
New anthems, yet not alien, for the time
Goes not out darkling nor of music mute
To the next age, — that quickened now awaits
Their heralding, their more impassioned song.
E. C. S.

EARLY YEARS OF THE NATION

(THE QUARTER-CENTURY PRECEDING BRYANT AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES)

Philip Freneau

EUTAW SPRINGS

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died :
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er ;
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide ;
How many heroes are no more !

If in this wreck of ruin they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite thy gentle breast, and say
The friends of freedom slumber here !

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign ;
Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest !

Stranger, their humble groves adorn ;
You too may fall, and ask a tear :
'T is not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field ;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe ;
They took the spear — but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering standards, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly :
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved in such a cause to die —

But, like the Parthians famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace our patriot band ;
Though far from nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter Phœbus of their own.

EPITAPH, FROM "THE FADING ROSE"

HERE — for they could not help but die —
The daughters of the Rose-Bush lie :
Here rest, interred without a stone,
What dear Lucinda gave to none, —
What forward beau, or curious belle,
Could hardly touch, and rarely smell.

Dear Rose ! of all the blooming kind
You had a happier place assigned,
And nearer grew to all that's fair,
And more engaged Lucinda's care,
Than ever courting, coaxing swain,
Or ever all who love, shall gain.

SONG OF THYRSIS

IN "FEMALE FRAILTY"

THE turtle on yon withered bough,
That lately mourned her murdered mate,
Has found another comrade now —
Such changes all await !
Again her drooping plume is drest,
Again she's willing to be blest
And takes her lover to her nest.

If nature has decreed it so
 With all above, and all below,
 Let us like them forget our woe,
 And not be killed with sorrow.
 If I should quit your arms to-night
 And chance to die before 't was light,
 I would advise you — and you might —
 Love again to-morrow.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
 Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
 Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
 Unseen thy little branches greet:
 No roving foot shall crush thee here,
 No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
 She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
 And planted here the guardian shade,
 And sent soft waters murmuring by;
 Thus quietly thy summer goes,
 Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
 I grieve to see your future doom;
 They died — nor were those flowers more
 gay,
 The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
 Unpitied frosts and Autumn's power
 Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dew
 At first thy little being came;
 If nothing once, you nothing lose,
 For when you die you are the same;
 The space between is but an hour,
 The frail duration of a flower.

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND

In spite of all the learned have said,
 I still my old opinion keep;
 The posture that we give the dead
 Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands; —
 The Indian, when from life released,
 Again is seated with his friends,
 And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
 And venison, for a journey dressed,
 Bespeak the nature of the soul,
 Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
 And arrows with a head of stone,
 Can only mean that life is spent,
 And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this
 way,
 No fraud upon the dead commit, —
 Observe the swelling turf, and say,
 They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
 On which the curious eye may trace
 (Now wasted half by wearing rains)
 The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
 Beneath whose far projecting shade
 (And which the shepherd still admires)
 The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
 (Pale Shebah with her braided hair),
 And many a barbarous form is seen
 To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dew,
 In habit for the chase arrayed,
 The hunter still the deer pursues,
 The hunter and the deer — a shade !

And long shall timorous Fancy see
 The painted chief, and pointed spear,
 And Reason's self shall bow the knee
 To shadows and delusions here.

DEATH'S EPITAPH

FROM "THE HOUSE OF NIGHT"

DEATH in this tomb his weary bones hath
 laid,
 Sick of dominion o'er the human kind;
 Behold what devastations he hath made,
 Survey the millions by his arm confined.

"Six thousand years has sovereign sway
 been mine,
 None but myself can real glory claim;

Great Regent of the world I reigned alone,
And princes trembled when my mandate
came.

"Vast and unmatched throughout the
world, my fame
Takes place of gods, and asks no mortal
date —

No: by myself, and by the heavens, I swear
Not Alexander's name is half so great.

"Nor swords nor darts my prowess could
withstand,

All quit their arms, and bowed to my de-
cree, —

Even mighty Julius died beneath my hand,
For slaves and Cæsars were the same to
me ! "

Traveller, wouldst thou his noblest trophies
seek,

Search in no narrow spot obscure for those;
The sea profound, the surface of all land,
Is moulded with the myriads of his foes.

THE PARTING GLASS

THE man that joins in life's career
And hopes to find some comfort here,
To rise above this earthly mass, —
The only way 's to drink his glass.

But still, on this uncertain stage
Where hopes and fears the soul engage,
And while, amid the joyous band,
Unheeded flows the measured sand,
Forget not as the moments pass
That time shall bring the parting glass !

In spite of all the mirth I 've heard,
This is the glass I always feared,
The glass that would the rest destroy,
The farewell cup, the close of joy.

With you, whom reason taught to think,
I could for ages sit and drink;
But with the fool, the sot, the ass,
I haste to take the parting glass.

The luckless wight, that still delays
His draught of joys to future days,
Delays too long — for then, alas !
Old age steps up, and — breaks the glass !

The nymph who boasts no borrowed
charms,

Whose sprightly wit my fancy warms, —
What though she tends this country inn,
And mixes wine, and deals out gin ?
With such a kind, obliging lass,
I sigh to take the parting glass.

With him who always talks of gain
(Dull Momus, of the plodding train),
The wretch who thrives by others' woes,
And carries grief where'er he goes, —
With people of this knavish class
The first is still my parting glass.

With those that drink before they dine,
With him that apes the grunting swine,
Who fills his page with low abuse,
And strives to act the gabbling goose
Turned out by fate to feed on grass —
Boy, give me quick, the parting glass.

The man whose friendship is sincere,
Who knows no guilt, and feels no fear, —
It would require a heart of brass
With him to take the parting glass.

With him who quaffs his pot of ale,
Who holds to all an even scale,
Who hates a knave in each disguise,
And fears him not — whate'er his size —
With him, well pleased my days to pass,
May heaven forbid the Parting Glass !

ON THE RUINS OF A COUNTRY INN

WHERE now these mingled ruins lie
A temple once to Bacchus rose,
Beneath whose roof, aspiring high,
Full many a guest forgot his woes.

No more this dome, by tempests torn,
Affords a social safe retreat;
But ravens here, with eye forlorn,
And clustering bats henceforth will meet.

The Priestess of this ruined shrine,
Unable to survive the stroke,
Presents no more the ruddy wine, —
Her glasses gone, her china broke.

The friendly Host, whose social hand
Accosted strangers at the door,

Has left at length his wonted stand,
And greets the weary guest no more.

Old creeping Time, that brings decay,
Might yet have spared these mouldering
walls,
Alike beneath whose potent sway
A temple or a tavern falls.

Is this the place where mirth and joy,
Coy nymphs, and sprightly lads were
found ?

Indeed ! no more the nymphs are coy,
No more the flowing bowls go round.

Is this the place where festive song
Deceived the wintry hours away ?
No more the swains the tune prolong,
No more the maidens join the lay.

Is this the place where Nancy slept
In downy beds of blue and green ?
Dame Nature here no vigils kept,
No cold unfeeling guards were seen.

'T is gone ! — and Nancy tempts no more ;
Deep, unrelenting silence reigns ;
Of all that pleased, that charmed before,
The tottering chimney scarce remains.

Ye tyrant winds, whose ruffian blast
Through doors and windows blew too
strong,
And all the roof to ruin cast, —
The roof that sheltered us so long, —

Your wrath appeased, I pray be kind
If Mopsus should the dome renew,
That we again may quaff his wine,
Again collect our jovial crew.

ON A TRAVELLING SPECULATOR

ON scent of game from town to town he flew,
The soldier's curse pursued him on his
way ;
Care in his eye, and anguish on his brow,
He seemed a sea-hawk watching for his
prey.

With soothing words the widow's mite he
gained,
With piercing glance watched misery's
dark abode,

Filched paper scraps while yet a scrap re-
mained,
Bought where he must, and cheated
where he could ;

Vast loads amassed of scrip, and who knows
what ;
Potosi's wealth seemed lodged within his
clutch, —
But wealth has wings (he knew) and in-
stant bought
The prancing steed, gay harness, and gilt
coach.

One Sunday morn to church we saw him
ride
In glittering state — alack ! and who but
he —
The following week, with Madam at his side,
To routs they drove — and drank Impe-
rial tea !

In cards and fun the livelong day they
spent,
With songs and smut prolonged the mid-
night feast, —
If plays were had, to plays they constant
went,
Where Madam's top-knot rose a foot at
least.

Three weeks, and more, thus passed in airs
of state,
The fourth beheld the mighty bubble
fail, —
And he, who countless millions owned so
late,
Stopped short — and closed his triumphs
in a jail.

THE SCURRILOUS SCRIBE

His soul extracted from the public sink,
For discord born he splasht around his
ink ;
In scandal foremost, as by scandal fed,
He hourly rakes the ashes of the dead.

Secure from him no traveller walks the
streets,
His malice sees a foe in all he meets ;
With dark design he treads his daily rounds,
Kills where he can, and, where he cannot,
wounds.

Nature to him her stings of rancor gave
To shed, unseen, the venom of a knave;
She gave him cunning, every treacherous
art,
She gave him all things but an upright
heart;

And one thing more — she gave him but
the pen,
No power to hurt, not even the brass of
men,
Whose breasts though furies with their pas-
sions rule
Yet laugh at satire, pointed by a fool.

Was there no world but ours to give you
room?
No Patagonia, for your savage home,
No region, where antarctic oceans roll,
No icy island, neighboring to the pole?

By dark suspicion led, you aim at all
Who will not to your sceptred idol fall;
To work their ruin, every baseness try,
First envy, next abuse us, then belie.

Such is your stretch! and thus awhile go on!
Your shafts rebound, and yet have injured
none.
Hurt whom they will, let who will injured
be,
The sons of smut and scandal hurt not me.

TO A CATY-DID

IN a branch of willow hid
Sings the evening Caty-did:
From the lofty locust bough
Feeding on a drop of dew,
In her suit of green arrayed
Hear her singing in the shade —
Caty-did, Caty-did, Caty-did!

While upon a leaf you tread,
Or repose your little head
On your sheet of shadows laid,
All the day you nothing said:
Half the night your cheery tongue
Revelled out its little song, —
Nothing else but Caty-did.

From your lodging on the leaf
Did you utter joy or grief?
Did you only mean to say,

*I have had my summer's day,
And am passing, soon, away
To the grave of Caty-did!*
Poor, unhappy Caty-did!

But you would have uttered more
Had you known of nature's power;
From the world when you retreat,
And a leaf's your winding sheet,
Long before your spirit fled,
Who can tell but nature said, —
Live again, my Caty-did!
Live, and chatter Caty-did.

Tell me, what did Caty do?
Did she mean to trouble you?
Why was Caty not forbid
To trouble little Caty-did?
Wrong, indeed, at you to fling,
Hurting no one while you sing, —
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

Why continue to complain?
Caty tells me she again
Will not give you plague or pain;
Caty says you may be hid,
Caty will not go to bed
While you sing us Caty-did, —
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

But, while singing, you forgot
To tell us what did Caty *not*:
Caty did not think of cold,
Flocks retiring to the fold,
Winter with his wrinkles old;
Winter, that yourself foretold
When you gave us Caty-did.

Stay serenely on your nest;
Caty now will do her best,
All she can, to make you blest;
But you want no human aid, —
Nature, when she formed you, said,
"Independent you are made,
My dear little Caty-did:
Soon yourself must disappear
With the verdure of the year,"
And to go, we know not where,
With your song of Caty-did.

TO A HONEY BEE

THOU, born to sip the lake or spring,
Or quaff the waters of the stream,

Why hither come, on vagrant wing ?

Does Bacchus tempting seem, —

Did he for you this glass prepare ?

Will I admit you to a share ?

Did storms harass or foes perplex,

Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay, —

Did wars distress, or labors vex,

Or did you miss your way ?

A better seat you could not take

Than on the margin of this lake.

Welcome ! — I hail you to my glass:

All welcome here you find;

Here let the cloud of trouble pass,

Here be 'all care resigned.

This fluid never fails to please,

And drown the griefs of men or bees.

What forced you here we cannot know,

And you will scarcely tell,

But cheery we would have you go

And bid a glad farewell:

On lighter wings we bid you fly, —

Your dart will now all foes defy.

Yet take not, oh ! too deep a drink,

And in this ocean die;

Here bigger bees than you might sink,

Even bees full six feet high.

Like Pharaoh, then, you would be
said

To perish in a sea of red.

Do as you please, your will is mine;

Enjoy it without fear,

And your grave will be this glass of
wine,

Your epitaph — a tear;

Go, take your seat in Charon's boat;

We 'll tell the hive, you died afloat.

PLATO TO THEON

THE grandeur of this earthly round,

Where Theon would forever be,

Is but a name, is but a sound —

Mere emptiness and vanity.

Give me the stars, give me the skies,

Give me the heaven's remotest sphere,

Above these gloomy scenes to rise

Of desolation and despair.

These native fires that warmed the mind,

Now languid grown, too dimly glow;

Joy has to grief the heart resigned,

And love itself is changed to woe.

The joys of wine are all you boast, —

These for a moment damp your pain;

The gleam is o'er, the charm is lost,

And darkness clouds the soul again.

Then seek no more for bliss below,

Where real bliss can ne'er be found;

Aspire where sweeter blossoms blow

And fairer flowers bedeck the ground;

Where plants of life the plains invest,

And green eternal crowns the year;

The little god within your breast

Is weary of his mansion here.

Like Phosphor, sent before the day,

His height meridian to regain, —

The dawn arrives — he must not stay

To shiver on a frozen plain.

Life's journey past, for death prepare, —

'Tis but the freedom of the mind;

Jove made us mortal — his we are;

To Jove, dear Theon, be resigned.

Author Unfound¹

THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR

'Tis of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the
stripes and stars,

And the whistling wind from the west-
nor'-west blew through the pitch-
pine spars;

With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys,
she hung upon the gale;

On an autumn night we raised the light on
the old Head of Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the
wind blew steady and strong,

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 778.

As gayly over the sparkling deep our good
ship bowled along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow
the fiery waves she spread,
And bending low her bosom of snow, she
buried her lee cat-head.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him
who walked the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib,
the boom bent like a hoop!
And the groaning water-ways told the
strain that held her stout main-tack,
But he only laughed as he glanced aloft at
a white and silvery track.

The mid-tide meets in the Channel waves
that flow from shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land
from Featherstone to Dunmore,
And that sterling light in Tusker Rock
where the old bell tolls each hour,
And the beacon light that shone so bright
was quench'd on Waterford Tower.

What looms upon our starboard bow?
What hangs upon the breeze?

'T is time our good ship hauled her wind
abreast the old Saltees,
For by her ponderous press of sail and by
her consorts four
We saw our morning visitor was a British
man-of-war.

Up spake our noble Captain then, as a shot
ahead of us past —
“Haul snug your flowing courses! lay
your topsail to the mast!”
Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs
from the deck of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broad-
side from the decks of our patriot
bark.

“Out booms! out booms!” our skipper
cried, “out booms and give her
sheet,”
And the swiftest keel that was ever
launched shot ahead of the British
fleet,
And amidst a thundering shower of shot,
with stun'-sails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did
steer just at the break of day.

Timothy Dwight

THE SMOOTH DIVINE

THERE smiled the smooth Divine, unused
to wound
The sinner's heart with hell's alarming
sound.
No terrors on his gentle tongue attend;
No grating truths the nicest ear offend.
That strange new-birth, that methodistic
grace,
Nor in his heart nor sermons found a
place.
Plato's fine tales he clumsily retold,
Trite, fireside, moral seesaws, dull as
old,—
His Christ and Bible placed at good re-
move,
Guilt hell-deserving, and forgiving love.
'T was best, he said, mankind should cease
to sin:
Good fame required it; so did peace
within.

Their honors, well he knew, would ne'er be
driven;
But hoped they still would please to go to
heaven.
Each week he paid his visitation dues;
Coaxed, jested, laughed; rehearsed the
private news;
Smoked with each goody, thought her
cheese excelled;
Her pipe he lighted, and her baby held.
Or placed in some great town, with lac-
quered shoes,
Trim wig, and trimmer gown, and glisten-
ing hose,
He bowed, talked politics, learned manners
mild,
Most meekly questioned, and most smoothly
smiled;
At rich men's jests laughed loud, their sto-
ries praised,
Their wives' new patterns gazed, and gazed,
and gazed;

Most daintily on pampered turkeys dined,
Nor shrank with fasting, nor with study
pined:

Yet from their churches saw his brethren
driven,

Who thundered truth, and spoke the voice
of heaven,

Chilled trembling guilt in Satan's headlong
path,

Charmed the feet back, and roused the ear
of death.

"Let fools," he cried, "starve on, while
prudent I

Snug in my nest shall live, and snug shall
die."

LOVE TO THE CHURCH

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,

Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

St. George Tucker

DAYS OF MY YOUTH

DAYS of my youth,
Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,

You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth,
You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay ?

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fixed on your God.

St. John Honeywood

DARBY AND JOAN

I

WHEN Darby saw the setting sun,
He swung his scythe, and home he run,
Sat down, drank off his quart, and said,
"My work is done, I'll go to bed."
"My work is done!" retorted Joan,
"My work is done! your constant tone;
But hapless woman ne'er can say,
'My work is done,' till judgment day.
You men can sleep all night, but we
Must toil."—"Whose fault is that?"
quothe he.

"I know your meaning," Joan replied,
"But, Sir, my tongue shall not be tied;
I will go on, and let you know
What work poor women have to do:
First, in the morning, though we feel
As sick as drunkards when they reel,—
Yes, feel such pains in back and head
As would confine you men to bed,
We ply the brush, we wield the broom,
We air the beds, and right the room;
The cows must next be milked—and then
We get the breakfast for the men.
Ere this is done, with whimpering cries,
And bristly hair, the children rise;
These must be dressed, and dosed with
rue,
And fed—and all because of you:
We next"—Here Darby scratched his
head,
And stole off grumbling to his bed;
And only said, as on she run,
"Zounds! woman's clack is never done."

II

At early dawn, ere Phœbus rose,
Old Joan resumed her tale of woes;
When Darby thus—"I'll end the strife,
Be you the man and I the wife:
Take you the scythe and mow, while I
Will all your boasted cares supply."
"Content," quoth Joan, "give me my
stint."
This Darby did, and out she went.

Old Darby rose and seized the broom
And whirled the dirt about the room:
Which having done, he scarce knew how,
He hied to milk the brindled cow.
The brindled cow whisked round her tail
In Darby's eyes, and kicked the pail.
The clown, perplexed with grief and
pain,

Swore he'd ne'er try to milk again:
When turning round, in sad amaze,
He saw his cottage in a blaze:
For as he chanced to brush the room,
In careless haste, he fired the broom.
The fire at last subdued, he swore
The broom and he would meet no more.
Pressed by misfortune, and perplexed,
Darby prepared for breakfast next;
But what to get he scarcely knew—
The bread was spent, the butter too.
His hands bedaubed with paste and flour,
Old Darby labored full an hour:
But, luckless wight! thou couldst not
make

The bread take form of loaf or cake.
As every door wide open stood,
In pushed the sow in quest of food;
And, stumbling onwards, with her snout
O'erset the churn—the cream ran out.
As Darby turned the sow to beat,
The slippery cream betrayed his feet;
He caught the bread trough in his fall,
And down came Darby, trough, and all.
The children, wakened by the clatter,
Start up, and cry, "Oh! what's the mat-
ter?"

Old Jowler barked, and Tabby mewed,
And hapless Darby bawled aloud,
"Return, my Joan, as heretofore,
I'll play the housewife's part no more:
Since now, by sad experience taught,
Compared to thine my work is naught;
Henceforth, as business calls, I'll take,
Content, the plough, the scythe, the rake,
And never more transgress the line
Our fates have marked, while thou art
mine.

Then Joan, return, as heretofore,
I'll vex thy honest soul no more;
Let's each our proper task attend—
Forgive the past, and strive to mend."

Alexander Wilson

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN

THE osprey sails above the sound,
 The geese are gone, the gulls are flying;
 The herring shoals swarm thick around,
 The nets are launched, the boats are
 plying;
 Yo ho, my hearts ! let 's seek the deep,
 Raise high the song, and cheerily
 wish her,
 Still as the bending net we sweep,
 "God bless the fish-hawk and the
 fisher !"

She brings us fish — she brings us spring,
 Good times, fair weather, warmth, and
 plenty,
 Fine stores of shad, trout, herring, ling,
 Sheepshead and drum, and old-wives
 dainty.

Yo ho, my hearts ! let 's seek the deep,
 Ply every oar, and cheerily wish her,
 Still as the bending net we sweep,
 "God bless the fish-hawk and the
 fisher !"

She rears her young on yonder tree,
 She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
 Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,
 And, plunging, shows us where to find
 'em.

Yo ho, my hearts ! let 's seek the deep,
 Ply every oar, and cheerily wish her,
 While the slow bending net we sweep,
 "God bless the fish-hawk and the
 fisher !"

THE BLUE-BIRD

WHEN winter's cold tempests and snows
 are no more,
 Green meadows and brown-furrowed
 fields reappearing,
 The fishermen hauling their shad to the
 shore,
 And cloud-cleaving geese to the Lakes
 are a-steering;
 When first the lone butterfly flits on the
 wing;
 When red glow the maples, so fresh and
 so pleasing,

Oh then comes the blue-bird, the herald of
 spring !

And hails with his warblings the charms
 of the season.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes
 to ring;

Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine
 is the weather;

The blue woodland flowers just beginning
 to spring,

And spicewood and sassafras budding
 together:

Oh then to your gardens, ye housewives,
 repair !

Your walks border up; sow and plant at
 your leisure;

The blue-bird will chant from his box such
 an air

That all your hard toils will seem truly
 a pleasure.

He flits through the orchards, he visits
 each tree,

The red-flowering peach and the apple's
 sweet blossoms;

He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
 And seizes the catiffs that lurk in their
 bosoms;

He drags the vile grub from the corn he
 devours,

The worm from their webs where they riot
 and welter;

His song and his services freely are ours,
 And all that he asks is in summer a shel-
 ter.

The ploughman is pleased when he glean
 in his train,

Now searching the furrows, now mount-
 ing to cheer him;

The gardener delights in his sweet simple
 strain,

And leans on his spade to survey and to
 hear him;

The slow-lingering schoolboys forget
 they 'll be chid,

While gazing intent as he warbles before
 'em

In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
 That each little loiterer seems to adore
 him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer
are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and
sallow,
And millions of warblers, that charmed us
before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking
swallow,
The blue-bird forsaken, yet true to his
home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-
morrow,
Till, forced by the horrors of winter to
roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sor-
row.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy,
warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure
blue of heaven,
Or love's native music, have influence to
charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is
given,
Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall
be;
His voice like the thrillings of hope is a
treasure;
For, through bleakest storms if a calm he
but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and
pleasure !

John Quincy Adams

TO SALLY

THE man in righteousness arrayed,
A pure and blameless liver,
Needs not the keen Toledo blade,
Nor venom-freighted quiver.
What though he wind his toilsome way
O'er regions wild and weary —
Through Zara's burning desert stray,
Or Asia's jungles dreary:
What though he plough the billowy
deep
By lunar light, or solar,
Meet the resistless Simoon's sweep,
Or iceberg circumpolar !
In bog or quagmire deep and dank
His foot shall never settle;
He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc,
Or Popocatepetl.
On Chimborazo's breathless height
He treads o'er burning lava;
Or snuffs the Bohan Upas blight,
The deathful plant of Java.
Through every peril he shall pass,
By Virtue's shield protected;
And still by Truth's unerring glass
His path shall be directed.

Else wherefore was it, Thursday last,
While strolling down the valley,
Defenceless, musing as I passed
A canzonet to Sally,

A wolf, with mouth-protruding snout,
Forth from the thicket bounded —
I clapped my hands and raised a shout —
He heard — and fled — confounded.

Tangier nor Tunis never bred
An animal more crabbed;
Nor Fez, dry-nurse of lions, fed
A monster half so rabid;
Nor Ararat so fierce a beast
Has seen since days of Noah;
Nor stronger, eager for a feast,
The fell constrictor boa.

Oh ! place me where the solar beam
Has scorched all verdure vernal;
Or on the polar verge extreme,
Blocked up with ice eternal —
Still shall my voice's tender lays
Of love remain unbroken;
And still my charming Sally praise,
Sweet smiling and sweet spoken.

THE LIP AND THE HEART

ONE day between the Lip and the Heart
A wordless strife arose,
Which was expertest in the art
His purpose to disclose.

The Lip called forth the vassal Tongue,
And made him vouch — a lie !
The slave his servile anthem sung,
And braved the listening sky.

The Heart to speak in vain essayed,
Nor could his purpose reach —
His will nor voice nor tongue obeyed,
His silence was his speech.

Mark thou their difference, child of earth !
While each performs his part,
Not all the lip can speak is worth
The silence of the heart.

Joseph Hopkinson

HAIL COLUMBIA

HAIL, Columbia ! happy land !
Hail, ye heroes ! heaven-born band !
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots ! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame !
Let WASHINGTON's great name
Ring through the world with loud ap-
plause,
Ring through the world with loud ap-
plause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.

Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands —
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

John Shaw

SONG

Who has robbed the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue ?
Who from India's distant wave
For thee those pearly treasures drew ?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye ?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are
torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air, a heart.
Fairest ! wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, oh take that heart from me.

SLEIGHING SONG

WHEN calm is the night, and the stars
shine bright,
The sleigh glides smooth and cheerily;
And mirth and jest abound,
While all is still around,
Save the horses' trampling sound,
And the horse-bells tinkling merrily.

But when the drifting snow in the travel-
ler's face shall blow,
And hail is driving drearily,
And the wind is shrill and loud,
Then no sleigh shall stir abroad,
Nor along the beaten road
Shall the horse-bells tinkle merrily.

But to-night the skies are clear, and we
have not to fear
That the time should linger wearily;
For good-humor has a charm
Even winter to disarm,
And our cloaks shall wrap us warm,
And the bells shall tinkle merrily.

Clement Clarke Moore

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when
all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care,
In hopes that St. NICHOLAS soon would be
there;
The children were nestled all snug in their
beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in
their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my
cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long win-
ter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a
clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the
matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the
sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen
snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects be-
low,
When, what to my wondering eyes should
appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-
deer,

With a little old driver, so lively and
quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they
came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called
them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Pran-*
cer and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and
Blitzen!
To the top of the porch ! to the top of the
wall !
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away
all !"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurri-
cane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount
to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they
flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nich-
olas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the
roof
The prancing and pawing of each little
hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning
around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with
a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to
his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with
ashes and soot;
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his
back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening
his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dim-
ples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a
cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a
bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as
the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his
teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a
wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round
belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl-
ful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly
old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of
myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to
dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to
his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned
with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he
rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a
thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out
of sight,
“*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-
night.*”

Francis Scott Key

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early
light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twi-
light's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so
gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag
was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet
wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists
of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread
silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the
towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now
discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's
first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the
stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner; O long may
it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly
swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's
confusion
A home and a country should leave us no
more?
Their blood has washed out their foul
footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and
slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of
the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
doth wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall
stand

Between their loved homes and the war's
desolation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the
heav'n-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it
is just,

And this be our motto—"In God is our
trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave.

James Kirke Paulding

THE OLD MAN'S CAROUSAL

DRINK! drink! to whom shall we drink?
To a friend or a mistress? Come, let me
think!

To those who are absent, or those who are
here?

To the dead that we loved, or the living
still dear?

Alas! when I look, I find none of the last!
The present is barren,—let's drink to the
past!

Come! here's to the girl with a voice
sweet and low,

The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow,
Who erewhile, in the days of my youth
that are fled,

Once slept on my bosom, and pillowed my
head!

Would you know where to find such a deli-
cate prize?

Go seek in yon church-yard, for there she
lies.

And here's to the friend, the one friend of
my youth,

With a head full of genius, a heart full of
truth,

Who traveled with me in the sunshine of
life,

And stood by my side in its peace and its
strife!

Would you know where to seek for a bless-
ing so rare?

Go drag the lone sea, you may find him
there.

And here's to a brace of twin cherubs of
mine,

With hearts like their mother's, as pure as
this wine,

Who came but to see the first act of the
play,

Grew tired of the scene, and then both went
away.

Would you know where this brace of
bright cherubs have hied?

Go seek them in heaven, for there they
abide.

A bumper, my boys! to a gray-headed
pair,

Who watched o'er my childhood with ten-
derest care.

God bless them, and keep them, and may
they look down

On the head of their son, without tear,
sigh, or frown!

Would you know whom I drink to? go
seek 'mid the dead,

You will find both their names on the stone
at their head.

And here's—but alas! the good wine is
no more,

The bottle is emptied of all its bright store;
Like those we have toasted, its spirit is

fled,

And nothing is left of the light that it
shed.

Then, a bumper of tears, boys! the ban-
quet here ends.

With a health to our dead, since we've no
living friends.

Washington Allston

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
 Our Fathers' native soil !
 Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
 Gigantic grown by toil,
 O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore !
 For thou with magic might
 Canst reach to where the light
 Of Phœbus travels bright
 The world o'er !

The Genius of our clime,
 From his pine-embattled steep,
 Shall hail the guest sublime ;
 While the Tritons of the deep
 With their conchs the kindred league shall
 proclaim.

Then let the world combine, —
 O'er the main our naval line
 Like the milky-way shall shine
 Bright in fame !

Though ages long have past
 Since our Fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravell'd seas to roam,
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains ?

While the language free and bold
 Which the bard of Avon sung,
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of heaven rung
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ; —
 While this, with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 From rock to rock repeat
 Round our coast ; —

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts, —
 Between let Ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the Sun :
 Yet still from either beach
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 " We are One."

ROSALIE

"O POUR upon my soul again
 That sad, unearthly strain,
 That seems from other worlds to plain ;
 Thus falling, falling from afar,
 As if some melancholy star
 Had mingled with her light her sighs,
 And dropped them from the skies !

"No, — never came from aught below
 This melody of woe,
 That makes my heart to overflow,
 As from a thousand gushing springs
 Unknown before ; that with it brings
 This nameless light, — if light it be, —
 That veils the world I see.

"For all I see around me wears
 The hue of other spheres ;
 And something blent of smiles and tears
 Comes from the very air I breathe.
 O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath
 Can mould a sadness like to this, —
 So like angelic bliss."

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
 When the last lingering ray
 Steps on the highest cloud to play, —
 So thought the gentle Rosalie,
 As on her maiden reverie
 First fell the strain of him who stole
 In music to her soul.

ON THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE

AND thou art gone, most loved, most hon-
 ored friend !
 No, nevermore thy gentle voice shall blend
 With air of Earth its pure ideal tones,
 Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
 The heart and intellect. And I no more
 Shall with thee gaze on that unfathomed
 deep,
 The Human Soul, — as when, pushed off
 the shore,
 Thy mystic bark would through the dark-
 ness sweep,
 Itself the while so bright ! For oft we
 seemed
 As on some starless sea, — all dark above,

All dark below, — yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us
streamed.

But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved : thy living Truths are
left.

Thomas Hastings

THE LATTER DAY

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-
ing;

Joy to the lands that in darkness have
lain;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and
mourning;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign !

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-
ing,

Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;

Hail to the millions from bondage return-
ing;

Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold !

Lo, in the desert rich flowers are spring-
ing;

Streams ever copious are gliding along;

Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
ringing;

Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in
song.

See, from all lands, from the isles of the
ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;

Fallen are the engines of war and commo-
tion;

Shouts of salvation are rending the sky !

IN SORROW

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,

Pilgrims in this vale of tears,

Through the trials yet decreed us,

Till our last great change appears.

When temptation's darts assail us,

When in devious paths we stray,

Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,

Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,

Bid us in thine arms to rest,

Till, by angel bands attended,

We awake among the blest.

EXHORTATION

CHILD of sin and sorrow,

Filled with dismay,

Wait not for to-morrow,

Yield thee to-day.

Heaven bids thee come

While yet there's room :

Child of sin and sorrow !

Hear and obey.

Child of sin and sorrow,

Why wilt thou die ?

Come whilst thou canst borrow

Help from on high:

Grieve not that love

Which from above,

Child of sin and sorrow,

Would bring thee nigh.

Child of sin and sorrow,

Thy moments glide

Like the flitting arrow,

Or the rushing tide;

Ere time is o'er,

Heaven's grace implore:

Child of sin and sorrow,

In Christ confide.

Samuel Woodworth

THE BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of
my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them
to view !

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled
wild-wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy
knew !

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that
stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cata-
ract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in
the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in the
well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a trea-
sure,

For often at noon, when returned from
the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite plea-
sure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can
yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that
were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom
it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-
flowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from
the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the
well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to
receive it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to my
lips !

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me
to leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry
sips.

And now, far removed from the loved hab-
itation,

The tear of regret will intrusively
swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's planta-
tion,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in
the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the
well !

LOVES SHE LIKE ME ?

O SAY, my flattering heart,
Loves she like me ?

Is her's thy counterpart,
Throbs it like thee ?

Does she remember yet
The spot where first we met,
Which I shall ne'er forget,
Loves she like me ?

Soft echoes still repeat

“ Loves she like me ? ”

When on that mossy seat,
Beneath the tree,

I wake my amorous lay
While lambkins round me play,
And whispering zephyrs say,
Loves she like me ?

On her I think by day,
Loves she like me ?

With her in dreams I stray
O'er mead and lea.

My hopes of earthly bliss
Are all comprised in this,
To share her nuptial kiss, —
Loves she like me ?

Does absence give her pain ?
Loves she like me ?

And does she thus arraign
Fortune's decree ?

Does she my name repeat ?
Will she with rapture greet
The hour that sees us meet ?
Loves she like me ?

Richard Henry Dana

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
 Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
 And with that boding cry
 Why o'er the waves dost fly?
 O, rather, bird, with me
 Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and
 pale,
 As driven by a beating storm at sea;
 Thy cry is weak and scared,
 As if thy mates had shared
 The doom of us: Thy wail, —
 What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st
 the surge,
 Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
 With the motion and the roar
 Of waves that drive to shore,
 One spirit did ye urge —
 The Mystery — the Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulchre and
 pall,
 Old Ocean! A requiem o'er the dead
 From out thy gloomy cells
 A tale of mourning tells, —
 Tells of man's woe and fall,
 His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy
 flight
 Where the complaining sea shall sadness
 bring
 Thy spirit never more;
 Come, quit with me the shore,
 And on the meadows light
 Where birds for gladness sing!

IMMORTALITY

AND do our loves all perish with our
 frames?
 Do those that took their root and put forth
 buds,
 And their soft leaves unfolded in the
 warmth

Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in
 beauty,
 Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious
 flowers?
 Are thoughts and passions that to the
 tongue give speech,
 And make it send forth winning harmo-
 nies, —
 That to the cheek do give its living glow,
 And vision in the eye the soul intense
 With that for which there is no utter-
 ance —
 Are these the body's accidents? — no
 more? —
 To live in it, and when that dies, go out
 Like the burnt taper's flame?

O, listen, man!
 A voice within us speaks the startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial
 voices
 Hymn it around our souls: according harps,
 By angel fingers touched when the mild
 stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth
 still
 The song of our great immortality:
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair
 domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-
 toned seas,
 Join in this solemn, universal song.

O, listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
 From all the air! 'T is in the gentle moon-
 light;
 'T is floating in day's setting glories; Night,
 Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed and breathes it in our
 ears:
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and
 thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
 By an unseen, living Hand; the conscious
 chords
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee;
 The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing
 souls
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

THE CHANTING CHERUBS — A GROUP BY GREENOUGH

WHENCE come ye, Cherubs ? from the
moon ?
Or from a shining star ?
Ye sure are sent, a blessed boon,
From kinder worlds afar;
For, while I look, my heart is all delight:
Earth has no creatures half so pure and
bright.

From moon nor star we hither flew;
The moon doth wane away, —
The stars they pale at morning dew;
We're children of the day;
Nor change, nor night, was ever ours to
bear;
Eternal light, and love, and joy, we share.

Then, sons of light, from Heaven above
Some blessed news ye bring.
Come ye to chant eternal love
And tell how angels sing,
And in your breathing, conscious forms to
show
How purer forms above live, breathe, and
glow ?

Our parent is a human mind;
His winged thoughts are we;
To sun nor stars are we confined:
We pierce the deepest sea.
Moved by a brother's call, our Father
bade
Us light on earth, and here our flight is
stayed.

THE MOSS SUPPLICATETH FOR THE POET

THOUGH I am humble, slight me not,
But love me for the Poet's sake;
Forget me not till he's forgot,
For care or slight with him I take.

For oft he passed the blossoms by
And turned to me with kindly look;
Left flaunting flowers and open sky,
And wooed me by the shady brook.

And like the brook his voice was low:
So soft, so sad the words he spoke,

That with the stream they seemed to
flow;
They told me that his heart was broke.

They said the world he fain would shun,
And seek the still and twilight wood, —
His spirit, weary of the sun,
In humblest things found chiefest good;

That I was of a lowly frame,
And far more constant than the flower,
Which, vain with many a boastful name,
But fluttered out its idle hour;

That I was kind to old decay,
And wrapped it softly round in green, —
On naked root, and trunk of gray,
Spread out a garniture and screen.

They said that he was withering fast,
Without a sheltering friend like me;
That on his manhood fell a blast,
And left him bare, like yonder tree;

That spring would clothe his boughs no
more,
Nor ring his boughs with song of bird, —
Sounds like the melancholy shore
Alone were through his branches heard.

Methought, as then he stood to trace
The withered stems, there stole a tear,
That I could read in his sad face —
Brothers ! our sorrows make us near.

And then he stretched him all along,
And laid his head upon my breast,
Listening the water's peaceful song:
How glad was I to tend his rest !

Then happier grew his soothed soul;
He turned and watched the sunlight
play
Upon my face, as in it stole,
Whispering, "Above is brighter day !"

He praised my varied hues, — the green,
The silver hoar, the golden, brown;
Said, Lovelier hues were never seen;
Then gently pressed my tender down.

And where I sent up little shoots,
He called them trees, in fond conceit:
Like silly lovers in their suits
He talked, his care awhile to cheat.

I said, I'd deck me in the dew,
 Could I but chase away his care,
 And clothe me in a thousand hues,
 To bring him joys that I might share.

He answered, earth no blessing had
 To cure his lone and aching heart;
 That I was one, when he was sad,
 Oft stole him from his pain, in part.

But e'en from thee, he said, I go
 To meet the world, its care and strife,
 No more to watch this quiet flow,
 Or spend with thee a gentle life.

And yet the brook is gliding on,
 And I, without a care, at rest,
 While he to toiling life is gone;
 Nor finds his head a faithful breast.

Deal gently with him, world ! I pray;
 Ye cares ! like softened shadows come;
 His spirit, well-nigh worn away,
 Asks with ye but awhile a home.

O, may I live, and when he dies
 Be at his feet a humble sod;
 O, may I lay me where he lies,
 To die when he awakes in God !

Sarah Josepha Hale

ALICE RAY

THE birds their love-notes warble
 Among the blossomed trees;
 The flowers are sighing forth their sweets
 To wooing honey-bees;
 The glad brook o'er a pebbly floor
 Goes dancing on its way, —
 But not a thing is so like spring
 As happy Alice Ray.

An only child was Alice,
 And, like the blest above,
 The gentle maid had ever breathed
 An atmosphere of love;
 Her father's smile like sunshine came,
 Like dew her mother's kiss;
 Their love and goodness made her home,
 Like heaven, the place of bliss.

Beneath such tender training,
 The joyous child had sprung,
 Like one bright flower, in wild-wood bower,
 And gladness round her flung;
 And all who met her blessed her,
 And turned again to pray
 That grief and care might ever spare
 The happy Alice Ray.

The gift that made her charming
 Was not from Venus caught;
 Nor was it, Pallas-like, derived
 From majesty of thought;
 Her heathful cheek was tinged with brown,
 Her hair without a curl —

But then her eyes were love-lit stars,
 Her teeth as pure as pearl.

And when in merry laughter
 Her sweet, clear voice was heard,
 It welled from out her happy heart
 Like carol of a bird;
 And all who heard were moved to
 smiles,
 As at some mirthful lay,
 And to the stranger's look replied,
 " 'T is that dear Alice Ray."

And so she came, like sunbeams
 That bring the April green;
 As type of nature's royalty,
 They called her "Woodburn's queen !"
 A sweet, heart-lifting cheerfulness,
 Like spring-time of the year,
 Seemed ever on her steps to wait, —
 No wonder she was dear.

Her world was ever joyous —
 She thought of grief and pain
 As giants in the olden time,
 That ne'er would come again;
 The seasons all had charms for her,
 She welcomed each with joy, —
 The charm that in her spirit lived
 No changes could destroy.

Her heart was like a fountain,
 The waters always sweet, —
 Her pony in the pasture,
 The kitten at her feet,

The ruffling bird of Juno, and
The wren in the old wall,
Each knew her loving carefulness,
And came at her soft call.

Her love made all things lovely,
For in the heart must live
The feeling that imparts the charm, —
We gain by what we give.

THE WATCHER

THE night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by;
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye:
How wistfully she gazes —
No gleam of morn is there !
And then her heart upraises
Its agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,

Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him —
She feels that this must be:
“But oh ! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me !”

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing —
They heed not morning there:
Oh, young and lovely creatures,
One lamp, from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To her fond gaze once more !

The morning sun is shining —
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay !
A smile her lip was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing —
“There 's light for us above !”

James Abraham Hillhouse¹

THE DEMON-LOVER

FROM “HADAD”

SCENE.—The terraced roof of ABSALOM'S house, by night ; adorned with vases of flowers, and fragrant shrubs ; an awning spread over part of it. TAMAR and HADAD.

Tam. No, no, I well remember — proofs,
you said,
Unknown to Moses.

Had. Well, my love, thou knowest
I've been a traveller in various climes;
Trode Ethiopia's scorching sands, and scaled
The snow-clad mountains; trusted to the
deep;

Traversed the fragrant islands of the sea,
And with the Wise conversed of many
nations.

Tam. I know thou hast.

Had. Of all mine eyes have seen,
The greatest, wisest, and most wonderful,
Is that dread sage, the Ancient of the
Mountain.

Tam. Who ?

Had. None knows his lineage, age, or
name: his locks

Are like the snows of Caucasus; his eyes
Beam with the wisdom of collected ages.
In green, unbroken years, he sees, 't is said,
The generations pass, like autumn fruits,
Garnered, consumed, and springing fresh to
life,

Again to perish, while he views the sun,
The seasons roll, in rapt serenity,
And high communion with celestial powers.
Some say 't is Shem, our father, some say
Enoch,

And some Melchizedek.

Tam. I've heard a tale
Like this, but ne'er believed it.

Had. I have proved it. —
Through perils dire, dangers most imminent,

Seven days and nights 'midst rocks and
wildernesses,
And boreal snows, and never-thawing ice,
Where not a bird, a beast, a living thing,

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 799.

Save the far-soaring vulture comes, I dared
My desperate way, resolved to know, or
perish.

Tam. Rash, rash adventurer !

Had. On the highest peak
Of stormy Caucasus, there blooms a spot
On which perpetual sunbeams play, where
flowers

And verdure never die; and there he dwells.

Tam. But didst thou see him ?

Had. Never did I view
Such awful majesty: his reverend locks
Hung like a silver mantle to his feet,
His raiment glistened saintly white, his
brow

Rose like the gate of Paradise, his mouth
Was musical as its bright guardians' songs.

Tam. What did he tell thee ? Oh !
what wisdom fell
From lips so hallowed ?

Had. Whether he possess
The Tetragrammaton, — the powerful
Name

Inscribed on Moses' rod, by which he
wrought

Unheard of wonders, which constrains the
Heavens

To part with blessings, shakes the earth, and
rules

The strongest Spirits; or if God hath given
A delegated power, I cannot tell.

But 't was from him I learned their fate,
their fall,

Who, erewhile, wore resplendent crowns in
Heaven;

Now, scattered through the earth, the air,
the sea.

Them he compels to answer, and from them
Has drawn what Moses, nor no mortal ear,
Has ever heard.

Tam. But did he tell it thee ?

Had. He told me much, — more than I
dare reveal;

For with a dreadful oath he sealed my lips.

Tam. But canst thou tell me nothing ?

— Why unfold

So much, if I must hear no more ?

Had. You bade

Explain my words, almost reproached me,
sweet,

For what by accident escaped me.

Tam. Ah !

A little — something tell me, — sure, not
all

Were words inhibited.

Had. Then, promise never,
Never to utter of this conference
A breath to mortal.

Tam. Solemnly I vow.

Had. Even then, 't is little I can say,
compared

With all the marvels he related.

Tam. Come,

I'm breathless. — Tell me how they sinn'd,
how fell.

Had. Their Prince involved them in his
ruin.

Tam. What black offence on his devoted
head

Drew such dire punishment ?

Had. The wish to be
As the All-Perfect.

Tam. Arrogating that
Peculiar to his Maker ! — awful crime !
But what their doom ? their place of pun-
ishment ?

Had. Above, about, beneath ; earth, sea,
and air;

Their habitations various as their minds,
Employments, and desires.

Tam. But are they round us, Hadad ?
— not confined

In penal chains and darkness ?

Had. So he said;
And so your holy books infer. What saith
Your Prophet ? what the Prince of Uz ?

Tam. I shudder,
Lest some dark Minister be near us now.

Had. You wrong them. They are bright
Intelligences,

Robbed of some native splendor, and cast
down,

'T is true, from Heaven; but not deformed,
and foul,

Revengeful, malice-working Fiends, as
fools

Suppose. They dwell, like Princes, in the
clouds;

Sun their bright pinions in the middle sky;
Or arch their palaces beneath the hills,

With stones inestimable studded so,
That sun or stars were useless there.

Tam. Good heavens !

Had. He bade me look on rugged Cau-
casus,

Crag piled on crag beyond the utmost ken
Naked, and wild, as if creation's ruins

Were heaped in one immeasurable chain
Of barren mountains, beaten by the storms

Of everlasting winter. But within

Are glorious palaces, and domes of light,
Irradiate halls, and crystal colonnades,
Blazing with lustre past the noontide beam,
Or, with a milder beauty, mimicking
The mystic signs of changeful Mazzaroth.

Tam. Unheard of wonders !

Had. There they dwell, and muse,
And wander; Beings beautiful, immortal,
Minds vast as heaven, capacious as the sky;
Whose thoughts connect past, present, and
to come,

And glow with light intense, imperishable.
So in the sparry chambers of the Sea
And Air-Pavilions, upper Tabernacles,
They study Nature's secrets, and enjoy
No poor dominion.

Tam. Are they beautiful,
And powerful far beyond the human race ?

Had. Man's feeble heart cannot conceive
it. When
The Sage described them, fiery eloquence
Broke from his lips, his bosom heaved, his
eyes

Grew bright and mystical; moved by the
theme,

Like one who feels a deity within.

Tam. Wondrous ! — What intercourse
have they with men ?

Had. Sometimes they deign to intermix
with man,

But oft with woman.

Tam. Ha ! with woman ?

Had. She
Attracts them with her gentler virtues,
soft,
And beautiful, and heavenly, like them-
selves.

They have been known to love her with a
passion
Stronger than human.

Tam. That surpasses all
You yet have told me.

Had. This the Sage affirms;
And Moses, darkly.

Tam. How do they appear ? —
How love ? —

Had. Sometimes 't is spiritual, signified
By beatific dreams, or more distinct
And glorious apparition. — They have
stooped

To animate a human form, and love
Like mortals.

Tam. Frightful to be so beloved ! —
Frightful ! who could endure the horrid
thought ?

Had. [After a pause.] But why contemn
a Spirit's love ? so high,
So glorious, if he haply deigned ? —

Tam. Forswear
My Maker ! love a Demon !

Had. No — Oh, no, —
My thoughts but wandered — Oft, alas !
they wander.

Tam. Why dost thou speak so sadly
now ? — And lo !

Thine eyes are fixed again upon Arcturus.
Thus ever, when thy drooping spirits ebb,
Thou gazest on that star. Hath it the
power

To cause or cure thy melancholy
mood ? —

[He appears lost in thought.
Tell me, — ascrib'st thou influence to the
stars ?

Had. [Starting.] The stars ! — What
know'st thou of the stars ?

Tam. I know that they were made to
rule the night.

Had. Like palace lamps ! Thou echoest
well thy grandsire ! —

Woman ! The stars are living, glorious,
Amazing, infinite ! —

Tam. Speak not so wildly.
I know them numberless, resplendent, set
As symbols of the countless, countless years
That make eternity.

Had. Thou speak'st the word —
O, had ye proved — like those Great Suf-
ferers, —

Shot, once for all, the gulf, — felt myriad
ages

Only the prelude, — could ye scan the void
With eyes as searching as its torments, —
Then — then — mightst thou pronounce it
feelingly !

Tam. What ails thee, Hadad ? — Draw
me not so close.

Had. Tamar ! I need thy love — more
than thy love —

Tam. Thy cheek is wet with tears —
Nay, let us part —

'T is late. I cannot, must not linger. —

[Breaks from him, and exit.
Had. Loved and abhorred ! — Still, still
accursed ! —

[He paces, twice or thrice, up and down with
passionate gestures; then turns his face to
the sky, and stands a moment in silence.

O ! where,
In the illimitable space, in what

Profound of untried misery, when all
His worlds, his rolling orbs of light, that fill
With life and beauty yonder infinite,

Their radiant journey run, forever set,
Where, where, in what abyss shall I be
groaning? [*Exit.*]

Richard Henry Wilde

STANZAS

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground — to die !
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see —
But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail — its date is brief,
Restless — and soon to pass away !
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree —
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea —
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA

FAREWELL, my more than fatherland !
Home of my heart and friends, adieu !
Lingering beside some foreign strand,
How oft shall I remember you !
How often, o'er the waters blue,
Send back a sigh to those I leave,
The loving and beloved few,
Who grieve for me, — for whom I grieve !

We part ! — no matter how we part,
There are some thoughts we utter not,
Deep treasured in our inmost heart,
Never revealed, and ne'er forgot !

Why murmur at the common lot ?
We part ! — I speak not of the pain, —
But when shall I each lovely spot
And each loved face behold again ?

It must be months, — it may be years, —
It may — but no ! — I will not fill
Fond hearts with gloom, — fond eyes with
tears,
“ Curious to shape uncertain ill.”
Though humble, — few and far, — yet,
still

Those hearts and eyes are ever dear;
Theirs is the love no time can chill,
The truth no chance or change can sear !

All I have seen, and all I see,
Only endears them more and more;
Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee,
Affection lives when all is o'er !
Farewell, my more than native shore !
I do not seek or hope to find,
Roam where I will, what I deplore
To leave with them and thee behind !

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD

WINGED mimic of the woods ! thou motley
fool !

Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe ?
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school,
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule !
For such thou art by day — but all night
long

Thou pourest a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn
strain,

As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

Additional Selections

(CHOSEN FROM AMERICAN VERSE OF THE TIME)

ON SNOW-FLAKES MELTING ON HIS LADY'S BREAST

To kiss my Celia's fairer breast,
The snow forsakes its native skies,
But proving an unwelcome guest,
It grieves, dissolves in tears, and dies.

Its touch, like mine, but serves to wake
Through all her frame a death-like
chill, —
Its tears, like those I shed, to make
That icy bosom colder still.

I blame her not; from Celia's eyes
A common fate beholders proved —
Each swain, each fair one, weeps and
dies, —

With envy these, and those with love !

WILLIAM MARTIN JOHNSON

ON THE DEATH OF MY SON CHARLES

My son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son !
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee
weeping;
But ah ! thy little day is done,
Thou 'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff, on which my years should lean,
Is broken, ere those years come o'er
me;

My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen,
But thou art in the tomb before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdst;

Thou art my ancestor, my son !
And stand'st in Heaven's account the
oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine,
Thou hast thy predecessor past;
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it
clear;
But thou untaught spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet Seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss !
And oh ! to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear Angel, thou art safe in heaven;
No prayers for thee need more be
made;

Oh ! let thy prayers for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My father ! I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to Heaven's bright morn,
My son ! my father ! guide me there.

DANIEL WEBSTER

PRIVATE DEVOTION

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead,
When none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

WHERE ancient forests round us spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all !

Beneath the dark-blue, midnight arch,
V'hence myriad suns pour down their
rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father ! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thine altars are; for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have
fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead.

All space is holy; for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are
taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old;
Which onward bears through weal and
woe,
Till Death the gates of heaven unfold !

Nor we alone; may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers !

ANDREWS NORTON

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord ! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll, —
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality !
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA HART WILLARD

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on — thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train,
Come on — your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on — I heed you not;

Ye may pursue me till my form
 And being are forgot;
 Yet still the spirit, which you see
 Undaunted by your wiles,
 Draws from its own nobility
 Its high-born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
 Strike deep — my heart shall bear;
 Thou canst but add one bitter woe
 To those already there;
 Yet still the spirit that sustains
 This last severe distress
 Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
 And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
 Aim sure — oh, why delay?
 Thou wilt not find a fearful heart —
 A weak, reluctant prey;
 For still the spirit, firm and free,
 Unruffled by this last dismay,
 Wrapt in its own eternity,
 Shall pass away.

LAVINIA STODDARD

A NAME IN THE SAND

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
 A pearly shell was in my hand:
 I stooped and wrote upon the sand
 My name — the year — the day.
 As onward from the spot I passed,
 One lingering look behind I cast;
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 't will shortly be
 With every mark on earth from me:
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place
 Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of time, and been, to be no more,

Of me — my day — the name I bore,
 To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands
 And holds the waters in his hands,
 I know a lasting record stands
 Inscribed against my name,
 Of all this mortal part has wrought,
 Of all this thinking soul has thought,
 And from these fleeting moments caught
 For glory or for shame.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

MY BRIGANTINE¹

My brigantine!
 Just in thy mould and beauteous in thy
 form,
 Gentle in roll and buoyant on the surge,
 Light as the sea-fowl rocking in the storm,
 In breeze and gale thy onward course we
 urge,
 My water-queen!

Lady of mine!
 More light and swift than thou none thread
 the sea,
 With surer keel or steadier on its path;
 We brave each waste of ocean-mystery
 And laugh to hear the howling tempest's
 wrath,
 For we are thine!

My brigantine!
 Trust to the mystic power that points thy
 way,
 Trust to the eye that pierces from afar,
 Trust the red meteors that around thee
 play,
 And, fearless, trust the Sea-Green Lady's
 Star,
 Thou bark divine!

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 787.

II

FIRST LYRICAL PERIOD

(IN THREE DIVISIONS)

FROM THE OUTSET OF PIERPONT, BRYANT, AND THEIR ASSOCIATES, TO THE
INTERVAL OF THE CIVIL WAR

1816-1860

1

- Pierpont's "*Airs of Palestine*": *Baltimore*, 1816
 Bryant's "*Thanatopsis*": *North Amer. Review*, Sept. 1817; "*Poems*" ("*The Ages*," etc.): *Cambridge*, 1821
 Halleck and Drake's "*The Croakers*": *N. Y. Evening Post*, 1819
 Mrs. Brooks's "*Judith*," etc.: *Boston*, 1820; "*Zophiel*": *London*, 1833
 Pinkney's "*Poems*": *Baltimore*, 1825

2

- Emerson's "*Nature*": *Boston*, 1836; "*Poems*": *Boston*, 1846
 Whittier's "*Mogg Megone*": *Boston*, 1836; "*Poems*": *Philadelphia*, 1838
 Longfellow's "*Voices of the Night*": *Cambridge*, 1839
 Poe's "*Tamerlane*," etc.: *Boston*, 1827; "*Al Aaraaf*," etc.: *Baltimore*, 1829
 Holmes's "*Poems*": *Boston*, 1836

3

- Lowell's "*A Year's Life*": *Boston*, 1841; "*Poems*": *Boston*, 1844
 Mrs. Howe's "*Passion Flowers*": *Boston*, 1854
 Whitman's "*Leaves of Grass*": *Brooklyn*, 1855
 Boker's "*Calaynos, A Tragedy*": *Philadelphia*, 1848
 Taylor's "*Ximena*": *Philadelphia*, 1844; "*Rhymes of Travel*": *New York*, 1849
 Stoddard's "*Poems*": *Boston*, 1852; "*Songs of Summer*": *Boston*, 1856

FIRST LYRICAL PERIOD

(IN THREE DIVISIONS)

DIVISION I

(PIERPONT, HALLECK, BRYANT, DRAKE, MRS. BROOKS, AND OTHERS)

John Pierpont

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE TO THE NORTH STAR

STAR of the North ! though night winds drift

The fleecy drapery of the sky
Between thy lamp and me, I lift,
Yea, lift with hope, my sleepless eye
To the blue heights wherein thou dwellest,
And of a land of freedom tellest.

Star of the North ! while blazing day
Pours round me its full tide of light,
And hides thy pale but faithful ray,
I, too, lie hid, and long for night:
For night; — I dare not walk at noon,
Nor dare I trust the faithless moon, —

Nor faithless man, whose burning lust
For gold hath riveted my chain;
Nor other leader can I trust,
But thee, of even the starry train;
For, all the host around thee burning,
Like faithless man, keep turning, turning.

I may not follow where they go:
Star of the North, I look to thee
While on I press; for well I know
Thy light and truth shall set me free; —
Thy light, that no poor slave deceiveth;
Thy truth, that all my soul believeth.

They of the East beheld the star
That over Bethlehem's manger glowed;
With joy they hailed it from afar,
And followed where it marked the road,

Till, where its rays directly fell,
They found the Hope of Israel.

Wise were the men who followed thus
The star that sets man free from sin !
Star of the North ! thou art to us, —
Who 're slaves because we wear a skin
Dark as is night's protecting wing, —
Thou art to us a holy thing.

And we are wise to follow thee !
I trust thy steady light alone:
Star of the North ! thou seem'st to me
To burn before the Almighty's throne,
To guide me, through these forests dim
And vast, to liberty and HIM.

Thy beam is on the glassy breast
Of the still spring, upon whose brink
I lay my weary limbs to rest,
And bow my parching lips to drink.
Guide of the friendless negro's way,
I bless thee for this quiet ray !

In the dark top of southern pines
I nestled, when the driver's horn
Called to the field, in lengthening lines,
My fellows at the break of morn.
And there I lay, till thy sweet face
Looked in upon "my hiding-place."

The tangled cane-brake, — where I crept
For shelter from the heat of noon,
And where, while others toiled, I slept
Till wakened by the rising moon, —
As its stalks felt the night wind free,
Gave me to catch a glimpse of thee.

Star of the North ! in bright array
 The constellations round thee sweep,
 Each holding on its nightly way,
 Rising, or sinking in the deep,
 And, as it hangs in mid-heaven flaming,
 The homage of some nation claiming.

This nation to the Eagle cowers;
 Fit ensign ! she 's a bird of spoil;
 Like worships like ! for each devours
 The earnings of another's toil.
 I've felt her talons and her beak,
 And now the gentler Lion seek.

The Lion at the Virgin's feet
 Crouches, and lays his mighty paw
 Into her lap ! — an emblem meet
 Of England's Queen and English law : —
 Queen, that hath made her Islands free !
 Law, that holds out its shield to me !

Star of the North ! upon that shield
 Thou shinest ! — O, forever shine !
 The negro from the cotton-field
 Shall then beneath its orb recline,
 And feed the Lion couched before it,
 Nor heed the Eagle screaming o'er it !

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

STAND ! the ground 's your own, my braves !
 Will ye give it up to slaves ?
 Will ye look for greener graves ?
 Hope ye mercy still ?
 What 's the mercy despots feel ?
 Hear it in that battle-peal !
 Read it on yon bristling steel !
 Ask it, — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire ?
 Will ye to your homes retire ?
 Look behind you ! they're a-fire !
 And, before you, see
 Who have done it ! — From the vale
 On they come ! — And will ye quail ? —
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be !

In the God of battles trust !
 Die we may, — and die we must ;
 But, O, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,

As where Heaven its dew's shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell !

THE BALLOT

A WEAPON that comes down as still
 As snowflakes fall upon the sod ;
 But executes a freeman's will,
 As lightning does the will of God.

THE EXILE AT REST

His falchion flashed along the Nile ;
 His hosts he led through Alpine snows ;
 O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
 His eagle flag unrolled, — and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone ; — not one
 Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
 Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,
 Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now, alone ; — the star,
 That led him on from crown to crown,
 Hath sunk ; — the nations from afar
 Gazed, as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone ; — the mountain cloud
 That night hangs round him, and the
 breath
 Of morning scatters, is the shroud
 That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch ; — the ocean flood
 Far, far below by storms is curled,
 As round him heaved, while high he
 stood,
 A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark ! Comes there from the Pyramids,
 And from Siberia's waste of snow,
 And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
 The world be awed to mourn him ? —
 No ; —

The only, the perpetual dirge,
 That 's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,
 The mournful murmur of the surge,
 The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low
 sigh.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they ?
 The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
 As they break along the shore;
 Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
 When the Mayflower moored below,
 When the sea around was black with
 storms,
 And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
 Still brood upon the tide;
 And his rocks yet keep their watch by the
 deep
 To stay its waves of pride.
 But the snow-white sail that he gave to the
 gale,
 When the heavens looked dark, is
 gone, —
 As an angel's wing through an opening
 cloud
 Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile, — sainted name !
 The hill whose icy brow
 Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's
 flame,
 In the morning's flame burns now.
 And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
 On the hillside and the sea,
 Still lies where he laid his houseless head, —
 But the Pilgrim ! where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
 When summer's throned on high,
 And the world's warm breast is in verdure
 drest,
 Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
 The earliest ray of the golden day
 On that hallowed spot is cast;
 And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
 Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:
 It walks in noon's broad light;
 And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
 With the holy stars by night.
 It watches the bed of the brave who have
 bled,
 And still guard this ice-bound shore,
 Till the waves of the bay, where the May-
 flower lay,
 Shall foam and freeze no more.

MY CHILD

I CANNOT make him dead !
 His fair sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
 Yet, when my eyes, now dim
 With tears, I turn to him,
 The vision vanishes — he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
 And through the open door
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
 I'm stepping toward the hall
 To give the boy a call;
 And then bethink me that — he is not
 there !

I thread the crowded street;
 A satchelled lad I meet,
 With the same beaming eyes and colored
 hair:
 And, as he's running by,
 Follow him with my eye,
 Scarcely believing that — he is not there !

I know his face is hid
 Under the coffin-lid;
 Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead
 fair;
 My hand that marble felt;
 O'er it in prayer I knelt;
 Yet my heart whispers that — he is not
 there !

I cannot make him dead !
 When passing by the bed,
 So long watched over with parental care,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek it inquiringly,
 Before the thought comes that — he is not
 there !

When, at the cool, gray break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morning
 air
 My soul goes up, with joy,
 To Him who gave my boy,
 Then comes the sad thought that — he is
 not there !

When at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our
 prayer,

Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,

Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me
there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that—he is
there!

Fitz-Greene Halleck

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a
king;

As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their
blood

On old Platea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the
Greek!"

He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and
well;

They piled that ground with Moslem
slain,

They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!

Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;

Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and
warm

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —
 Come in her crowning hour — and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land wind, from woods of
 palm,
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its
 plume
 Like torn branch from death's leafless
 tree

In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb;
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved and for a season gone;
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
 For thee she rings the birthday bells;
 Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace-couch and cottage-bed;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;

And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,
 And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

GREEN be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days!
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep,
 And long, where thou art lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free, —
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

ALNWICK CASTLE

HOME of the Percys' high-born race,
 Home of their beautiful and brave,
 Alike their birth and burial-place,
 Their cradle and their grave!
 Still sternly o'er the castle gate
 Their house's Lion stands in state,
 As in his proud departed hours;
 And warriors frown in stone on high,
 And feudal banners flout the sky
 Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
 Lovely in England's fadeless green,
 To meet the quiet stream which winds
 Through this romantic scene
 As silently and sweetly still,
 As when at evening on that hill,
 While summer's wind blew soft and low,
 Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,

His Katherine was a happy bride
A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile:
Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
The Percys' proudest border story.
That day its roof was triumph's arch;
Then rang from isle to pictured dome
The light step of the soldier's march,
The music of the trump and drum;
And babe and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn and minstrel's
song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom;
They were born of a race of funeral-flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
A templar's knightly tomb.
He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessed land,
Where the Cross was damped with his
dying breath,
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there "be tongues in trees,"
Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here;
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
The Norman's curfew-bell!

I wandered through the lofty halls
Trode by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high heroic name, —
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons.

That last half stanza — it has dashed
From my warm lips the sparkling cup;
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world — is gone;
And Alnwick's but a market town,
And this, alas! its market day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy:
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
Of knights, but not of the round table,
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy:
'Tis what "our President" Monroe
Has called "the era of good feeling":
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle-stealing:
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal-band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,
Has come: to-day the turbaned Turk
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart!
Sleep on, nor from your cerements start)
Is England's friend and fast ally;
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
And on the Cross and altar-stone,
And Christendom looks tamely on,
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
And sees the Christian father die;
And not a sabre-blow is given
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state?
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"

Are some half-dozen serving-men
 In the drab coat of William Penn;
 A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,
 And cheek, and brown hair, bright and
 curling,
 Spoke Nature's aristocracy;
 And one, half groom, half seneschal,
 Who bowed me through court, bower, and
 hall,
 From donjon-keep to turret wall,
 For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

BURNS

TO A ROSE, BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLO-
 WAY KIRK, IN AYRSHIRE, IN THE AU-
 TUMN OF 1822

WILD Rose of Alloway! my thanks;
 Thou 'mindst me of that autumn noon
 When first we met upon "the banks
 And braes of bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
 My sunny hour was glad and brief;
 We 've crossed the winter sea, and thou
 Art withered — flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine —
 The doom of all things wrought of clay —
 And withered my life's leaf like thine,
 Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory, — for his sake
 My bosom bore thee far and long,
 His — who a humbler flower could make
 Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns — a name
 That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
 A nation's glory and her shame,
 In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory — be the rest
 Forgot — she's canonized his mind;
 And it is joy to speak the best
 We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed
 Where the Bard-peasant first drew
 breath;
 A straw-thatched roof above his head,
 A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
 His monument — that tells to Heaven
 The homage of earth's proudest isle
 To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
 Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
 And know, however low his lot,
 A Poet's pride and power:

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
 The power that gave a child of song
 Ascendancy o'er rank and birth,
 The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
 Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
 Despair — thy name is written on
 The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
 And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
 And lays lit up with Poesy's
 Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
 Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
 And few have won a greener wreath
 Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
 In which the answering heart would
 speak, —
 Thought, word, that bids the warm tear
 start,
 Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
 The common pulse of man keeps time,
 In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
 In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
 Before its spell with willing knee,
 And listened, and believed, and felt
 The Poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
 O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
 O'er Passion's moments bright and warm,
 O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
 In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,

Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage-hearth ?

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns — though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived — died — in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures — the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,

Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral-day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code nor creed confined —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of
power,
And warriors with their bright swords
sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there — o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries !
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths and urns ?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns ?

RED JACKET

COOPER, whose name is with his country's
woven,
First in her files, her PIONEER of mind —

A wanderer now in other climes, has proven
His love for the young land he left be-
hind;

And throned her in the senate-hall of na-
tions,
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-
wrought;
Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
And beautiful as its green world of
thought:

And, faithful to the Act of Congress, quoted
As law authority, it passed *nem. con.*,
He writes that we are, as ourselves have
voted,
The most enlightened people ever known;

That all our week is happy as a Sunday
In Paris, full of song, and dance, and
laugh;
And that, from Orleans to the Bay of
Fundy,
There's not a bailiff or an epitaph;

And furthermore — in fifty years, or sooner,
We shall export our poetry and wine;
And our brave fleet, eight frigates and a
schooner,
Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the
Line.

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora !
Gazing, as I, upon thy portrait now,
In all its medalled, fringed, and beaded
glory,
Its eye's dark beauty, and its thoughtful
brow —

Its brow, half martial and half diplomatic,
Its eye upsoaring like an eagle's wings —
Well might he boast that we, the Demo-
cratic,
Outrival Europe, even in our kings !

For thou wast monarch born. Tradition's
pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for
ages
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely — if no poet's magic
Could make RED JACKET grace an Eng-
lish rhyme,

Though some one with a genius for the
tragic
Hath introduced it in a pantomime —

Yet it is music in the language spoken
Of thine own land, and on her herald-roll;
As bravely fought for, and as proud a token
As Cœur de Lion's of a warrior's soul.

Thy garb — though Austria's bosom-star
would frighten
That medal pale, as diamonds the dark
mine,
And George the Fourth wore, at his court
at Brighton,
A more becoming evening dress than
thine;

Yet 't is a brave one, scorning wind and
weather
And fitted for thy couch, on field and
flood,
As Rob Roy's tartan for the Highland
heather,
Or forest green for England's Robin
Hood.

Is strength a monarch's merit, like a
whaler's ?
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings — the Argo's gallant
sailors,
Heroes in history and gods in song.

Is beauty ? — Thine has with thy youth de-
parted;
But the love-legends of thy manhood's
years,
And she who perished, young and broken-
hearted,
Are — but I rhyme for smiles and not
for tears.

Is eloquence ? — Her spell is thine that
reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its
sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy
speeches,
The secret of their mastery — they are
short.

The monarch mind, the mystery of com-
manding,
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,

Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding,
banding
The hearts of millions till they move as
one:

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have
crowded

The road to death as to a festival;
And minstrels, at their sepulchres, have
shrouded

With banner-folds of glory the dark pall.

Who will believe? Not I — for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful
dream;

I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they
seem;

Who will believe that, with a smile whose
blessing

Would, like the Patriarch's, soothe a
dying hour,

With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit
bower;

With look like patient Job's eschewing evil;

With motions graceful as a bird's in air;

Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's
hair!

That in thy breast there springs a poison
fountain

Deadlier than that where bathes the
Upas-tree;

And in thy wrath a nursing cat-o'-moun-
tain

Is calm as her babe's sleep compared
with thee!

And underneath that face, like summer
ocean's,

Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emo-
tions,

Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow — all
save fear.

Love — for thy land, as if she were thy
daughter,

Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in
wars;

Hatred — of missionaries and cold water;
Pride — in thy rifle-trophies and thy
scars;

Hope — that thy wrongs may be by the
Great Spirit

Remembered and revenged when thou
art gone;

Sorrow — that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and
thy throne!

Joseph Rodman Drake

FROM "THE CULPRIT FAY"

THE FAY'S SENTENCE

THE monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the
throne.

He waved his sceptre in the air;

He looked around and calmly spoke;

His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent
broke:

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark,
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain,

Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and
dark,

And thy wings are dyed with a deadly
stain —

Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye,
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high,
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment.
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettle's stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell

With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
 Or every night to writhe and bleed
 Beneath the tread of the centipede;
 Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
 Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
 Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
 Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly;
 These it had been your lot to bear,
 Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
 Now list, and mark our mild decree —
 Fairy, this your doom must be :

“Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
 Where the water bounds the elfin land,
 Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
 Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moon-shine,
 Then dart the glistening arch below,
 And catch a drop from his silver bow.
 The water-sprites will wield their arms
 And dash around, with roar and rave,
 And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
 They are the imps that rule the wave.
 Yet trust thee in thy single might, —
 If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
 Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

“If the spray-bead gem be won,
 The stain of thy wing is washed away,
 But another errand must be done
 Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
 Thy flame-water lamp is quenched and dark,
 Thou must re-illumine its spark.
 Mount thy steed and spur him high
 To the heaven's blue canopy;
 And when thou seest a shooting star,
 Follow it fast, and follow it far —
 The last faint spark of its burning train
 Shall light the elfin lamp again.
 Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
 Hence ! to the water-side, away !”

THE FIRST QUEST

The goblin marked his monarch well;
 He spake not, but he bowed him low,
 Then plucked a crimson colon-bell,
 And turned him round in act to go.
 The way is long, he cannot fly,
 His soiled wing has lost its power,
 And he winds adown the mountain high,
 For many a sore and weary hour,
 Through dreary beds of tangled fern,

Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn,
 Over the grass and through the brake,
 Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
 Now o'er the violet's azure flush
 He skips along in lightsome mood;
 And now he thrids the bramble bush,
 Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
 He has leapt the bog, he has pierced the brier,
 He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
 Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
 And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
 He had fallen to the ground outright,
 For rugged and dim was his onward track,
 But there came a spotted toad in sight,
 And he laughed as he jumped upon her back;
 He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist;
 He lashed her sides with an osier thong;
 And now through evening's dewy mist,
 With leap and spring they bound along,
 Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
 And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
 Moveless still the glassy stream,
 The wave is clear, the beach is bright
 With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
 The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
 In murmurings faint and distant moans;
 And ever afar in the silence deep
 Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
 And the bend of his graceful bow is seen —
 A glittering arch of silver sheen,
 Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
 And dripping with gems of the river dew.

The elfin cast a glance around,
 As he lighted down from his courser toad,
 Then round his breast his wings he wound,
 And close to the river's brink he strode;
 He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
 Above his head his arms he threw,
 Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
 And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
 From sea-silk beds in their coral caves;

With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste;

Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong,
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab,
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings, —
They cut the wave with the living oar
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong,
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,

And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side;
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,

He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
Hopeless is the unequal fight,
Fairy ! naught is left but flight.

He turned him round and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide.
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet,
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise;
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,

With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.

Oh ! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree;

— Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore;
He blessed the force of the charmed line,
And he banned the water-goblins' spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moonshine,
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might

At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

THE SECOND QUEST

Up, Fairy ! quit thy chick-weed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour,
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies —
Up ! thy charmed armor don,
Thou 'lt need it ere the night be gone.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down;

The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,

Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance, which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.

Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katy-did forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone,

And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,

They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,

For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
 And writhed at the prick of the elfin
 spear;
 Many a time on a summer's night,
 When the sky was clear and the moon was
 bright,
 They had been roused from the haunted
 ground,
 By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
 They had heard the tiny bugle horn,
 They had heard the twang of the maize-
 silk string,
 When the vine-twigg bows were tightly
 drawn,
 And the nettle shaft through air was borne,
 Feathered with down of the hum-bird's
 wing.
 And now they deemed the courier ouphe
 Some hunter sprite of the elfin ground;
 And they watched till they saw him mount
 the roof
 That canopies the world around;
 Then glad they left their covert lair,
 And freaked about in the midnight air.

Up to the vaulted firmament
 His path the fire-fly courser bent,
 And at every gallop on the wind,
 He flung a glittering spark behind;
 He flies like a feather in the blast
 Till the first light cloud in heaven is past,
 But the shapes of air have begun their
 work,
 And a drizzly mist is round him cast,
 He cannot see through the mantle murk,
 He shivers with cold, but he urges fast,
 Through storm and darkness, sleet and
 shade;
 He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
 For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
 And flame-shot tongues around him
 played,
 And near him many a fiendish eye
 Glared with a fell malignity,
 And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
 Came screaming on his startled ear.

His wings are wet around his breast,
 The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
 His eyes are blurred with the lightning's
 glare,
 And his ears are stunned with the thunder's
 blare,
 But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
 He thrust before and he struck behind,

Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
 And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind;
 Howling the misty spectres flew, —
 They rend the air with frightful cries,
 For he has gained the welkin blue,
 And the land of clouds beneath him
 lies.

Up to the cope careering swift
 In breathless motion fast,
 Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
 The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
 The spheréd moon is past,
 The earth but seems a tiny blot
 On a sheet of azure cast.
 O ! it was sweet in the clear moonlight,
 To tread the starry plain of even,
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven !
 But the Elfin made no stop or stay
 Till he came to the bank of the milky-
 way;
 Then he checked his courser's foot,
 And watched for the glimpse of the planet-
 shoot.

ELFIN SONG

Ouphe and goblin ! imp and sprite !
 Elf of eve ! and starry Fay !
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,
 Hither — hither wend your way;
 Twine ye in a jocund ring,
 Sing and trip it merrily,
 Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again,
 With dance and song, and lute and lyre.
 Pure his wing and strong his chain,
 And doubly bright his fairy fire.
 Twine ye in an airy round,
 Brush the dew and print the lea;
 Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
 He flies about the haunted place,
 And if mortal there be found,
 He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
 The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
 The owl's eyes our lanterns be;
 Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest trummings loud
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
 Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on.
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,

Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before
 us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er
 us?

"The Croakers"

(HALLECK AND DRAKE)

THE NATIONAL PAINTINGS

COL. TRUMBULL'S "THE DECLARATION
OF INDEPENDENCE"

AWAKE, ye forms of verse divine!
 Painting! descend on canvas wing,—
 And hover o'er my head, Design!
 Your son, your glorious son, I sing;
 At Trumbull's name I break my sloth,
 To load him with poetic riches:
 The Titian of a table-cloth!
 The Guido of a pair of breeches!

Come, star-eyed maid, Equality!
 In thine adorer's praise I revel;
 Who brings, so fierce his love to thee,
 All forms and faces to a level:
 Old, young, great, small, the grave, the gay,
 Each man might swear the next his
 brother,
 And there they stand in dread array,
 To fire their votes at one another.

How bright their buttons shine! how
 straight
 Their coat-flaps fall in plaited grace!

How smooth the hair on every pate !
 How vacant each immortal face !
 And then the tints, the shade, the flush,
 (I wrong them with a strain too humble),
 Not mighty Sherrerd's strength of brush
 Can match thy glowing hues, my Trum-
 bull !

Go on, great painter ! dare be dull —
 No longer after Nature dangle;
 Call rectilinear beautiful;
 Find grace and freedom in an angle;
 Pour on the red, the green, the yellow,
 "Paint till a horse may mire upon it,"
 And, while I've strength to write or bel-
 low,
 I'll sound your praises in a sonnet.
 JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

THE MAN WHO FRETS AT WORLDLY STRIFE

The man who frets at worldly strife
 Grows sallow, sour, and thin;
 Give us the lad whose happy life
 Is one perpetual grin:
 He, Midas-like, turns all to gold, —
 He smiles when others sigh,
 Enjoys alike the hot and cold,
 And laughs through wet and dry.

There's fun in everything we meet, —
 The greatest, worst, and best;
 Existence is a merry treat,
 And every speech a jest:
 Be 't ours to watch the crowds that pass
 Where Mirth's gay banner waves;
 To show fools through a quizzing-glass,
 And bastinado the knaves.

The serious world will scold and ban,
 In clamor loud and hard,
 To hear Meigs called a Congressman,
 And Paulding styled a bard;

But, come what may, the man's in luck
 Who turns it all to glee,
 And laughing, cries, with honest Puck,
 "Good Lord ! what fools ye be."

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

ODE TO FORTUNE

FAIR lady with the bandaged eye !
 I'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks,
 So thou wilt cut me, and deny
 Alike thy kisses and thy kicks:
 I'm quite contented as I am,
 Have cash to keep my duns at bay,
 Can choose between beefsteaks and ham,
 And drink Madeira every day.

My station is the middle rank,
 My fortune — just a competence —
 Ten thousand in the Franklin Bank,
 And twenty in the six per cents;
 No amorous chains my heart enthral,
 I neither borrow, lend, nor sell;
 Fearless I roam the City Hall,
 And bite my thumb at Sheriff Bell.

The horse that twice a week I ride
 At Mother Dawson's eats his fill;
 My books at Goodrich's abide,
 My country-seat is Weehawk hill;
 My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop,
 At Poppleton's I take my lunch,
 Niblo prepares my mutton-chop,
 And Jennings makes my whiskey-punch.

When merry, I the hours amuse
 By squibbing Bucktails, Guards, and
 Balls,
 And when I'm troubled with the blues
 Damn Clinton and abuse canals:
 Then, Fortune, since I ask no prize,
 At least preserve me from thy frown !
 The man who don't attempt to rise
 'T were cruelty to tumble down.

HALLECK AND DRAKE

Lydia Huntley Sigourney

COLUMBUS

St. STEPHEN's cloistered hall was proud
 In learning's pomp that day,

For there a robed and stately crowd
 Pressed on in long array.
 A mariner with simple chart
 Confronts that conclave high,

While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown;
Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
In Fates' unfolding scroll,
Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.
On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe,
All glorious,—yet forlorn.

THE INDIAN'S WELCOME TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Above them spread a stranger sky;
Around, the sterile plain;
The rock-bound coast rose frowning nigh;
Beyond,—the wrathful main:
Chill remnants of the wintry snow
Still choked the encumbered soil,
Yet forth those Pilgrim Fathers go
To mark their future toil.

'Mid yonder vale their corn must rise
In summer's ripening pride,
And there the church-spire woo the skies
Its sister-school beside.
Perchance mid England's velvet green
Some tender thought reposed,
Though nought upon their stoic mien
Such soft regret disclosed.

When sudden from the forest wide
A red-browed chieftain came,
With towering form, and haughty stride,
And eye like kindling flame:
No wrath he breathed, no conflict sought,
To no dark ambush drew,
But simply to the Old World brought
The welcome of the New.

That welcome was a blast and ban
Upon thy race unborn;
Was there no seer,—thou fated Man!—
Thy lavish zeal to warn?
Thou in thy fearless faith didst hail
A weak, invading band,
But who shall heed thy children's wail
Swept from their native land?

Thou gav'st the riches of thy streams,
The lordship o'er thy waves,
The region of thine infant dreams
And of thy father's graves,—
But who to yon proud mansions, piled
With wealth of earth and sea,
Poor outcast from thy forest wild,
Say, who shall welcome thee?

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA

Ho! City of the gay!
Paris! what festal rite
Doth call thy thronging million forth,
All eager for the sight?
Thy soldiers line the streets
In fixed and stern array,
With buckled helm and bayonet,
As on the battle-day.

By square, and fountain side,
Heads in dense masses rise,
And tower and battlement and tree
Are studded thick with eyes.
Comes there some conqueror home
In triumph from the fight,
With spoil and captives in his train,
The trophies of his might?

The Arc de Triomphe glows!
A martial host is nigh;
France pours in long succession forth
Her pomp of chivalry.
No clarion marks their way,
No victor trump is blown;

Why march they on so silently,
Told by their tread alone ?

Behold, in glittering show,
A gorgeous car of state !
The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of
gold,
Bow down beneath its weight;
And the noble war-horse, led
Caparisoned along,
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car ?
The incense flameth high, —
Comes there some demi-god of old ?
No answer ! — No reply !
Who rideth on yon car ? —
No shout his minions raise,
But by a lofty chapel dome
The muffled hero stays.

A king is standing there,
And with uncovered head
Receives him in the name of France:
Receiveth whom ? — The dead !
Was he not buried deep
In island-cavern drear,
Girt by the sounding ocean surge ?
How came that sleeper here ?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus he brake his stony tomb,
Ere the strong angel's call ?
Hark ! hark ! the requiem swells,
A deep, soul-thrilling strain !
An echo, never to be heard
By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief,
Whose fiat millions slew, —
The soaring eagle of the Alps,
The crushed at Waterloo: —
The banished who returned,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,
That warrior strong and bold, —

The imperial crown, with jewels bright,
Upon his ashes cold,
While round those columns proud
The blazoned banners wave,
That on a hundred fields he won
With the heart's-blood of the brave;

And sternly there kept guard
His veterans scarred and old,
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge
Or purple Leipsic told.
Yes, there, with arms reversed,
Slow pacing, night and day,
Close watch beside the coffin kept
Those veterans grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow, —
Is it sorrow for the dead,
Or memory of the fearful strife
Where their country's legions fled ?
Of Borodino's blood ?
Of Beresina's wail ?
The horrors of that dire retreat,
Which turned old History pale ?

A cloud is on their brow, —
Is it sorrow for the dead,
Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
By Russian tempests sped ?
Where countless mounds of snow
Marked the poor conscripts' grave,
And, pierced by frost and famine, sank
The bravest of the brave.

A thousand trembling lamps
The gathered darkness mock,
And velvet drapes his hearse, who died
On bare Helena's rock;
And from the altar near,
A never-ceasing hymn
Is lifted by the chanting priests
Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious one, and proud !
In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
Who at thy nod were slain ?
Oh, when the cry of that spectral host
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them ?
And what thy God's to thee ?

Charles Sprague

FROM "CURIOSITY"

THE NEWS

THE news ! our morning, noon, and evening
cry,

Day unto day repeats it till we die.

For this the cit, the critic, and the fop,
Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your patience
out;

For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on the way to church;
Even when some confined friend we gather
round,

We ask, "What news?" then lay him in
the ground;

To this the breakfast owes its sweetest zest,
For this the dinner cools, the bed remains
unpressed.

What gives each tale of scandal to the
street,

The kitchen's wonder, and the parlor's
treat ?

See the poor housemaid to the keyhole fly,
When husband storms, wife frets, or lovers
sigh;

See Tom ransack your pockets for each
note,

And read your secrets while he cleans your
coat;

See, yes, to listen see even madam deign,
When the smug seamstress pours her ready
strain;

This wings the lie that malice breeds in
fear, —

No tongue so vile but finds a kindred ear;
Swift flies each tale of laughter, shame, or
folly,

Caught by Paul Pry and carried home to
Polly;

On this each foul calumniator leans,
And nods and hints the villany he means:
Full well he knows what latent wildfire lies
In the close whisper and the dark surmise;
A muffled word, a wordless wink has woke
A warmer throb than if a Dexter spoke;
And he, o'er Everett's periods who would
nod,

To track a secret, half the town has trod.

O thou, from whose rank breath nor sex
can save,

Nor sacred virtue, nor the powerless
grave, —

Felon unwhipped ! than whom in yonder
cells

Full many a groaning wretch less guilty
dwells,

Blush — if of honest blood a drop remains
To steal its lonely way along thy veins,

Blush — if the bronze, long hardened on
thy cheek,

Has left a spot where that poor drop can
speak;

Blush to be branded with the slanderer's
name,

And, though thou dreadst not sin, at least
dread shame.

We hear, indeed, but shudder while we hear
The insidious falsehood and the heartless
jeer;

For each dark libel that thou lickest to
shape,

Thou mayest from law but not from scorn
escape;

The pointed finger, cold, averted eye,
Insulted virtue's hiss — thou canst not fly.

FICTION

Look now, directed by yon candle's blaze,
Where the false shutter half its trust be-
trays —

Mark that fair girl reclining in her bed,
Its curtain round her polished shoulders
spread:

Dark midnight reigns, the storm is up in
power;

What keeps her waking in that dreary
hour ?

See where the volume on her pillow lies —
Claims Radcliffe or Chapone those frequent
sighs ?

'T is some wild legend — now her kind eye
fills,

And now cold terror every fibre chills;
Still she reads on — in fiction's labyrinth
lost,

Of tyrant fathers, and of true love crossed;
Of clanking fetters, low, mysterious groans,
Blood-crusted daggers, and unconfined bones,

Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping
gore,
And blue flames dancing round a dungeon
door; —
Still she reads on — even though to read
she fears,
And in each key-hole moan strange voices
hears,
While every shadow that withdraws her
look
Glares in her face, the goblin of her book;
Still o'er the leaves her craving eye is
cast,
On all she feasts, yet hungers for the last;
Counts what remains, now sighs there are
no more,
And now even those half tempted to skip
o'er;
At length, the bad all killed, the good all
pleased,
Her thirsting Curiosity appeased,
She shuts the dear, dear book, that made
her weep,
Puts out her light, and turns away to sleep.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 't is given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays,
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were Heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

THE BROTHERS

WE are but two — the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two — O, let us keep
The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart — the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man — his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked —
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe; —
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two — be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

John Neal

MEN OF THE NORTH

MEN of the North, look up !
 There 's a tumult in your sky;
 A troubled glory surging out,
 Great shadows hurrying by.

Your strength — where is it now ?
 Your quivers — are they spent ?
 Your arrows in the rust of death,
 Your fathers' bows unbent ?

Men of the North, awake !
 Ye 're called to from the deep;
 Trumpets in every breeze —
 Yet there ye lie asleep.

A stir in every tree;
 A shout from every wave;
 A challenging on every side;
 A moan from every grave:

A battle in the sky;
 Ships thundering through the air —
 Jehovah on the march —
 Men of the North, to prayer !

Now, now — in all your strength;
 There 's that before your way,
 Above, about you, and below,
 Like armies in array.

Lift up your eyes, and see !
 The changes overhead;
 Now hold your breath and hear
 The mustering of the dead.

See how the midnight air
 With bright commotion burns,
 Thronging with giant shapes,
 Banner and spear by turns.

The sea-fog driving in,
 Solemnly and swift,
 The moon afraid — stars dropping out —
 The very skies adrift;

The Everlasting God,
 Our Father — Lord of Love —
 With cherubim and seraphim
 All gathering above;

Their stormy plumage lighted up
 As forth to war they go;
 The shadow of the Universe,
 Upon our haughty foe !

MUSIC OF THE NIGHT

THERE are harps that complain to the presence of night,
 To the presence of night alone —
 In a near and unchangeable tone —
 Like winds, full of sound, that go whispering by,
 As if some immortal had stooped from the sky,
 And breathed out a blessing — and down !

Yes ! harps that complain to the breezes of night,
 To the breezes of night alone;
 Growing fainter and fainter, as ruddy and bright
 The sun rolls aloft in his drapery of light,
 Like a conqueror, shaking his brilliant hair
 And flourishing robe, on the edge of the air !
 Burning crimson and gold
 On the clouds that unfold,
 Breaking onward in flame, while an ocean divides
 On his right and his left. So the Thunderer rides,
 When he cuts a bright path through the heaving tides,
 Rolling on, and erect, in a charioting throne !

Yes ! strings that lie still in the gushing of day,
 That awake, all alive, to the breezes of night;
 There are hautboys and flutes too, forever at play
 When the evening is near, and the sun is away,
 Breathing out the still hymn of delight;
 These strings by invisible fingers are played —

By spirits, unseen and unknown,
But thick as the stars, all this music is made;
And these flutes, alone,
In one sweet dreamy tone,
Are ever blown,
Forever and forever.

The live-long night ye hear the sound,
Like distant waters flowing round
In ringing caves, while heaven is sweet
With crowding tunes, like halls
Where fountain-music falls,
And rival minstrels meet.

William Cullen Bryant

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,

Make thee to shudder and grow sick at
heart; —

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around —

Earth and her waters, and the depths of
air —

Comes a still voice: —

Yet a few days, and thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,
shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering
up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon.
The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou
wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
down

With patriarchs of the infant world — with
kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the
good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden
sun,

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the
wings

Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are
there;

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them
down

In their last sleep — the dead reign there
alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if thou with-
draw

In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that
breathe

Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of
care

Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall
leave

Their mirth and their employments, and
shall come

And make their bed with thee. As the
long train

Of ages glides away, the sons of men —

The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who
goes

In the full strength of years, matron and
maid,

The speechless babe, and the gray-headed
man —

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to
join

The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
wrong,

As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmo-
sphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and
rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall
bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my
heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-
tain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

O FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS

O FAIREST of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;

Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unprest,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

A FOREST HYMN

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere
man learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them — ere he
framed

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling
wood,

Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influence
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in
heaven

Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the
sound

Of the invisible breath that swayed at
once

All their green tops, stole over him, and
bowed

His spirit with the thought of boundless
power

And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect

God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let
me, at least,

Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst
look down

Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose

All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy
sun

Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy
breeze,

And shot toward heaven. The century-
living crow,

Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and
died

Among their branches, till, at last, they
stood,

As now they stand, massy, and tall, and
dark,

Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim
vaults,

These winding aisles, of human pomp or
pride

Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the
form

Of thy fair works. But thou art here —
thou fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees

In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place

Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the
ground,

The fresh moist ground, are all instinct
with thee.

Here is continual worship; — Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,

Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird

Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst
its herbs,

Wells softly forth and wandering steep
the roots

Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left

Thyself without a witness, in the shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength,

and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty
oak —

By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince

In all that proud old world beyond the
deep

E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with
which

Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his
root

Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare

Of the broad sun, that delicate forest
 flower,
 With scented breath and look so like a
 smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me — the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
 Forever. Written on thy works I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.

Lo ! all grow old and die — but see again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful
 youth

In all its beautiful forms. These lofty
 trees

Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not
 lost

One of earth's charms: upon her bosom
 yet,

After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch enemy Death — yea, seats him-
 self

Upon the tyrant's throne, — the sepulchre,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came
 forth

From thine own bosom, and shall have no
 end.

There have been holy men who hid them-
 selves

Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they
 outlived

The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them; — and there have been holy
 men

Who deemed it were not well to pass life
 thus.

But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble and are still. O God ! when
 thou

Dost scare the world with tempests, set on
 fire

The heavens with falling thunder-bolts, or
 fill,

With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the
 woods

And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms

Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies
 by ?

Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the
 wrath

Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

JUNE

I GAZED upon the glorious sky

And the green mountains round,

And thought that when I came to lie

At rest within the ground,

'T were pleasant that, in flowery June,

When brooks send up a cheerful tune,

And groves a joyous sound,

The sexton's hand, my grave to make,

The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,

A coffin borne through sleet,

And icy clods above it rolled,

While fierce the tempests beat —

Away ! — I will not think of these —

Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,

Earth green beneath the feet,

And be the damp mould gently pressed
 Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,

The golden light should lie,

And thick young herbs and groups of flowers

Stand in their beauty by.

The oriole should build and tell

His love-tale close beside my cell;

The idle butterfly

Should rest him there, and there be heard

The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
 Come, from the village sent,
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
 With fairy laughter blent ?
 And what if, in the evening light,
 Betrothéd lovers walk in sight
 Of my low monument ?
 I would the lovely scene around
 Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
 The season's glorious show,
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,
 Nor its wild music flow;
 But if, around my place of sleep,
 The friends I love should come to weep,
 They might not haste to go.
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
 Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
 The thought of what has been,
 And speak of one who cannot share
 The gladness of the scene;
 Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
 The circuit of the summer hills,
 Is that his grave is green;
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice
 To hear again his living voice.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest
 of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and
 meadows brown and sere.
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the
 autumn leaves lie dead;
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the
 rabbit's tread.
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from
 the shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow
 through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young
 flowers, that lately sprang and stood
 In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous
 sisterhood ?
 Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle
 race of flowers
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair
 and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the
 cold November rain
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the
 lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they per-
 ished long ago,
 And the brier-rose and the orchis died
 amid the summer glow;
 But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster
 in the wood,
 And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
 in autumn beauty stood,
 Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,
 as falls the plague on men,
 And the brightness of their smile was gone,
 from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day,
 as still such days will come,
 To call the squirrel and the bee from out
 their winter home;
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
 though all the trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters
 of the rill,
 The south wind searches for the flowers
 whose fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by
 the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youth-
 ful beauty died,
 The fair meek blossom that grew up and
 faded by my side.
 In the cold moist earth we laid her, when
 the forest cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should
 have a life so brief:
 Yet not unmeet it was that one like that
 young friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish
 with the flowers.

THE PAST

THOU unrelenting Past !
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark do-
 main,
 And fetters, sure and fast,
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
 Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,

And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the
ground,

And last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the
kind,

Yielded to thee with tears —
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back — yearns with desire
intense,

And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives
thence.

In vain; thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence de-
part;

Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back — nor to the broken
heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown; to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in
death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they —
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at
last:

Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished — no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so
sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave — the beautiful and
young.

THE EVENING WIND

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice,
thou

That cool'st the twilight of the sultry
day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my
brow;

Thou hast been out upon the deep at
play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering
high their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome
thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the
sea!

Nor I alone; a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses
bound

Livelier, at coming of the wind of
night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond
the sight.

Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting
earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars,
and rouse

The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable
boughs

The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows

The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,

And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head

To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,

And dry the moistened curls that over-spread

His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;

And they who stand about the sick man's bed

Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,

And softly part his curtains to allow Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go — but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,

With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,

Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;

Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,

Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;

And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nor o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES

AY, this is freedom! — these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke:
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.

Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me, where the red deer feed
In the green desert — and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
No barriers in the bloomy grass;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
In pastures, measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long stripes of waving sedge;
The bear, that marks my weapon's gleam,
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
The brindled catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!
Free stray the lucid streams, and find
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the Fire, when frost-winds sere
The heavy herbage of the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here,
With roaring like the battle's sound,

And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
And smoke-streams gushing up the sky;
I meet the flames with flames again,
And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly; and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled.
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams — my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
Wide are these woods — I tread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and glassy height;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.

THE BATTLE-FIELD

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her
brave —
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering
wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,

A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown — yet faint thou
not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

FROM "AN EVENING REVERY"

O THOU great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time — for ye are
one!

That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow
bright;

Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of
Death

Come unforewarned. Who next, of those
I love,

Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall
fall

From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer
strife

With friends, or shame and general scorn
of men —

Which who can bear? — or the fierce rack
of pain —

Lie they within my path? Or shall the
years

Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?

Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my
strength,

Impend around me? Oh, beyond that
bourne,

In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that dread threshold, with what fairer
forms

Shall the great law of change and progress
clothe

Its workings? Gently — so have good
men taught —

Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled
pines,

That stream with gray-green mosses; here
the ground

Was never trenched by spade, and flowers
spring up

Unsworn, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks,
and winds

That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they
pass,

A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful
shades —

Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old —
My thoughts go up the long dim path of
years,

Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets
dream,

A fair young girl, with light and delicate
limbs,

And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his
slave

When he took off the gyves. A bearded
man,

Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed
hand

Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword;
thy brow,

Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee
has launched

His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten
thee;

They could not quench the life thou hast
from heaven;

Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems
thee bound,

The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor
flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human
hands:

Thou wert twin-born with man. In plea-
sant fields,

While yet our race was few, thou sat'st
with him,

To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.

Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain's side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse
of years,

But he shall fade into a feebleness —
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his
snares,

And spring them on thy careless steps, and
clap

His withered hands, and from their ambush
call

His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall
send

Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant
forms

To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful
words

To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by
 stealth,
 Twine round thee threads of steel, light
 thread on thread,
 That grow to fetters; or bind down thy
 arms
 With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh !
 not yet
 Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay
 by
 Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom ! close
 thy lids
 In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
 And thou must watch and combat till the
 day
 Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst
 thou rest
 Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
 These old and friendly solitudes invite
 Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
 Were young upon the unviolated earth,
 And yet the moss-stains on the rock were
 new,
 Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

AMERICA

Oh mother of a mighty race,
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace !
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
 Admire and hate thy blooming years.
 With words of shame
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
 That tints thy morning hills with red;
 Thy step — the wild deer's rustling feet
 Within thy woods are not more fleet;
 Thy hopeful eye
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail — those haughty ones,
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
 They do not know how loved thou art,
 How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
 Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
 What virtues with thy children bide;
 How true, how good, thy graceful maids
 Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
 What generous men
 Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen; —

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
 By thy lone rivers of the West;
 How faith is kept, and truth revered,
 And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
 And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
 For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
 A shelter for the hunted head,
 For the starved laborer toil and bread.
 Power, at thy bounds,
 Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother ! on thy brow
 Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
 Deep in the brightness of the skies
 The thronging years in glory rise,
 And, as they fleet,
 Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
 Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
 And when thy sisters, elder born,
 Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye,
 Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
 Boughs where the thrush, with crimson
 breast,
 Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
 We plant, upon the sunny lea,
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs

To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;

A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still ?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears

Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree ?

"Who planted this old apple-tree ?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

THE MAY SUN SHEDS AN AMBER LIGHT

The May sun sheds an amber light
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing
green,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand;
But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;
But she, whose voice, more sweet than
theirs,
Once bade me listen while they sung,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;
My heart aches when the flowers appear;
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel
wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies, —

Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial
leaf.

A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild-flowers, rising
round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the
ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering
lands

The passions that consumed his restless
heart;

But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest, in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,

Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame:
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness
made

Its haunts, like flowers by sunny brooks
in May,

Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile
away.

Nor deem that when the hand that mould-
ers here

Was raised in menace, realms were chilled
with fear,

And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy
East—

Gray captains leading bands of veteran
men

And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that
gave

The victory to her who fills this grave:

Alone her task was wrought,

Alone the battle fought;

Through that long strife her constant hope
was stayed

On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they
wore,

And soon the lowering brood were tamed,
and took,

Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no
more.

Her soft hand put aside the assaults of
wrath,

And calmly broke in twain

The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.

By that victorious hand despair was
slain.

With love she vanquished hate and over-
came

Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,

Glory that with the fleeting season dies;

But when she entered at the sapphire
gate

What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !

How heaven's bright depths with sounding
welcomes rung,

And flowers of heaven by shining hands
were flung !

And He who, long before,

Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,

The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,

Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;

He who returning, glorious, from the grave,

Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a
crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;

Cool airs are murmuring that the night
is near.

Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go

Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in
fear.

Brief is the time, I know,

The warfare scarce begun;

Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast
won.

Still flows the fount whose waters strength-
ened thee,

The victors' names are yet too few to
fill

Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,

That ministered to thee, is open still.

THE POET

THOU, who wouldst wear the name

Of poet mid thy brethren of mankind,

And clothe in words of flame

Thoughts that shall live within the gen-
eral mind !

Deem not the framing of a deathless lay

The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

But gather all thy powers,
 And wreak them on the verse that thou
 dost weave,
 And in thy lonely hours,
 At silent morning or at wakeful eve,
 While the warm current tingles through
 thy veins,
 Set forth the burning words in fluent
 strains.

No smooth array of phrase,
 Artfully sought and ordered though it
 be,
 Which the cold rhymers lays
 Upon his page with languid industry,
 Can wake the listless pulse to livelier
 speed,
 Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read.

The secret wouldst thou know
 To touch the heart or fire the blood at
 will ?
 Let thine own eyes o'erflow;
 Let thy lips quiver with the passionate
 thrill;
 Seize the great thought, ere yet its power
 be past,
 And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast.

Then should thy verse appear
 Halting and harsh, and all unaptly
 wrought,
 Touch the crude line with fear,
 Save in the moment of impassioned
 thought;
 Then summon back the original glow, and
 mend
 The strain with rapture that with fire was
 penned.

Yet let no empty gust
 Of passion find an utterance in thy lay,
 A blast that whirls the dust
 Along the howling street and dies away;
 But feelings of calm power and mighty
 sweep,
 Like currents journeying through the wind-
 less deep.

Seek'st thou, in living lays,
 To limn the beauty of the earth and sky ?
 Before thine inner gaze
 Let all that beauty in clear vision lie;
 Look on it with exceeding love, and write
 The words inspired by wonder and delight.

Of tempests wouldst thou sing,
 Or tell of battles — make thyself a part
 Of the great tumult; eling
 To the tossed wreck with terror in thy
 heart;
 Scale, with the assaulting host, the ram-
 part's height,
 And strike and struggle in the thickest fight.

So shalt thou frame a lay
 That haply may endure from age to age,
 And they who read shall say:
 "What witchery hangs upon this poet's
 page !
 What art is his the written spells to find
 That sway from mood to mood the willing
 mind !"

MY AUTUMN WALK

ON woodlands ruddy with autumn
 The amber sunshine lies;
 I look on the beauty round me,
 And tears come into my eyes.

For the wind that sweeps the meadows
 Blows out of the far Southwest,
 Where our gallant men are fighting,
 And the gallant dead are at rest.

The golden-rod is leaning,
 And the purple aster waves,
 In a breeze from the land of battles,
 A breath from the land of graves.

Full fast the leaves are dropping
 Before that wandering breath;
 As fast, on the field of battle,
 Our brethren fall in death.

Beautiful over my pathway
 The forest spoils are shed;
 They are spotting the grassy hillocks
 With purple and gold and red.

Beautiful is the death-sleep
 Of those who bravely fight
 In their country's holy quarrel,
 And perish for the Right.

But who shall comfort the living,
 The light of whose homes is gone :
 The bride that, early widowed,
 Lives broken-hearted on;

The matron whose sons are lying
 In graves on a distant shore;
 The maiden, whose promised husband
 Comes back from the war no more ?

I look on the peaceful dwellings
 Whose windows glimmer in sight,
 With croft and garden and orchard,
 That bask in the mellow light;

And I know that, when our couriers
 With news of victory come,
 They will bring a bitter message
 Of hopeless grief to some.

Again I turn to the woodlands,
 And shudder as I see
 The mock-grape's blood-red banner
 Hung out on the cedar-tree;

And I think of days of slaughter,
 And the night-sky red with flames,
 On the Chattahoochee's meadows,
 And the wasted banks of the James.

Oh, for the fresh spring-season,
 When the groves are in their prime,
 And far away in the future
 Is the frosty autumn-time !

Oh, for that better season,
 When the pride of the foe shall yield,
 And the hosts of God and Freedom
 March back from the well-won field;

And the matron shall clasp her first-born
 With tears of joy and pride;
 And the scarred and war-worn lover
 Shall claim his promised bride !

The leaves are swept from the branches;
 But the living buds are there,
 With folded flower and foliage,
 To sprout in a kinder air.

ROSLYN, October, 1864.

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY

O THOU great Wrong, that, through the
 slow-paced years,
 Didst hold thy millions fettered, and
 didst wield
 The scourge that drove the laborer to the
 field,

And turn a stony gaze on human tears,
 Thy cruel reign is o'er;
 Thy bondmen crouch no more
 In terror at the menace of thine eye;
 For He who marks the bounds of guilty
 power,
 Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,
 And touched his shackles at the ap-
 pointed hour,
 And lo ! they fall, and he whose limbs they
 galled
 Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
 Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of
 thanks;
 Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
 Send up hosannas to the firmament !
 Fields where the bondman's toil
 No more shall trench the soil,
 Seem now to bask in a serener day;
 The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the
 airs
 Of heaven with more caressing softness
 play,
 Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
 A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
 For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of
 late,
 And they by whom the nation's laws were
 made,
 And they who filled its judgment-seats,
 obeyed
 Thy mandate, rigid as the will of Fate.
 Fierce men at thy right hand,
 With gesture of command,
 Gave forth the word that none might dare
 gainsay;
 And grave and reverend ones, who loved
 thee not,
 Shrank from thy presence, and in blank
 dismay
 Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious
 thought;
 While meaner cowards, mingling with thy
 train,
 Proved, from the book of God, thy right to
 reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore
 to shore,
 The wrath of Heaven o'ertook thee in thy
 pride;

Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow; by thy side
Thy once strong arms hang nerveless ever-
more.

And they who quailed but now
Before thy lowering brow,
Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
And scoff at the pale, powerless thing
thou art.

And they who ruled in thine imperial name,
Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's
chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst
not spare

Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst
part

Husband and wife, and from the mother's
heart

Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and
prayer;

Thy inner lair became

The haunt of guilty shame;

Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at
thy side,

Showed his red hands, nor feared the ven-
geance due.

Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far
and wide,

A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
Until the measure of thy sins at last
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was
cast !

Go now, accursed of God, and take thy
place

With hateful memories of the elder time,

With many a wasting plague, and name-
less crime,

And bloody war that thinned the human
race;

With the Black Death, whose way

Through wailing cities lay,

Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built

The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that
taught

To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt —
Death at the stake to those that held
them not.

Lo ! the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom
Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by

Carry thee back into that shadowy past,

Where, in the dusty spaces, void and
vast,

The graves of those whom thou hast mur-
dered lie.

The slave-pen, through whose door

Thy victims pass no more,

Is there, and there shall the grim block re-
main

At which the slave was sold; while at
thy feet

Scourges and engines of restraint and pain

Moulder and rust by thine eternal seat.

There, mid the symbols that proclaim thy
crimes,

Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

SLEEP, Motley, with the great of ancient
days,

Who wrote for all the years that yet shall
be !

Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and
praise

Have reached the isles of earth's remotest
sea;

Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays

Of time, thy glorious writings speak for
thee,

And in the answering heart of millions
raise

The generous zeal for Right and Liberty.

And should the day o'ertake us when, at last,
The silence — that, ere yet a human pen

Had traced the slenderest record of the
past,

Hushed the primeval languages of men —
Upon our English tongue its spell shall

cast,

Thy memory shall perish only then.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS

A MIGHTY Hand, from an exhaustless Urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of
Years,

Among the nations. How the rushing
waves

Bear all before them ! On their foremost
edge,

And there alone, is Life. The Present
there

Tosses and foams, and fills the air with
 roar
 Of mingled noises. There are they who
 toil,
 And they who strive, and they who feast,
 and they
 Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy swain —
 Woodman and delver with the spade — is
 there,
 And busy artisan beside his bench,
 And pallid student with his written roll.
 A moment on the mounting billow seen,
 The flood sweeps over them and they are
 gone.
 There groups of revellers whose brows are
 twined
 With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
 And as they raise their flowing cups and
 touch
 The clinking brim to brim, are whirled be-
 neath
 The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
 Of beaten drums, and thunders that break
 forth
 From cannon, where the advancing billow
 sends
 Up to the sight long files of armèd men,
 That hurry to the charge through flame
 and smoke.
 The torrent bears them under, whelmed
 and hid,
 Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
 Down go the steed and rider, the plumed
 chief
 Sinks with his followers; the head that
 wears
 The imperial diadem goes down beside
 The felon's with cropped ear and branded
 cheek.
 A funeral-train — the torrent sweeps away
 Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
 Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
 And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
 The wail is stifled and the sobbing group
 Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden
 shout,
 The cry of an applauding multitude,
 Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who
 wields
 The living mass as if he were its soul!
 The waters choke the shout and all is still.
 Lo! next a kneeling crowd, and one who
 spreads
 The hands in prayer — the engulfing wave
 o'ertakes

And swallows them and him. A sculptor
 wields
 The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
 To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
 A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
 Gathers upon his canvas, and life glows;
 A poet, as he paces to and fro,
 Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they
 ride
 The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
 Strikes them and flings them under, while
 their tasks
 Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
 On her young babe that smiles to her again;
 The torrent wrests it from her arms; she
 shrieks
 And weeps, and midst her tears is carried
 down.
 A beam like that of moonlight turns the
 spray
 To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in
 hand,
 Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
 Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
 Flings them apart: the youth goes down;
 the maid
 With hands outstretched in vain, and
 streaming eyes,
 Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
 An aged man succeeds; his bending form
 Sinks slowly. Mingling with the sullen
 stream
 Gleam the white locks, and then are seen
 no more.
 Lo! wider grows the stream — a sea-like
 flood
 Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
 Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
 Dissolve in the swift waters; populous
 realms
 Swept by the torrent see their ancient
 tribes
 Engulfed and lost; their very languages
 Stifled, and never to be uttered more.
 I pause and turn my eyes, and looking
 back
 Where that tumultuous flood has been, I
 see
 The silent ocean of the Past, a waste
 Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
 Strewn with the wreck of fleets where mast
 and hull
 Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
 Frown idly, green with moss, and temples
 stand

Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipper.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed

The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,

The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard,
On all the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels, far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around
Strewn on the surface of that silent sea
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks

Shorn from dear brows by loving hands,
and scrolls

O'erwritten, haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship, and fair pages flung

Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie

A moment, and then sink away from sight.

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold in every one of these
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrows, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days too brief
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat

In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope and broke
their peace.

Sadly I turn and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood
of Hope,

Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers,
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To forms of grisly aspect such as Fear
Shapes from the idle air — where serpents
lift

The head to strike, and skeletons stretch
forth

The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way

Long, low, and distant, where the Life to
come

Touches the Life that is. The Flood of
Years

Rolls toward it near and nearer. It must
pass

That dismal barrier. What is there be-
yond ?

Hear what the wise and good have said.
Beyond

That belt of darkness, still the Years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty
sweep.

They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were over-
whelmed

And lost to sight, all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great, and worthy of
love —

The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy; all are raised and
borne

By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing
waves

Around green islands with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass
From stage to stage along the shining course
Of that bright river, broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way
They bring old friends together; hands are
clasped

In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the
hour

That overpays them; wounded hearts that
bled

Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed present, there shall
be

A Present in whose reign no grief shall
gnaw

The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken; in whose reign the eternal
Change

That waits on growth and action shall pro-
ceed

With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

James Gates Percival

ELEGIAC

O, IT is great for our country to die, where
ranks are contending !

Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory
awaits us for aye, —

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with
light never ending, —

Glory that never shall fade, never, O
never, away !

O, it is sweet for our country to die ! How
softly reposes

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the
tears of his love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears. They crown
him with garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright
where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend,
who for country hath perished;

Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes
him there with her smile;

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot
spirit is cherished;

Gods love the young who ascend pure
from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious
river;

Not to the isles of the blest, over the
blue, rolling sea;

But on Olympian heights shall dwell the
devoted forever;

There shall assemble the good, there the
wise, valiant, and free.

O, then, how great for our country to die,
in the front rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's
shout in our ear !

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs
our memory cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven,
pleased the sweet music to hear.

THE CORAL GROVE

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,

Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of
blue,

That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand like the mountain
drift

And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift

Their boughs, where the tides and billows
flow;

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,

And the sands are bright as the stars that
glow

In the motionless fields of upper air:

There with its waving blade of green,

The sea-flag streams through the silent
water,

And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:

There with a light and easy motion,

The fan-coral sweeps through the clear,
deep sea;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean

Are bending like corn on the upland lea:

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,

Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,

And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of
storms

Has made the top of the wave his own:

And when the ship from his fury flies,

Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,

When the wind-god frowns in the murky
skies,

And demons are waiting the wreck on
shore;

Then far below, in the peaceful sea,

The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,

Where the waters murmur tranquilly,

Through the bending twigs of the coral
grove.

NEW ENGLAND

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast !

The sepulchre of mighty dead,

The truest hearts that ever bled,

Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,

A fearless host:

No slave is here;— our unchained feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;
With hearts unbent, high, steady, brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the morn when first they stood
On Bunker's height !
And fearless stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight:
O, 't was a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;

The home, the port of liberty
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed:
All who the wreath of freedom twine
Beneath the shadow of the vine
Are blessed.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand:
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land:
They still shall find, our lives are given
To die for home;— and leant on Heaven
Our hand.

Maria Gowen Brooks

("MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE")

FROM "ZOPHIËL"

PALACE OF THE GNOMES

HIGH towered the palace and its massive
pile,
Made dubious if of nature or of art,
So wild and so uncouth; yet, all the
while,
Shaped to strange grace in every varying
part.

And groves adorned it, green in hue, and
bright
As icicles about a laurel-tree;
And danced about their twigs a wondrous
light;
Whence came that light so far beneath
the sea ?

Zophiël looked up to know, and to his view
The vault scarce seemed less vast than
that of day;
No rocky roof was seen, a tender blue
Appeared, as of the sky, and clouds
about it play;

And, in the midst, an orb looked as 't were
meant
To shame the sun; it mimicked him so
well.

But ah ! no quickening, grateful warmth it
sent;
Cold as the rock beneath, the paly ra-
diance fell.

Within, from thousand lamps the lustre
strays,
Reflected back from gems about the wall;

And from twelve dolphin shapes a fountain
plays,
Just in the centre of the spacious hall:

But whether in the sunbeam formed to
sport,
These shapes once lived in suppleness
and pride,

And then, to decorate this wondrous court,
Were stolen from the waves and petrified,

Or, moulded by some imitative Gnome,
And scaled all o'er with gems, they were
but stone,

Casting their showers and rainbows 'neath
the dome,

To man or angel's eye might not be
known.

No snowy fleece in these sad realms was
found,

Nor silken ball, by maiden loved so well;
But ranged in lightest garniture around,
In seemly folds a shining tapestry fell.

And fibres of asbestos, bleached in fire,
And all with pearls and sparkling gems
o'er-flecked,

Of that strange court composed the rich
attire,

And such the cold, fair form of sad Ta-
hathyam decked.

Of marble white the table they surround,
And reddest coral decked each curious
couch,

Which softly yielding to their forms was
found,

And of a surface smooth and wooing to
the touch.

Of sunny gold and silver, like the moon,
Here was no lack; but if the veins of
earth,

Torn open by man's weaker race, so soon
Supplied the alluring hoard, or here had
birth

That baffling, maddening, fascinating art,
Half told by Sprite most mischievous,
that he

Might laugh to see men toil, then not im-
part,

The guests left unenquired: — 't is still a
mystery.

Here were no flowers, but a sweet odor
breathed,

Of amber pure, a glistening coronal,
Of various-colored gems, each brow en-
wreathed,

In form of garland, for the festival.

THE RESPITE

The banquet-cups, of many a hue and shape,
Bossed o'er with gems, were beautiful to
view;

But, for the madness of the vaunted grape,
Their only draught was a pure limpid
dew,

To Spirits sweet; but these half-mortal lips
Longed for the streams that once on
earth they quaffed;

And, half in shame, Tahathyam coldly sips
And craves excuses for the temperate
draught.

"Man tastes," he said, "the grape's sweet
blood that streams

To steep his heart when pained; when
sorrowing he

In wild delirium drowns the sense, and
dreams

Of bliss arise, to cheat his misery."

Nor with their dewes were any mingling
sweets

Save those, to mortal lip, of poison fell;
No murmuring bee was heard in these re-
treats,

The mineral clod alone supplied their
hydromel.

The Spirits while they sat, in social guise,
Pledging each goblet with an answering
kiss,

Marked many a Gnome conceal his bursting
sighs;

And thought death happier than a life
like this.

But they had music; at one ample side

Of the vast area of that sparkling hall,
Fringed round with gems that all the rest
outvied,

In form of canopy, was seen to fall

The stony tapestry, over what at first
An altar to some deity appeared;

But it had cost full many a year to ad-
just
The limpid crystal tubes that 'neath up-
reared

Their different gleaming lengths; and so
complete
Their wondrous rangement, that a tune-
ful Gnome
Drew from them sounds more varied, clear,
and sweet,
Than ever yet had rung in any earthly
dome.

Loud, shrilly, liquid, soft, — at that quick
touch
Such modulation wooed his angel ears
That Zophiel wondered, started from his
couch,
And thought upon the music of the
spheres.

SONG OF EGLA

DAY in melting purple dying,
Blossoms all around me sighing,
Fragrance from the lilies straying,
Zephyr with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress:
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou to whom I love to hearken,
Come ere night around me darken:
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou 'rt true, and I'll believe thee.
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent:
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure:
Let the shining ore lie darkling;
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
Gifts and gold are nought to me:
I would only look on thee;

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if compest
In a lone unfriended breast.

Absent still? Ah, come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee.

Once, in caution, I could fly thee.
Now I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

FAREWELL TO CUBA

ADIEU, fair isle! I love thy bowers,
I love thy dark-eyed daughters there;
The cool pomegranate's scarlet flowers
Look brighter in their jetty hair.

They praised my forehead's stainless
white;
And when I thirsted, gave a draught
From the full clustering cocoa's height,
And smiling, blessed me as I quaffed.

Well pleased, the kind return I gave,
And, clasped in their embraces' twine,
Felt the soft breeze like Lethe's wave
Becalm this beating heart of mine.

Why will my heart so wildly beat?
Say, Seraphs, is my lot too blest,
That thus a fitful, feverish heat
Must rifle me of health and rest?

Alas! I fear my native snows —
A clime too cold, a heart too warm —
Alternate chills — alternate glows —
Too fiercely threat my flower-like
form.

The orange-tree has fruit and flowers;
The grenadilla, in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers,
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.

When the white coffee-blossoms swell,
The fair moon full, the evening long
I love to hear the warbling bell,
And sun-burnt peasant's wayward
song.

Drive gently on, dark muleteer,
And the light seguidilla frame;
Fain would I listen still, to hear
At every close thy mistress' name.

Adieu, fair isle! the waving palm
Is pencilled on thy purest sky;
Warm sleeps the bay, the air is balm,
And, soothed to languor, scarce a sigh

Escapes for those I love so well,
 For those I've loved and left so long;
 On me their fondest musings dwell,
 To them alone my sighs belong.

On, on, my bark ! blow, southern breeze !
 No longer would I lingering stay;
 'T were better far to die with these
 Than live in pleasure far away.

William Augustus Muhlenberg

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS

I WOULD not live away — live away below !
 Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:
 The days of our pilgrimage granted us
 here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
 its cheer:
 Would I shrink from the path which the
 prophets of God,
 Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod ?
 Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I
 roam,
 While brethren and friends are all hasten-
 ing home ?

I would not live away: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way;
 Where seeking for rest we but hover around,
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is
 found;
 Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow
 in the air,
 Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of
 despair,
 And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad
 ray,
 Save the gleam of the plumage that bears
 him away.

I would not live away — thus fettered by
 sin,
 Temptation without and corruption within;
 In a moment of strength if I sever the
 chain,
 Scarce the victory's mine, ere I'm captive
 again;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
 tears:
 The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
 But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live away — no, welcome the
 tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its
 gloom;
 Where he deigned to sleep, I'll too bow
 my head,
 All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed
 bed.
 Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that
 night,
 The orient gleam of the angels of light,
 With their clarion call for the sleepers to
 rise
 And chant forth their matins, away to the
 skies.

Who, who would live away ? away from
 his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
 meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to
 greet,
 While the songs of salvation exultingly roll
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
 the soul.

That heavenly music ! what is it I hear ?
 The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine
 ear !
 And see, soft unfolding those portals of
 gold,
 The King all arrayed in his beauty behold !
 Oh give me, oh give me, the wings of a
 dove,
 To adore him — be near him — enwrapped
 with his love;
 I but wait for the summons, I list for the
 word —
 Alleluia — Amen — evermore with the
 Lord !

HEAVEN'S MAGNIFICENCE

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about thy throne !
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full ocean rolls, how bright !

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell !

The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine:
What, then, the day where thou dost
shine !

Ah, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays !
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon thy brightness gaze !
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

John Gardiner Calkins Brainard

MR. MERRY'S LAMENT FOR
"LONG TOM"

THY cruise is over now,
Thou art anchored by the shore,
And never more shalt thou
Hear the storm around thee roar;
Death has shaken out the sands of thy
glass.
Now around thee sports the whale,
And the porpoise snuffs the gale,
And the night-winds wake their wail,
As they pass.

The sea-grass round thy bier
Shall bend beneath the tide,
Nor tell the breakers near
Where thy manly limbs abide ;
But the granite rock thy tombstone shall
be.
Though the edges of thy grave
Are the combings of the wave —
Yet unheeded they shall rave
Over thee.

At the piping of all hands,
When the judgment signal's spread —
When the islands, and the lands,
And the seas give up their dead,
And the south and the north shall come;
When the sinner is dismayed,
And the just man is afraid,
Then heaven be thy aid,
Poor Tom.

THE DEEP

THERE'S beauty in the deep:
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And though the lights shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep:
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore —
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend
With sin and sorrow to the end:
Here, far beneath the tainted foam
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

EPITHALAMIUM

I SAW two clouds at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun,
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one:
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,

And join their course, with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting:
 Calm was their course through banks of
 green,
 While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat;
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy, to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease —
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

George Washington Doane

EVENING

SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee:

Thou, whose all-pervading eye,
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall forever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity;
 Then from Thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

ROBIN REDBREAST

SWEET Robin, I have heard them say
 That thou wert there upon the day
 The Christ was crowned in cruel scorn
 And bore away one bleeding thorn, —
 That so the blush upon thy breast,
 In shameful sorrow, was impressed;
 And thence thy genial sympathy
 With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be
 Bathed in my Saviour's blood, like thee;
 Bear in my breast, whate'er the loss,
 The bleeding blazon of the cross;
 Live ever, with thy loving mind,
 In fellowship with human kind;
 And take my pattern still from thee,
 In gentleness and constancy.

William Bourne Oliver Peabody¹

LAMENT OF ANASTASIUS

IT was but yesterday, my love, thy little
 heart beat high,
 And I had scorned the warning voice that
 told me thou must die;
 I saw thee move with active bound, with
 spirits light and free,
 And infant grace and beauty gave their
 glorious charm to thee.

Upon the dewy field I saw thine early foot-
 steps fly,
 Unfettered as the matin bird that cleaves
 the radiant sky;
 And often as the sunrise gale blew back
 thy shining hair,
 Thy cheek displayed the red-rose tinge
 that health had painted there.

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 814.

Then, withered as my heart had been, I
 could not but rejoice
 To hear upon the morning wind the music
 of thy voice,
 Now echoing in the careless laugh, now
 melting down to tears:
 'T was like the sounds I used to hear in
 old and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, my lovely
 little boy !
 'T is all remains of former bliss that care
 cannot destroy;
 I listened, as the mariner suspends the out-
 bound oar
 To taste the farewell gale that blows from
 off his native shore.

I loved thee, and my heart was blessed; but
 ere the day was spent,
 I saw thy light and graceful form in droop-
 ing illness bent,
 And shuddered as I cast a look upon the
 fainting head,
 For all the glow of health was gone, and
 life was almost fled.

One glance upon thy marble brow made
 known that hope was vain;
 I knew the swiftly wasting lamp would
 never light again;
 Thy cheek was pale, thy snow-white lips
 were gently thrown apart,
 And life in every passing breath seemed
 gushing from the heart.

And, when I could not keep the tear from
 gathering in my eye,
 Thy little hand pressed gently mine in token
 of reply;
 To ask one more exchange of love thy look
 was upward cast,
 And in that long and burning kiss thy
 happy spirit passed.

I trusted I should not have lived to bid
 farewell to thee,
 And nature in my heart declares it ought
 not so to be;
 I hoped that thou within the grave my
 weary head should lay,
 And live beloved, when I was gone, for
 many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy
 dying eyes to close,
 And how I envied in that hour thy calm
 and deep repose !
 For I was left alone on earth, with pain and
 grief opprest;
 And thou wert with the sainted, where the
 weary are at rest.

Yes ! I am left alone on earth; but I will
 not repine
 Because a spirit loved so well is earlier
 blessed than mine:
 My fate may darken as it will, I shall not
 much deplore,
 Since thou art where the ills of life can
 never reach thee more.

Amos Bronson Alcott

CHANNING

CHANNING ! my Mentor whilst my thought
 was young,
 And I the votary of fair liberty, —
 How hung I then upon thy glowing tongue,
 And thought of love and truth as one with
 thee !

Thou wast the inspirer of a nobler life,
 When I with error waged unequal strife,
 And from its coils thy teaching set me free.
 Be ye, his followers, to his leading true,
 Nor privilege covet, nor the wider sway;
 But hold right onward in his loftier way,

As best becomes, and is his rightful due.
 If learning 's yours, — gifts God doth least
 esteem, —
 Beyond all gifts was his transcendent view;
 O realize his Pentecostal dream !

EMERSON

MISFORTUNE to have lived not knowing
 thee !
 'T were not high living, nor to noblest end,
 Who, dwelling near, learned not sincerity,
 Rich friendship's ornament that still doth
 lend

To life its consequence and propriety.
 Thy fellowship was my culture, noble friend:
 By the hand thou took'st me, and did'st condescend
 To bring me straightway into thy fair guild;
 And life-long hath it been high compliment
 By that to have been known, and thy friend styled,
 Given to rare thought and to good learning bent;
 Whilst in my straits an angel on me smiled.
 Permit me, then, thus honored, still to be
 A scholar in thy university.

MARGARET FULLER

THOU, Sibyl rapt! whose sympathetic soul
 Infused the myst'ries thy tongue failed to tell;
 Though from thy lips the marvellous accents fell,
 And weird wise meanings o'er the senses stole,
 Through those rare cadences, with winsome spell;
 Yet even in such refrainings of thy voice
 There struggled up a wailing undertone,
 That spoke thee victim of the Sisters' choice,—
 Charming all others, dwelling still alone.
 They left thee thus disconsolate to roam,
 And scorned thy dear, devoted life to spare.
 Around the storm-tost vessel sinking there
 The wild waves chant thy dirge and welcome home;
 Survives alone thy sex's valiant plea,
 And the great heart that loved the brave and free.

THOREAU

WHO nearer Nature's life would truly come
 Must nearest come to him of whom I speak;
 He all kinds knew,—the vocal and the dumb;
 Masterful in genius was he, and unique,
 Patient, sagacious, tender, frolicsome.
 This Concord Pan would oft his whistle take,
 And forth from wood and fen, field, hill, and lake,
 Trooping around him in their several guise,
 The shy inhabitants their haunts forsake:

Then he, like Æsop, man would satirize,
 Hold up the image wild to clearest view
 Of undiscerning manhood's puzzled eyes,
 And mocking say, "Lo! mirrors here for you:
 Be true as these, if ye would be more wise."

HAWTHORNE

ROMANCER, far more coy than that coy sex!
 Perchance some stroke of magic thee befell,
 Ere thy baronial keep the Muse did vex,
 Nor grant deliverance from enchanted spell,
 But tease thee all the while and sore perplex,
 Till thou that wizard tale shouldst fairly tell,
 Better than poets in thy own clear prose.
 Painter of sin in its deep scarlet dyes,
 Thy doomsday pencil Justice doth expose,
 Hearing and judging at the dread assize;
 New England's guilt blazoning before all eyes,
 No other chronicler than thee she chose.
 Magician deathless! dost thou vigil keep,
 Whilst 'neath our pines thou feignest deathlike sleep?

BARTOL

POET of the Pulpit, whose full-chorded lyre
 Startles the churches from their slumbers late,
 Discoursing music, mixed with lofty ire
 At wrangling factions in the restless state,
 Till tingles with thy note each listening ear,—
 Then household charities by the friendly fire
 Of home, soothe all to fellowship and good cheer!
 No sin escapes thy fervent eloquence,
 Yet, touching with compassion the true word,
 Thou leavest the trembling culprit's dark offence
 To the mediation of his gracious Lord.
 To noble thought and deep dost thou dispense
 Due meed of praise, strict in thy just award.
 Can other pulpits with this preacher cope?
 I glory in thy genius, and take hope!

WENDELL PHILLIPS

PEOPLE's Attorney, servant of the Right !
 Pleader for all shades of the solar ray,
 Complexions dusky, yellow, red, or white;
 Who, in thy country's and thy time's de-
 spite,
 Hast only questioned, What will Duty
 say ?
 And followed swiftly in her narrow way:
 Tipped is thy tongue with golden elo-
 quence,
 All honeyed accents fall from off thy
 lips,—
 Each eager listener his full measure sips,
 Yet runs to waste the sparkling opulence,—
 The scorn of bigots, and the worldling's
 flout.
 If Time long held thy merit in suspense,
 Hastening repentant now, with pen de-
 vout,
 Impartial History dare not leave thee
 out.

GARRISON

FREEDOM's first champion in our fettered
 land !
 Nor politician nor base citizen
 Could gibbet thee, nor silence, nor with-
 stand.
 Thy trenchant and emancipating pen
 The patriot Lincoln snatched with steady
 hand,
 Writing his name and thine on parchment
 white,
 'Midst war's resistless and ensanguined
 flood;
 Then held that proclamation high in sight
 Before his fratricidal countrymen,—
 "Freedom henceforth throughout the land
 for all,"—
 And sealed the instrument with his own
 blood,
 Bowing his mighty strength for slavery's
 fall;
 Whilst thou, stanch friend of largest liberty,
 Survived, — its ruin and our peace to see.

Theodore Dwight Woolsey

THE ECLIPSE OF FAITH

THE shapes that frowned before the eyes
 Of the early world have fled,
 And all the life of earth and skies,
 Of streams and seas, is dead.

Forgotten is the Titan's fame,
 The dread Chimæra now
 Is but a mild innocuous flame
 Upon a mountain's brow,
 Around whose warmth its strawberry red
 The arbutus hangs and goatherds tread.

And now has Typho spent his rage,
 The Sirens now no more
 Entice the song-struck mariner
 To give his voyage o'er.
 The sailor past Messina hies,
 And scorns the den where Scylla lies.

Leda's twin sons no more are seen
 In battle's hottest press,
 Nor shine the wind-tost waves between
 To seamen in distress.

The muse is but the poet's soul,
 That looked towards Helicon,
 And for its living thought divine
 Raised up a mountain throne.

But ah ! is nought save fable slain
 In this new realm of thought ?
 Or has the shaft Primeval Truth
 And Truth's great Author sought ?

Yes, wisdom now is built on sense;
 We measure and we weigh,
 We break and join, make rare and dense,
 And reason God away.

The wise have probed this wondrous
 world,
 And searched the stars, and find
 All curious facts and laws revealed,
 But not Almighty mind.

From thinking dust we mould the spheres,
 And shape earth's wondrous frame:
 If God had slept a million years,
 All things would be the same.

O give me back a world of life,
 Something to love and trust,
 Something to quench my inward strife
 And lift me from the dust.

I cannot live with nature dead,
 Mid laws and causes blind;
 Powerless on earth, or overhead,
 To trace the all-guiding mind;

Then boast that I have found the keys
 That time and space unlock,
 That snatch from heaven its mysteries,
 Its fear from the earthquake shock.

Better the instinct of the brute
 That feels its God afar,
 Than reason, to his praises mute,
 Talking with every star.

Better the thousand deities
 That swarmed in Greece of yore,
 Than thought that scorns all mysteries
 And dares all depths to explore.

Better is childhood's thoughtless trust
 Than manhood's daring scorn;
 The fear that creeps along the dust
 Than doubt in hearts forlorn.

And knowledge, if it cost so dear,
 If such be reason's day,
 I'll lose the pearl without a tear,
 And grope my star-lit way.

And be the toils of wisdom curst
 If such the meed we earn;
 If freezing pride and doubt are nurst,
 And faith forbid to burn.

Albert Gorton Greene

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had
 thrown its latest ray,
 Where in his last strong agony a dying
 warrior lay,
 The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame
 had ne'er been bent
 By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron
 strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my
 days of life are o'er,
 That I shall mount my noble steed and
 lead my band no more;
 They come, and to my heard they dare to
 tell me now, that I,
 Their own liege lord and master born, —
 that I, ha ! ha ! must die.

"And what is death ? I've dared him oft
 before the Paynim spear, —
 Think ye he's entered at my gate, has
 come to seek me here ?
 I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
 when the fight was raging hot, —
 I'll try his might — I'll brave his power;
 defy, and fear him not.

"Ho ! sound the tocsin from my tower, and
 fire the culverin, —
 Bid each retainer arm with speed, — call
 every vassal in,
 Up with my banner on the wall, — the ban-
 quet board prepare;
 Throw wide the portal of my hall, and
 bring my armor there !"

An hundred hands were busy then — the
 banquet forth was spread —
 And rung the heavy oaken floor with many
 a martial tread,
 While from the rich, dark tracery along
 the vaulted wall,
 Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and
 spear, o'er the proud old Gothic
 hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate the
 mailed retainers poured,
 On through the portal's frowning arch, and
 thronged around the board.
 While at its head, within his dark, carved
 oaken chair of state,
 Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with
 girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth
the cheering wine;

There's life and strength in every drop, —
thanksgiving to the vine!

Are ye all there, my vassals true? — mine
eyes are waxing dim;

Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each
goblet to the brim.

"You're there, but yet I see ye not.
Draw forth each trusty sword

And let me hear your faithful steel clash
once around my board;

I hear it faintly: — Louder yet! — What
clogs my heavy breath?

Up all, and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance
unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl — steel clang to steel —
and rose a deafening cry

That made the torches flare around, and
shook the flags on high: —

"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him? — Slaves,
traitors! have ye flown?

Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him
here alone!

"But I defy him: — let him come!" Down
rang the massy cup,

While from its sheath the ready blade came
flashing half way up;

And with the black and heavy plumes
scarce trembling on his head,

There in his dark, carved oaken chair Old
Rudiger sat, — dead.

Edward Coate Pinkney

A HEALTH

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns, —
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,

And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon —
Her health! and would on earth there
stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

SONG

WE break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draught, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old, impassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,

And still unhappy light displays
 Thine image chambered in my brain,
 And still it looks as when the hours
 Went by like flights of singing birds,
 Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
 And airy gems, — thy words.

A SERENADE

Look out upon the stars, my love,
 And shame them with thine eyes,
 On which, than on the lights above,
 There hang more destinies.
 Night's beauty is the harmony
 Of blending shades and light;
 Then, lady, up, — look out, and be
 A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
 Within my watching breast:
 Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly
 Who robs all hearts of rest.
 Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
 And make this darkness gay

With looks, whose brightness well might
 make
 Of darker nights a day.

VOTIVE SONG

I BURN no incense, hang no wreath,
 On this thine early tomb:
 Such cannot cheer the place of death,
 But only mock its gloom.
 Here odorous smoke and breathing flower
 No grateful influence shed;
 They lose their perfume and their power,
 When offered to the dead.

And if, as is the Afghaun's creed,
 The spirit may return,
 A disembodied sense to feed,
 On fragrance, near its urn, —
 It is enough that she, whom thou
 Didst love in living years,
 Sits desolate beside it now,
 And fall these heavy tears.

George Pope Morris

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'T was my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea —
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh, spare that aged oak
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy
 Here, too, my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand —
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER

WE were boys together,
 And never can forget
 The school-house near the heather,
 In childhood where we met;
 The humble home to memory dear,
 Its sorrows and its joys;

Where woke the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air,
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care;
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys —
Foreshadowed in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together:
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone forevermore.
How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to
heaven
When you and I were boys !

NEAR THE LAKE

NEAR the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago !
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow,
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished
By high and low;
But with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago !

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago !
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know.
While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened,
Long time ago !

Mingled were our hearts forever,
Long time ago !
Can I now forget her ? — Never !
No — lost one — no !
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow:
She's the star I missed from heaven,
Long time ago !

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

THIS book is all that's left me now !
Tears will unbidden start, —
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to
close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill !
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who leaned God's word to hear !
Her angel face — I see it yet !
What vivid memories come !
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE

WHERE Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star !
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain-birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and
leaves,

The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
Yet Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow:
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crowned highlands where
My Ida's footsteps roam:
O for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home!

JEANNIE MARSH

JEANNIE MARSH of Cherry Valley,
At whose call the muses rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.
She minds me of her native scenes,
Where she was born among the cherries;
Of peaches, plums, and nectarines,
Pears, apricots, and ripe strawberries.

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley,
In whose name the muses rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.
A sylvan nymph of queenly grace,
A goddess she in form and feature;
The sweet expression of the place,
A dimple in the smile of nature.

George Denison Prentice

MEMORIES

ONCE more, once more, my Mary dear,
I sit by that lone stream,
Where first within thy timid ear
I breathed love's burning dream.
The birds we loved still tell their tale
Of music, on each spray,
And still the wild-rose decks the vale —
But thou art far away.

In vain thy vanished form I seek,
By wood and stream and dell,
And tears of anguish bathe my cheek
Where tears of rapture fell;
And yet beneath these wild-wood bowers
Dear thoughts my soul employ,
For in the memories of past hours
There is a mournful joy.

Upon the air thy gentle words
Around me seemed to thrill,
Like sounds upon the wind-harp's chords
When all the winds are still,
Or like the low and soul-like swell
Of that wild spirit-tone,
Which haunts the hollow of the bell
When its sad chime is done.

I seem to hear thee speak my name
In sweet low murmurs now;
I seem to feel thy breath of flame
Upon my cheek and brow;
On my cold lips I feel thy kiss,
Thy heart to mine is laid —
Alas, that such a dream of bliss
Like other dreams must fade!

NEW ENGLAND

FOR A CELEBRATION IN KENTUCKY OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

CLIME of the brave! the high heart's
home,
Laved by the wild and stormy sea!
Thy children, in this far-off land,
Devote to-day their hearts to thee;
Our thoughts, despite of space and time,
To-day are in our native clime,
Where passed our sinless years, and where
Our infant heads first bowed in prayer.

Stern land! we love thy woods and rocks,
Thy rushing streams, thy winter glooms,
And Memory, like a pilgrim gray,
Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs:

The thoughts of these, where'er we dwell,
Come o'er us like a holy spell,
A star to light our path of tears,
A rainbow on the sky of years.

Above thy cold and rocky breast
The tempest sweeps, the night-wind wails,

But Virtue, Peace, and Love, like birds
Are nestled mid thy hills and vales;
And Glory, o'er each plain and glen,
Walks with thy free and iron men,
And lights her sacred beacon still
On Bennington and Bunker Hill.

Additional Selections

(VARIOUS POEMS BELONGING TO THIS DIVISION)

HOME, SWEET HOME!

MID pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us
 there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in
vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my
call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind,
dearer than all!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

How sweet 't is to sit 'neath a fond father's
smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and
beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to
roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of
home!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me
 there;
No more from that cottage again will I
 roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER

NOT on a prayerless bed, not on a prayer-
less bed

Compose thy weary limbs to rest;

For they alone are blest

With balmy sleep

Whom angels keep;

Nor, though by care oppress,

Or anxious sorrow,

Or thought in many a coil perplexed

For coming morrow,

Lay not thy head

On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes
shall close,

That earthly cares and woes

To thee may e'er return?

Arouse, my soul!

Slumber control,

And let thy lamp burn brightly;

So shall thine eyes discern

Things pure and slightly;

Taught by the Spirit, learn

Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer ?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow ?
And thou art sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant ? Dost thou yet lay up thy store
And still make plans for more ?
Thou fool ! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight..

Hast thou no being than myself more
dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weepest ?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;
For He that slumbereth not is there —
His ear is open to thy cry.
Oh, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slum-
ber,
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest —
Those souls of countless number;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven —
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER

FORGIVENESS OF SINS A JOY UNKNOWN TO ANGELS

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord ! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and Mercy for my life
Contend ! — Oh, smile, and heal the strife !

The Saviour smiles ! Upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll:
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound !

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven, —
The new-born peace of sin forgiven !
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels ! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfil;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song, — the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear !

AUGUSTUS LUCAS HILLHOUSE

THE CROSSED SWORDS ¹

SWORDS crossed, — but not in strife !
The chiefs who drew them, parted by the
space
Of two proud countries' quarrel, face to
face
Ne'er stood for death or life.

Swords crossed that never met
While nerve was in the hands that wielded
them;
Hands better destined a fair family stem
On these free shores to set.

Kept crossed by gentlest bands !
Emblems no more of battle, but of peace;
And proof how loves can grow and wars
can cease,
Their once stern symbol stands.

It smiled first on the array
Of marshalled books and friendliest com-
panies;
And here a history among histories,
It still shall smile for aye.

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 793.

See that thou memory keep
Of him the firm commander; and that other,
The stainless judge; and him our peerless
brother, —
All fallen now asleep.

Yet more: a lesson teach,
To cheer the patriot-soldier in his course,
That Right shall triumph still o'er insolent
Force :
That be your silent speech.

Oh, be prophetic too !
And may those nations twain, as sign and seal
Of endless amity, hang up their steel
As we these weapons do !

The archives of the Past,
So smeared with blots of hate and bloody
wrong,
Pining for peace, and sick to wait so long,
Hail this meek cross at last.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM

LAKE SUPERIOR

"FATHER of lakes !" thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale silence, mid thy hollow caves,
With listening ear, in sadness broods;
Or startled echo, o'er thy waves,
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide
The spell of stillness deepening there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
Have caught a strange and gibbering
tone;
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu !
Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds, ye woods !
Roll on, thou element of blue,
And fill these awful solitudes !

Thou hast no tale to tell of man;
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
Whisper of him whose mighty plan
Deems as a bubble all your waves !
SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH

THE HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'T is found alone in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even —
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN

SONG OF THE ELFIN STEERS-
MAN

ONE elf, I trow, is diving now
 For the small pearl; and one,
 The honey-bee for his bag he
 Goes chasing in the sun;
 And one, the knave, has pilfered from
 The nautilus his boat,
 And takes his idle pastime where
 The water-lilies float.

And some the mote, for the gold of his coat,
 By the light of the will-o'-wisp follow;
 And others, they trip where the alders dip
 Their leaves in the watery hollow;
 And one is with the firefly's lamp
 Lighting his love to bed:
 Sprites, away! elf and fay,
 And see them hither sped.

Haste! hither whip them with this end
 Of spider's web — anon
 The ghost will have fled to his grave-bed,
 And the bat winked in the sun.
 Haste! for the ship, till the moon dip
 Her horn, I did but borrow;
 And crowing cocks are fairy clocks,
 That mind us of to-morrow.

The summer moon will soon go down,
 And the day-star dim her horn,
 O blow, then, blow, till not a wave
 Leap from the deep unshorn!
 Blow, sweep their white tops into mist,
 As merrily we roam,
 Till the wide sea one bright sheet be,
 One sheet of fire and foam.

Blow, till the sea a bubble be,
 And toss it to the sky, —
 Till the sands we tread of the ocean-bed,
 As the summer fountains dry.
 The upper shelves are ours, my elves,
 Are ours, and soon the nether
 With sea-flowers we shall sprinkled see,
 And pearls like dew-drops gather.

The summer moon will soon go down,
 And then our course is up;
 Our frigate then the cockle-shell,
 Our boat the bean-flower cup.
 Sprites away! elf and fay,
 From thicket, lake, and hollow;

The blind bat, look! flits to his nook,
 And we must quickly follow.

Ha! here they come, skimming the foam,
 A gallant crew. But list!
 I hear the crow of the cock — O blow,
 Till the sea-foam drift like mist.
 Fairies, haste! flood and blast
 Quickly bring, and stay
 The moon's horn — look! to his nook
 The blind bat flits — away!

GEORGE HILL

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA

O LEND to me, sweet nightingale,
 Your music by the fountain,
 And lend to me your cadences,
 O river of the mountain!
 That I may sing my gay brunette,
 A diamond spark in coral set,
 Gem for a prince's coronet —
 The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star,
 The evening star how tender, —
 The light of both is in her eyes,
 Their softness and their splendor.
 But for the lash that shades their light
 They were too dazzling for the sight,
 And when she shuts them, all is night —
 The daughter of Mendoza.

O ever bright and beauteous one,
 Bewildering and beguiling,
 The lute is in thy silvery tones,
 The rainbow in thy smiling;
 And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
 The bounding of the young gazelle,
 The arrow's flight and ocean's swell —
 Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

What though, perchance, we no more
 meet, —

What though too soon we sever?
 Thy form will float like emerald light
 Before my vision ever.

For who can see and then forget
 The glories of my gay brunette —
 Thou art too bright a star to set,
 Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

MIRABEAU BONAPARTE LAMAR

THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS

THEY say that, afar in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid ferns where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;
There the bright eye of nature in mild glory hovers;
'T is the land of the sunbeam, — the green Isle of Lovers !

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover
On high with their shade the green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all save the maids of their isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;
From beauty there valor and strength are not rovers,
And peace reigns supreme in the green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
In mazes perplexed, has beheld it no more;
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue;
O ! who in this vain world of woe shall discover
The home undisturbed, the green Isle of the Lover !

ROBERT CHARLES SANDS

"THE LONELY BUGLE GRIEVES"¹

FROM AN "ODE ON THE CELEBRATION
OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL,
JUNE 17, 1825"

THE trump bath blown,
And now upon that reeking hill
Slaughter rides screaming on the vengeful ball;
While with terrific signal shrill,
The vultures, from their bloody eyries flown,
Hang o'er them like a pall.
Now deeper roll the maddening drums,
And the mingling host like ocean heaves:
While from the midst a horrid wailing comes,
And high above the fight the lonely bugle grieves !

GRENVILLE MELLEN

THE WORLD I AM PASSING
THROUGH

FEW, in the days of early youth,
Trusted like me in love and truth.
I've learned sad lessons from the years;
But slowly, and with many tears;
For God made me to kindly view
The world that I was passing through.

How little did I once believe
That friendly tones could e'er deceive !
That kindness, and forbearance long,
Might meet ingratitude and wrong !
I could not help but kindly view
The world that I was passing through.

¹ See page 505.

And though I've learned some souls are
base,

I would not, therefore, hate the race;
I still would bless my fellow men,
And trust them, though deceived again.
God help me still to kindly view
The world that I am passing through !

Through weary conflicts I have passed,
And struggled into rest at last;
Such rest as when the rack has broke
A joint, or nerve, at every stroke.
The wish survives to kindly view
The world that I am passing through.

From all that fate has brought to me
I strive to learn humility,
And trust in Him who rules above,
Whose universal law is love.
Thus only can I kindly view
The world that I am passing through.

When I approach the setting sun,
And feel my journey nearly done,
May earth be veiled in genial light,
And her last smile to me seem bright !
Help me till then to kindly view
The world that I am passing through !

And all who tempt a trusting heart
From faith and hope to drift apart, —
May they themselves be spared the pain
Of losing power to trust again !
God help us all to kindly view
The world that we are passing through !

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

EVENING HYMN

SLOWLY by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; oh, how still
Is the working of Thy will !

Mighty Maker ! Here am I, —
Work in me as silently,
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth !
So may gleams of glory dart
Through the dim abyss, my heart;

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought,
High and infinite desires,
Burning like those upper fires.

Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight,
Let them shine unclouded, still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou art there. Oh, let me know,
Thou art here within me too;
Be the perfect peace of God
Here as there now shed abroad.

May my soul attuned be
To that perfect harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS

DIVISION II

(EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, POE, HOLMES, AND OTHERS)

Ralph Waldo Emerson

EACH AND ALL

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked
clown

Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;

The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

All are needed by each one;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.
 I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
 He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
 For I did not bring home the river and
 sky;
 He sang to my ear, — they sang to my
 eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
 The bubbles of the latest wave
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me.
 I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore
 With the sun and the sand and the wild up-
 roar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
 As mid the virgin train she strayed,
 Nor knew her beauty's best attire
 Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
 At last she came to his hermitage,
 Like the bird from the woodlands to the
 cage;

The gay enchantment was undone,
 A gentle wife, but fairy none.
 Then I said, "I covet truth;
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of youth:"
 As I spoke, beneath my feet
 The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs;
 I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird;
 Beauty through my senses stole;
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

THE PROBLEM

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
 I love a prophet of the soul;
 And on my heart monastic aisles
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
 Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowl'd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
 Which I could not on me endure ?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below, —
 The canticles of love and woe:
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew;
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowst thou what wove yon woodbird's
 nest

Of leaves and feathers from her breast ?
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting with morn each annual cell ?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads ?
 Such and so grew these holy piles,
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone,
 And Morning opes with haste her lids
 To gaze upon the Pyramids;
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
 As on its friends, with kindred eye;
 For out of Thought's interior sphere
 These wonders rose to upper air;
 And Nature gladly gave them place,
 Adopted them into her race,
 And granted them an equal date
 With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
 Art might obey, but not surpass.
 The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
 And the same power that reared the shrine
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
 Ever the fiery Pentecost
 Girds with one flame the countless host,
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
 And through the priest the mind inspires.
 The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 The word by seers or sibyls told,

In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind.
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.
 I know what say the fathers wise, —
 The Book itself before me lies,
 Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
 And he who blent both in his line,
 The younger Golden Lips or mines,
 Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
 His words are music in my ear,
 I see his cowl'd portrait dear;
 And yet, for all his faith could see,
 I would not the good bishop be.

THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED WHENCE IS THE
 FLOWER

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our soli-
 tudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp
 nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
 Made the black water with their beauty
 gay;
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes
 to cool,
 And court the flower that cheapens his
 array.
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made
 for seeing,
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew:
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
 The self-same Power that brought me
 there brought you.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
 Where thou art is clime for me.
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek;
 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid-zone!

Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines;
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
 Joy of thy dominion!
 Sailor of the atmosphere;
 Swimmer through the waves of air;
 Voyager of light and noon;
 Epicurean of June;
 Wait, I prithee, till I come
 Within earshot of thy hum, —
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze
 Silvers the horizon wall,
 And with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With the color of romance,
 And infusing subtle heats,
 Turns the sod to violets,
 Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;
 But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple-sap and daffodils,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
 And brier-roses, dwelt among;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,

Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE SNOW-STORM

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the
 fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the
 heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's
 end.
 The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's
 feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-
 mates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or
 door.
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly,
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
 A tapering turret overtops the work.
 And when his hours are numbered, and the
 world
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

FORERUNNERS

LONG I followed happy guides,
 I could never reach their sides;
 Their step is forth, and, ere the day
 Breaks up their leaguer, and away.

Keen my sense, my heart was young,
 Right good-will my sinews strung,
 But no speed of mine avails
 To hunt upon their shining trails.
 On and away, their hasting feet
 Make the morning proud and sweet;
 Flowers they strew, — I catch the scent;
 Or tone of silver instrument
 Leaves on the wind melodious trace;
 Yet I could never see their face.
 On eastern hills I see their smokes,
 Mixed with mist by distant lochs.
 I met many travellers
 Who the road had surely kept;
 They saw not my fine revellers, —
 These had crossed them while they slept.
 Some had heard their fair report,
 In the country or the court.
 Fleetest couriers alive
 Never yet could once arrive,
 As they went or they returned,
 At the house where these sojourned.
 Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,
 Though they are not overtaken;
 In sleep their jubilant troop is near, —
 I tuneful voices overhear;
 It may be in wood or waste, —
 At unawares 't is come and past.
 Their near camp my spirit knows
 By signs gracious as rainbows.
 I thenceforward and long after,
 Listen for their harp-like laughter
 And carry in my heart, for days,
 Peace that hallows rudest ways.

BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,
 Or if the slain think he is slain,
 They know not well the subtle ways
 I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
 Shadow and sunlight are the same;
 The vanished gods to me appear;
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
 When me they fly, I am the wings;
 I am the doubter and the doubt,
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven;

But thou, meek lover of the good !
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a
gun ?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its
stalk ?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse ?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of
trust ?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech re-
frained,
Nobility more nobly to repay ?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine !

CHARACTER

THE sun set, but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat.

MERLIN

THY trivial harp will never please
Or fill my craving ear;
Its chords should ring as blows the breeze,
Free, peremptory, clear.
No jingling serenader's art,
Nor tinkle of piano strings,
Can make the wild blood start
In its mystic springs.
The kingly bard
Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
As with hammer or with mace;
That they may render back
Artful thunder, which conveys
Secrets of the solar track,
Sparks of the supersolar blaze.
Merlin's blows are strokes of fate,
Chiming with the forest tone,
When boughs buffet boughs in the wood;
Chiming with the gasp and moan

Of the ice-imprisoned flood;
With the pulse of manly hearts;
With the voice of orators;
With the din of city arts;
With the cannonade of wars;
With the marches of the brave;
And prayers of might from martyrs' cave.

Great is the art,
Great be the manners, of the bard.
He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number;
But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
He shall aye climb
For his rhyme.
" Pass in, pass in," the angels say,
" Into the upper doors,
Nor count compartments of the floors,
But mount to paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

Blameless master of the games,
King of sport that never shames,
He shall daily joy dispense
Hid in song's sweet influence.
Forms more cheerly live and go,
What time the subtle mind
Sings aloud the tune whereto
Their pulses beat,
And march their feet,
And their members are combined.

By Sybarites beguiled,
He shall no task decline;
Merlin's mighty line
Extremes of nature reconciled,
Bereaved a tyrant of his will,
And made the lion mild.
Songs can the tempest still,
Scattered on the stormy air,
Mould the year to fair increase,
And bring in poetic peace.

He shall not seek to weave,
In weak, unhappy times,
Efficacious rhymes;
Wait his returning strength.
Bird that from the nadir's floor
To the zenith's top can soar, —
The soaring orbit of the muse exceeds that
journey's length.
Nor profane affect to hit
Or compass that, by meddling wit,
Which only the propitious mind
Publishes when 't is inclined.

There are open hours
 When the God's will sallies free,
 And the dull idiot might see
 The flowing fortunes of a thousand years;
 Sudden, at unawares,
 Self-moved, fly to the doors,
 Nor sword of angels could reveal
 What they conceal.

FROM "WOODNOTES"

"THE HEART OF ALL THE SCENE"

'T WAS one of the charmed days
 When the genius of God doth flow,
 The wind may alter twenty ways,
 A tempest cannot blow;
 It may blow north, it still is warm;
 Or south, it still is clear;
 Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;
 Or west, no thunder fear.
 The musing peasant lowly great
 Beside the forest water sate;
 The rope-like pineroots crosswise grown
 Composed the network of his throne;
 The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,
 Was burnished to a floor of glass,
 Painted with shadows green and proud
 Of the tree and of the cloud.
 He was the heart of all the scene;
 On him the sun looked more serene;
 To hill and cloud his face was known,—
 It seemed the likeness of their own;
 They knew by secret sympathy
 The public child of earth and sky.
 "You ask," he said, "what guide
 Me through trackless thickets led,
 Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough
 and wide.

I found the water's bed.
 The watercourses were my guide;
 I travelled grateful by their side,
 Or through their channel dry;
 They led me through the thicket damp,
 Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
 Through beds of granite cut my road,
 And their resistless friendship showed:
 The falling waters led me,
 The foodful waters fed me,
 And brought me to the lowest land,
 Unerring to the ocean sand.
 The moss upon the forest bark
 Was pole-star when the night was dark;
 The purple berries in the wood

Supplied me necessary food;
 For Nature ever faithful is
 To such as trust her faithfulness.
 When the forest shall mislead me,
 When the night and morning lie,
 When sea and land refuse to feed me,
 'T will be time enough to die;
 Then will yet my mother yield
 A pillow in her greenest field,
 Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
 The lay of their departed lover."

"THE UNDERSONG"

HEED the old oracles,
 Ponder my spells;
 Song wakes in my pinnacles
 When the wind swells.
 Soundeth the prophetic wind,
 The shadows shake on the rock behind,
 And the countless leaves of the pine are
 strings
 Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.
 Hearken ! Hearken !
 If thou wouldst know the mystic song
 Chanted when the sphere was young.
 Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells;
 O wise man ! hear'st thou half it tells ?
 O wise man ! hear'st thou the least part ?
 'T is the chronicle of art.
 To the open air it sings
 Sweet the genesis of things,
 Of tendency through endless ages,
 Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
 Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
 Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
 Of chemic matter, force and form,
 Of poles and powers, cold, wet and warm :
 The rushing metamorphosis
 Dissolving all that fixture is,
 Melts things that be to things that seem,
 And solid nature to a dream.
 O, listen to the undersong,
 The ever old, the ever young;
 And, far within those cadent pauses,
 The chorus of the ancient Causes !
 Delights the dreadful Destiny
 To fling his voice into the tree,
 And shock thy weak ear with a note
 Breathed from the everlasting throat.
 In music he repeats the pang
 Whence the fair flock of Nature sprang.
 O mortal ! thy ears are stones;
 These echoes are laden with tones

Which only the pure can hear;
 Thou canst not catch what they recite
 Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right,
 Of man to come, of human life,
 Of Death and Fortune, Growth and Strife.

“THE MIGHTY HEART”

COME learn with me the fatal song
 Which knits the world in music strong;
 Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
 Of things with things, of times with times,
 Primal chimes of sun and shade,
 Of sound and echo, man and maid,
 The land reflected in the flood,
 Body with shadow still pursued.
 For Nature beats in perfect tune,
 And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
 Whether she work in land or sea,
 Or hide underground her alchemy.
 Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
 Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
 But it carves the bow of beauty there,
 And the ripples in rhymes the oar for-
 sake.

The wood is wiser far than thou;
 The wood and wave each other know,
 Not unrelated, unaffied,
 But to each thought and thing allied,
 Is perfect Nature's every part,
 Rooted in the mighty Heart.
 But thou, poor child! unbound, unrhymed,
 Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed,
 Whence, O thou orphan and defrauded?
 Is thy land peeled, thy realm marauded?
 Who thee divorced, deceived and left?
 Thee of thy faith who hath bereft,
 And torn the ensigns from thy brow,
 And sunk the immortal eye so low?
 Thy cheek too white, thy form too slen-
 der,

Thy gait too slow, thy habits tender
 For royal man; — they thee confess
 An exile from the wilderness, —
 The hills where health with health agrees,
 And the wise soul expels disease.

Hark! in thy ear I will tell the sign
 By which thy hurt thou mayst divine.
 When thou shalt climb the mountain cliff,
 Or see the wide shore from thy skiff,
 To thee the horizon shall express
 But emptiness on emptiness;
 There lives no man of Nature's worth
 In the circle of the earth;

And to thine eye the vast skies fall,
 Dire and satirical,
 On clucking hens and prating fools,
 On thieves, on drudges, and on dolls.
 And thou shalt say to the Most High,
 “Godhead! all this astronomy,
 And fate and practice and invention,
 Strong art and beautiful pretension,
 This radiant pomp of sun and star,
 Throes that were, and worlds that are,
 Behold! were in vain and in vain;
 It cannot be, — I will look again.
 Surely now will the curtain rise,
 And earth's fit tenant me surprise;
 But the curtain doth not rise,
 And Nature has miscarried wholly
 Into failure, into folly.”

Alas! thine is the bankruptcy,
 Blessed Nature so to see.
 Come, lay thee in my soothing shade,
 And heal the hurts which sin has made.
 I see thee in the crowd alone;
 I will be thy companion.
 Quit thy friends as the dead in doom,
 And build to them a final tomb;
 Let the starred shade that nightly falls
 Still celebrate their funerals,
 And the bell of beetle and of bee
 Knell their melodious memory.
 Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
 Thy churches and thy charities;
 And leave thy peacock wit behind;
 Enough for thee the primal mind
 That flows in streams, that breathes in wind;
 Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
 God hid the whole world in thy heart.

DAYS

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
 Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
 And marching single in an endless file,
 Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
 To each they offer gifts after his will,
 Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
 them all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the
 pomp,
 Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
 Took a few herbs and apples, and the
 Day
 Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
 Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

THE EARTH

OUR eyeless bark sails free,
 Though with boom and spar
 Andes, Alp, or Himmalee
 Strikes never moon or star.

WAVES

ALL day the waves assailed the rock,
 I heard no church-bell chime;
 The sea-beat scorns the minster clock
 And breaks the glass of Time.

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
 To take in sail:
 The god of bounds,
 Who sets to seas a shore,
 Came to me in his fatal rounds,
 And said: "No more!
 No farther shoot
 Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy
 root.

Fancy departs: no more invent;
 Contract thy firmament
 To compass of a tent.
 There's not enough for this and that,
 Make thy option which of two;
 Economize the failing river,
 Not the less revere the Giver,
 Leave the many and hold the few.
 Timely wise accept the terms,
 Soften the fall with wary foot;
 A little while
 Still plan and smile,
 And — fault of novel germs —
 Mature the unfallen fruit.
 Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
 Bad husbands of their fires,
 Who, when they gave thee breath,
 Failed to bequeath
 The needful sinew stark as once,
 The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
 But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
 Inconstant heat and nerveless reins, —
 Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
 Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
 I trim myself to the storm of time,
 I man the rudder, reef the sail,
 Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:

"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
 Right onward drive unharmed;
 The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
 And every wave is charmed."

THRENODY

THE south-wind brings
 Life, sunshine, and desire,
 And on every mount and meadow
 Breathes aromatic fire;
 But over the dead he has no power,
 The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
 And, looking over the hills, I mourn
 The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house,
 I see my trees repair their boughs;
 And he, the wondrous child,
 Whose silver warble wild
 Outvalued every pulsing sound
 Within the air's cerulean round, —
 The hyacinthine boy, for whom
 Morn well might break and April bloom,
 The gracious boy, who did adorn
 The world whereinto he was born,
 And by his countenance repay
 The favor of the loving Day, —
 Has disappeared from the Day's eye;
 Far and wide she cannot find him;
 My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.
 Returned this day, the south-wind searches,
 And finds young pines and budding birches;
 But finds not the budding man;
 Nature, who lost, cannot remake him;
 Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him;
 Nature, Fate, men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet,
 O, whither tend thy feet?
 I had the right, few days ago,
 Thy steps to watch, thy place to know;
 How have I forfeited the right?
 Hast thou forgot me in a new delight?
 I hearken for thy household cheer,
 O eloquent child!
 Whose voice, an equal messenger,
 Conveyed thy meaning mild.
 What though the pains and joys
 Whereof it spoke were toys
 Fitting his age and ken,
 Yet fairest dames and bearded men,
 Who heard the sweet request,
 So gentle, wise, and grave,

Bended with joy to his behest,
 And let the world's affairs go by,
 Awhile to share his cordial game,
 Or mend his wicker wagon-frame,
 Still plotting how their hungry ear
 That winsome voice again might hear;
 For his lips could well pronounce
 Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene
 His early hope, his liberal mien;
 Took counsel from his guiding eyes
 To make this wisdom earthly wise.
 Ah, vainly do these eyes recall
 The school-march, each day's festival,
 When every morn my bosom glowed
 To watch the convoy on the road;
 The babe in willow wagon closed,
 With rolling eyes and face composed;
 With children forward and behind,
 Like Cupids studiously inclined;
 And he the chieftain paced beside,
 The centre of the troop allied,
 With sunny face of sweet repose,
 To guard the babe from fancied foes.
 The little captain innocent
 Took the eye with him as he went,
 Each village senior paused to scan
 And speak the lovely caravan.
 From the window I look out
 To mark thy beautiful parade,
 Stately marching in cap and coat
 To some tune by fairies played;
 A music heard by thee alone
 To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas ! in vain,
 Up and down their glances strain.
 The painted sled stands where it stood;
 The kennel by the corded wood;
 His gathered sticks to stanch the wall
 Of the snow-tower, when snow should
 fall;

The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
 And childhood's castles built or planned;
 His daily haunts I well discern,—
 The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn,—
 And every inch of garden ground
 Paced by the blessed feet around,
 From the roadside to the brook
 Whereinto he loved to look.
 Step the meek fowls where erst they ranged;
 The wintry garden lies unchanged;
 The brook into the stream runs on;
 But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

On that shaded day,
 Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
 When thou didst yield thy innocent breath
 In birdlike heavings unto death,
 Night came, and Nature had not thee;
 I said, "We are mates in misery."
 The morrow dawned with needless glow;
 Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must
 crow;

Each trampler started; but the feet
 Of the most beautiful and sweet
 Of human youth had left the hill
 And garden,—they were bound and still.
 There's not a sparrow or a wren,
 There's not a blade of autumn grain,
 Which the four seasons do not tend
 And tides of life and increase lend;
 And every chick of every bird,
 And weed and rock-moss is preferred.
 O ostrich-like forgetfulness !
 O loss of larger in the less !
 Was there no star that could be sent,
 No watcher in the firmament,
 No angel from the countless host
 That loiters round the crystal coast,
 Could stoop to heal that only child,
 Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
 And keep the blossom of the earth,
 Which all her harvests were not worth ?
 Not mine,—I never called thee mine,
 But Nature's heir,—if I repine,
 And seeing rashly torn and moved
 Not what I made, but what I loved,
 Grow early old with grief that thou
 Must to the wastes of Nature go,—
 'Tis because a general hope
 Was quenched, and all must doubt and
 grope.

For flattering planets seemed to say
 This child should ill of ages stay,
 By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,
 Bring the flown Muses back to men.
 Perchance not he but Nature ailed,
 The world and not the infant failed.
 It was not ripe yet to sustain
 A genius of so fine a strain,
 Who gazed upon the sun and moon
 As if he came unto his own,
 And, pregnant with his grander thought,
 Brought the old order into doubt.
 His beauty once their beauty tried;
 They could not feed him, and he died,
 And wandered backward as in scorn,
 To wait an æon to be born.
 Ill day which made this beauty waste,

Plight broken, this high face defaced !
 Some went and came about the dead ;
 And some in books of solace read ;
 Some to their friends the tidings say ;
 Some went to write, some went to pray ;
 One tarried here, there hurried one ;
 But their heart abode with none.
 Covetous death bereaved us all,
 To aggrandize one funeral.
 The eager fate which carried thee
 Took the largest part of me :
 For this losing is true dying ;
 This is lordly man's down-lying,
 This his slow but sure reclining,
 Star by star his world resigning.

O child of paradise,
 Boy who made dear his father's home,
 In whose deep eyes
 Men read the welfare of the times to come,
 I am too much bereft.
 The world dishonored thou hast left.
 O truth's and nature's costly lie !
 O trusted broken prophecy !
 O richest fortune sourly crossed !
 Born for the future, to the future lost !
 The deep Heart answered, " Weepst thou ?
 Worthier cause for passion wild
 If I had not taken the child.
 And deemest thou as those who pore,
 With aged eyes, short way before, —
 Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast
 Of matter, and thy darling lost ?
 Taught he not thee — the man of eld,
 Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
 Heaven's numerous hierarchy span
 The mystic gulf from God to man ?
 To be alone wilt thou begin
 When worlds of lovers hem thee in ?
 To-morrow, when the masks shall fall
 That dizen Nature's carnival,
 The pure shall see by their own will,
 Which overflowing Love shall fill,
 'Tis not within the force of fate
 The fate-conjoined to separate.
 But thou, my votary, weepst thou ?
 I gave thee sight — where is it now ?
 I taught thy heart beyond the reach
 Of ritual, bible, or of speech ;
 Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,
 As far as the incommunicable ;
 Taught thee each private sign to raise
 Lit by the supersolar blaze.
 Past utterance, and past belief,
 And past the blasphemy of grief,

The mysteries of Nature's heart ;
 And though no Muse can these impart,
 Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
 And all is clear from east to west.

" I came to thee as to a friend ;
 Dearest, to thee I did not send
 Tutors, but a joyful eye,
 Innocence that matched the sky,
 Lovely locks, a form of wonder,
 Laughter rich as woodland thunder,
 That thou mightst entertain apart
 The richest flowering of all art :
 And, as the great all-loving Day
 Through smallest chambers takes its way,
 That thou mightst break thy daily bread
 With prophet, savior and head ;
 That thou mightst cherish for thine own
 The riches of sweet Mary's Son,
 Boy-Rabbi, Israel's paragon.
 And thoughtest thou such guest
 Would in thy hall take up his rest ?
 Would rushing life forget her laws,
 Fate's glowing revolution pause ?
 High omens ask diviner guess ;
 Not to be conned to tediousness.
 And know my higher gifts unbind
 The zone that girds the incarnate mind.
 When the scanty shores are full
 With Thought's perilous, whirling pool ;
 When frail Nature can no more,
 Then the Spirit strikes the hour :
 My servant Death, with solving rite,
 Pours finite into infinite.
 Wilt thou freeze love's tidal flow,
 Whose streams through nature circling go ?
 Nail the wild star to its track
 On the half-climbed zodiac ?
 Light is light which radiates,
 Blood is blood which circulates,
 Life is life which generates,
 And many-seeming life is one, —
 Wilt thou transfix and make it none ?
 Its onward force too starkly pent
 In figure, bone, and lineament ?
 Wilt thou, uncalled, interrogate,
 Talker ! the unreplying Fate ?
 Nor see the genius of the whole
 Ascendant in the private soul,
 Beckon it when to go and come,
 Self-announced its hour of doom ?
 Fair the soul's recess and shrine,
 Magic-built to last a season ;
 Masterpiece of love benign,
 Fairer that expansive reason

Whose omen 't is, and sign.
 Wilt thou not hope thy heart to know
 What rainbows teach, and sunsets show ?
 Verdict which accumulates
 From lengthening scroll of human fates,
 Voice of earth to earth returned,
 Prayers of saints that inly burned, —
 Saying, *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent ;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain ;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
 Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
 Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
 Not of adamant and gold
 Built he heaven stark and cold;
 No, but a nest of bending reeds,
 Flowering grass and scented weeds;
 Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
 Or bow above the tempest bent;
 Built of tears and sacred flames,
 And virtue reaching to its aims;
 Built of furtherance and pursuing,
 Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
 Silent rushes the swift Lord
 Through ruined systems still restored,
 Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
 Plants with worlds the wilderness;
 Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
 Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
 House and tenant go to ground,
 Lost in God, in Godhead found."

CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE
 BATTLE MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the
 world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward
 creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

ODE

SUNG IN THE TOWN HALL, CONCORD,
 JULY 4, 1857

O TENDERLY the haughty day
 Fills his blue urn with fire;
 One morn is in the mighty heaven,
 And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
 Our pulses beat not less,
 The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
 Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung the broad blue fold
 O'er-mantling land and sea,
 One third part of the sky unrolled
 For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
 To build an equal state, —
 To take the statute from the mind
 And make of duty fate.

United States ! the ages plead, —
 Present and Past in under-song, —
 Go put your creed into your deed,
 Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand
 Nor skies without a frown
 See rights for which the one hand fights
 By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll
 Of honor o'er the sea,
 And bid the broad Atlantic roll
 A ferry of the free.

And henceforth there shall be no chain,
 Save underneath the sea
 The wires shall murmur through the main
 Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
 The waters wild below,
 And under, through the cable wove,
 Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

THE TEST

I HUNG my verses in the wind,
Time and tide their faults may find.
All were winnowed through and through,

Five lines lasted sound and true;
Five were smelted in a pot
Than the South more fierce and hot;
These the siroc could not melt,
Fire their fiercer flaming felt,
And the meaning was more white
Than July's meridian light.
Sunshine cannot bleach the snow,
Nor time unmake what poets know.
Have you eyes to find the five
Which five hundred did survive ?

Sarah Helen Whitman

SONNETS

(FROM THE SERIES RELATING TO EDGAR
ALLAN POE)

1

WHEN first I looked into thy glorious eyes,
And saw, with their unearthly beauty
pained,
Heaven deepening within heaven, like the
skies
Of autumn nights without a shadow stained,
I stood as one whom some strange dream
enthalls;
For, far away in some lost life divine,
Some land which every glorious dream re-
calls,
A spirit looked on me with eyes like thine.
Even now, though death has veiled their
starry light,
And closed their lids in his relentless
night, —
As some strange dream, remembered in a
dream,
Again I see, in sleep, their tender beam;
Unfading hopes their cloudless azure fill,
Heaven deepening within heaven, serene
and still.

2

Of since thine earthly eyes have closed on
mine,
Our souls, dim-wandering in the hall of
dreams,
Hold mystic converse on the life divine,
By the still music of immortal streams;

And oft thy spirit tells how souls, affied
By sovran destinies, no more can part, —
How death and hell are powerless to divide
Souls whose deep lives lie folded heart in
heart.
And if, at times, some lingering shadow
lies
Heavy upon my path, some haunting dread,
Then do I point thee to the harmonies
Of those calm heights whereto our souls
arise
Through suffering, — the faith that doth
approve
In death the deathless power and divine
life of love.

3

On our lone pathway bloomed no earthly
hopes:
Sorrow and death were near us, as we stood
Where the dim forest, from the upland
slopes,
Swept darkly to the sea. The enchanted
wood
Thrilled, as by some foreboding terror
stirred;
And as the waves broke on the lonely shore,
In their low monotone, methought I heard
A solemn voice that sighed, "Ye meet no
more."
There, while the level sunbeams seemed to
burn
Through the long aisles of red, autumnal
gloom, —
Where stately, storied cenotaphs inurn
Sweet human hopes, too fair on Earth to
bloom, —

Was the bud reaped, whose petals pure and
cold
Sleep on my heart till Heaven the flower
unfold.

4

If thy sad heart, pining for human love,
In its earth solitude grew dark with
fear,
Lest the high Sun of Heaven itself should
prove
Powerless to save from that phantasmal
sphere
Wherein thy spirit wandered,—if the
flowers

That pressed around thy feet, seemed but
to bloom
In lone Gethsemanes, through starless
hours,
When all who loved had left thee to thy
doom,—
Oh, yet believe that, in that hollow vale
Where thy soul lingers, waiting to attain
So much of Heaven's sweet grace as shall
avail
To lift its burden of remorseful pain,
My soul shall meet thee, and its Heaven
forego
Till God's great love, on both, one hope,
one Heaven bestow.

William Lloyd Garrison

LIBERTY FOR ALL

THEY tell me, Liberty ! that in thy name
I may not plead for all the human race;
That some are born to bondage and dis-
grace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious
fame:
With my whole soul I spurn the doctrine
base,
And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim !
Know this, O man ! whate'er thy earthly
fate —
God never made a tyrant nor a slave:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image ! — for to all He gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate;
And, by a mighty hand, the oppressed He
yet shall save !

FREEDOM FOR THE MIND

HIGH walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious
ways:
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base
control !
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to
pole,
And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes !
It leaps from mount to mount — from vale
to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and
flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star !

Nathaniel Parker Willis

PARRHASIUS

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-haired and majestic old man,
Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from the place had gone,

And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung.
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
He had stood there since morning, and had
borne

From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted
him

For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
And touched his unhealed wounds, and with
a sneer

Passed on; and when, with weariness o'er-
spent,

He bowed his head in a forgetful sleep,
The inhuman soldier smote him, and, with
threats

Of torture to his children, summoned back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

'T was evening, and the half-descended
sun

Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed. He had
borne up

With a stout heart that long and weary
day,

Haughtily patient of his many wrongs,
But now he was alone, and from his nerves
The needless strength departed, and he
leaned

Prone on his massy chain, and let his
thoughts

Throng on him as they would. Unmarked
of him

Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
Gazing upon his grief. The Athenian's
cheek

Flushed as he measured with a painter's
eye

The moving picture. The abandoned limbs,
Stained with the oozing blood, were laced
with veins

Swollen to purple fullness; the gray hair,
Thin and disordered, hung about his eyes;
And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless
face

Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors
stole

From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
Like forms and landscapes magical they
lay.

The walls were hung with armor, and about
In the dim corners stood the sculptured
forms

Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove,
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and
true,

And like a veil of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.
Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Cauca-
sus —

The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his
flesh ;

And, as the painter's mind felt through the
dim,

Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows
forth

With its far reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the
quick curl

Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip
Were like the winged god's, breathing from
his flight.

"Bring me the captive now !

My hand feels skilful, and the shadows
lift

From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow

Upon the bended heavens — around me
play

Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha ! bind him on his back !

Look ! — as Prometheus in my picture
here !

Quick — or he faints ! — stand with the
cordial near !

Now — bend him to the rack !

Press down the poisoned links into his
flesh !

And tear agape that healing wound
afresh !

"So — let him writhe ! How long

Will he live thus ? Quick, my good
pencil, now !

What a fine agony works upon his brow !
Ha ! gray-haired, and so strong !

How fearfully he stifles that short moan !
Gods ! if I could but paint a dying groan !

"Pity" thee! So I do!
 I pity the dumb victim at the altar —
 But does the robed priest for his pity
 falter?

I'd rack thee though I knew
 A thousand lives were perishing in
 thine —
 What were ten thousand to a fame like
 mine?

"Hereafter!" Ay — hereafter!
 A whip to keep a coward to his track!
 What gave Death ever from his king-
 dom back
 To check the skeptic's laughter?
 Come from the grave to-morrow with
 that story,
 And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man! we die
 Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe
 away
 Our life upon the chance wind, even as
 they!
 Strain well thy fainting eye —
 For when that bloodshot quivering is
 o'er,
 The light of heaven will never reach
 thee more.

"Yet there's a deathless name!
 A spirit that the smothering vault shall
 spurn,
 And like a steadfast planet mount and
 burn;
 And though its crown of flame
 Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
 By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on! —

"Ay — though it bid me rifle
 My heart's last fount for its insatiate
 thirst —
 Though every life-strung nerve be mad-
 dened first —
 Though it should bid me stifle
 The yearning in my throat for my sweet
 child,
 And taunt its mother till my brain went
 wild —

"All — I would do it all —
 Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to
 rot,
 Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
 Oh heavens! — but I appall

Your heart, old man! forgive — ha! on
 your lives
 Let him not faint! — rack him till he re-
 vives!

"Vain — vain — give o'er! His eye
 Glazes apace. He does not feel you
 now —
 Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew
 on his brow!
 Gods! if he do not die
 But for one moment — one — till I
 eclipse
 Conception with the scorn of those calm
 lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
 Brokenly now — that was a difficult
 breath —
 Another? Wilt thou never come, oh
 Death!
 Look! how his temple flutters!
 Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his
 head!
 He shudders — gasps — Jove help him!
 — so — he's dead."

How like a mounting devil in the heart
 Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
 But play the monarch, and its haughty
 brow
 Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
 And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
 The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
 The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
 Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
 We look upon our splendor and forget
 The thirst of which we perish! Yet hath
 life

Many a falser idol. There are hopes
 Promising well; and love-touched dreams
 for some;
 And passions, many a wild one; and fair
 schemes
 For gold and pleasure — yet will only
 this
 Balk not the soul — Ambition, only, gives,
 Even of bitterness, a beaker full!
 Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
 Troubled at best; Love is a lamp un-
 seen,
 Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
 Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken;
 Gain is a grovelling care, and Folly tires,
 And Quiet is a hunger never fed;

And from Love's very bosom, and from
Gain,
Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose —
From all but keen Ambition — will the
soul
Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
To wander like a restless child away.
Oh, if there were not better hopes than
these —
Were there no palm beyond a feverish
fame —
If the proud wealth flung back upon the
heart
Must canker in its coffers — if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no more —
If the deep yearning love, that hath not
found
Its like in the cold world, must waste in
tears —
If truth and fervor and devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die of their own fulness — if beyond
The grave there is no heaven in whose wide
air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself — what thrice-mocked
fools are we !

UNSEEN SPIRITS

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'T was near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo —
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair —
A slight girl, lily-pale;

And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail:
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in
air,
Her woman's heart gave way ! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed away !

THE TORN HAT

THERE 's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun —
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness —
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.
And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me
most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
And I unheeding hear it all;
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now.
But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air
As if some dream were passing there —
'T is then that on his face I look,
His beautiful but thoughtful face,
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meaning trace,
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Which time has fettered now —
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thought upon a child
 Will, like a presence, sometime press;
 And when his pulse is beating wild,
 And life itself is in excess —
 When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
 Are all with ardor straining high —
 How in his heart will spring
 A feeling, whose mysterious thrall
 Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
 And, on its silent wing,
 How with the clouds he'll float away,
 As wandering and as lost as they !

TO GIULIA GRISI

WHEN the rose is brightest,
 Its bloom will soonest die;
 When burns the meteor brightest,
 'T will vanish from the sky.
 If Death but wait until delight
 O'errun the heart like wine,
 And break the cup when brimming quite,
 I die — for thou hast poured to-night
 The last drop into mine.

William Gilmore Simms

THE SWAMP FOX

WE follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
 His friends and merry men are we;
 And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
 We burrow in the cypress tree.
 The turfy hammock is our bed,
 Our home is in the red deer's den,
 Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
 For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
 But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
 We mount and start with early night,
 And through the forest track our foe.
 And soon he hears our chargers leap,
 The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
 And ere he drives away his sleep,
 And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
 That will not ask a kind caress
 To swim the Santee at our need,
 When on his heels the foemen press, —
 The true heart and the ready hand,
 The spirit stubborn to be free,
 The twisted bore, the smiting brand, —
 And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
 The last perhaps that we shall taste;
 I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
 And that's a sign we move in haste.
 He whistles to the scouts, and hark !
 You hear his order calm and low.
 Come, wave your torch across the dark,
 And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
 God help 'em, should they find the
 strife !
 For they are strong and fearless men,
 And make no coward terms for life;
 They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
 And when he speaks the word to shy,
 Then, not till then, they turn their steeds,
 Through thickening shade and swamp to
 fly.

Now stir the fire and lie at ease, —
 The scouts are gone, and on the brush
 I see the Colonel bend his knee,
 To take his slumbers too. But hush !
 He's praying, comrades; 't is not strange;
 The man that's fighting day by day
 May well, when night comes, take a change,
 And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoe-cake, boys, and hand
 The sly and silent jug that's there;
 I love not it should idly stand
 When Marion's men have need of cheer.
 'T is seldom that our luck affords
 A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
 And dry potatoes on our boards
 May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
 Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
 That's half the time in brake and bog
 Must never think of softer bed.
 The owl is hooting to the night,
 The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
 And in that pond the flashing light
 Tells where the alligator sank.

What ! 't is the signal ! start so soon,
 And through the Santee swamp so deep,
 Without the aid of friendly moon,
 And we, Heaven help us ! half asleep !
 But courage, comrades ! Marion leads,
 The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
 So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
 There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
 We leave the swamp and cypress-tree,
 Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
 And ready for the strife are we.
 The Tory camp is now in sight,
 And there he cowers within his den;
 He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
 He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

THE LOST PLEIAD

Nor in the sky,
 Where it was seen
 So long in eminence of light serene, —
 Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
 Nor down in mansions of the hidden deep,
 Though beautiful in green
 And crystal, its great caves of mystery, —
 Shall the bright watcher have
 Her place, and, as of old, high station keep !

Gone ! gone !
 Oh ! nevermore, to cheer
 The mariner, who holds his course alone
 On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
 When the stars turn to watchers, and do
 sleep,
 Shall it again appear,
 With the sweet-loving certainty of light,
 Down shining on the shut eyes of the deep !

The upward-looking shepherd on the hills
 Of Chaldea, night-returning with his flocks,
 He wonders why his beauty doth not blaze,
 Gladding his gaze, —
 And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
 Guiding him homeward o'er the perilous
 ways !

How stands he waiting still, in a sad maze,
 Much wondering, while the drowsy silence
 fills

The sorrowful vault ! — how lingers, in the
 hope that night
 May yet renew the expected and sweet light,
 So natural to his sight !

And lone,
 Where, at the first, in smiling love she
 shone,
 Brood the once happy circle of bright stars:
 How should they dream, until her fate was
 known,
 That they were ever confiscate to death ?
 That dark oblivion the pure beauty mars,
 And, like the earth, its common bloom and
 breath,
 That they should fall from high;
 Their lights grow blasted by a touch, and die,
 All their concerted springs of harmony
 Snapt rudely, and the generous music gone !

Ah ! still the strain
 Of wailing sweetness fills the saddening sky;
 The sister stars, lamenting in their pain
 That one of the selectest ones must die, —
 Must vanish, when most lovely, from the
 rest !

Alas ! 't is ever thus the destiny.
 Even Rapture's song hath evermore a tone
 Of wailing, as for bliss too quickly gone.
 The hope most precious is the soonest lost,
 The flower most sweet is first to feel the
 frost.
 Are not all short-lived things the loveliest ?
 And, like the pale star, shooting down the
 sky,

Look they not ever brightest, as they fly
 From the lone sphere they blest !

THE DECAY OF A PEOPLE

THIS the true sign of ruin to a race —
 It undertakes no march, and day by day
 Drowns in camp, or, with the laggard's
 pace,
 Walks sentry o'er possessions that decay;
 Destined, with sensible waste, to fleet
 away; —
 For the first secret of continued power
 Is the continued conquest; — all our sway
 Hath surety in the uses of the hour;
 If that we waste, in vain walled town and
 lofty tower !

SONG IN MARCH

Now are the winds about us in their glee,
 Tossing the slender tree;
 Whirling the sands about his furious car,
 March cometh from afar;

Breaks the sealed magic of old Winter's
dreams,
And rends his glassy streams;
Chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes
Their fetters from the lakes,
And, with a power by queenly Spring sup-
plied,
Wakens the slumbering tide.

With a wild love he seeks young Summer's
charms

And clasps her to his arms;
Lifting his shield between, he drives away
Old Winter from his prey;—
The ancient tyrant whom he boldly braves,
Goes howling to his caves;
And, to his northern realm compelled to
fly,
Yields up the victory;
Melted are all his bands, o'erthrown his
towers,
And March comes bringing flowers.

Ralph Hoyt

OLD

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed
hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat !
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed
hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care;
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"—
Its grave import still my fancy ladens,
"HERE'S A FOOL!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

Still, in sooth, our tasks we seldom tried,
Sportive pastime only worth our learning,
But we listened when the old man sighed,
And that lesson to our hearts went burn-
ing,
And we cried;
Still, in sooth, our tasks we seldom tried.

When the stranger seemed to mark our
play,
(Some of us were joyous, some sad-
hearted),
I remember well, — too well, — that day !
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay, —
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

When we cautiously adventured nigh
We could see his lip with anguish quiver:
Yet no word he uttered, but his eye
Seemed in mournful converse with the
river
Murmuring by,
When we cautiously adventured nigh.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell, —
Ah, to me her name was always heaven !
She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven),
Isabel !
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Softly asked she with a voice divine,
"Why so lonely hast thou wandered
hither;
Hast no home? — then come with me to
mine;
There's our cottage, let me lead thee
thither;
Why repine?"
Softly asked she with a voice divine.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old:
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
Yet why I sit here thou shalt be told;"
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sor-
row, —

Down it rolled;
 "Angel," said he sadly, "I am old !

"I have tottered here to look once more
 On the pleasant scene where I delighted
 In the careless, happy days of yore,
 Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
 To the core;
 I have tottered here to look once more !

"All the picture now to me how dear !
 E'en this gray old rock where I am
 seated
 Seems a jewel worth my journey here;
 Ah, that such a scene should be completed
 With a tear !
 All the picture now to me how dear !

"Old stone school-house !— it is still the
 same !
 There 's the very step so oft I mounted;
 There 's the window creaking in its frame,
 And the notches that I cut and counted
 For the game:
 Old stone school-house !— it is still the
 same !

"In the cottage yonder I was born;
 Long my happy home—that humble
 dwelling;
 There the fields of clover, wheat, and
 corn,
 There the spring with limpid nectar
 swelling;
 Ah, forlorn !
 In the cottage yonder I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you see
 Then were planted, just so far asunder
 That long well-pole from the path to free,
 And the wagon to pass safely under;
 Ninety-three !
 Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There 's the orchard where we used to
 climb
 When my mates and I were boys together,
 Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
 Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;
 Past its prime !
 There 's the orchard where we used to
 climb !

"There the rude three-cornered chestnut
 rails,
 Round the pasture where the flocks were
 grazing,
 Where so sly I used to watch for quails
 In the crops of buckwheat we were raising,
 Traps and trails,
 There the rude three-cornered chestnut
 rails.

"How in summer have I traced that stream,
 There through mead and woodland
 sweetly gliding,
 Luring simple trout with many a scheme
 From the nooks where I have found them
 hiding;
 All a dream !
 How in summer have I traced that stream !

"There 's the mill that ground our yellow
 grain;
 Pond and river still serenely flowing;
 Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
 Where the lily of my heart was blowing,—
 Mary Jane !
 There 's the mill that ground our yellow
 grain !

"There 's the gate on which I used to
 swing,
 Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red
 stable:
 But, alas ! the morn shall no more bring
 That dear group around my father's
 table;
 Taken wing !
 There 's the gate on which I used to swing !

"I am fleeing !— all I loved are fled;
 Yon green meadow was our place for
 playing;
 That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
 When around it Jane and I were straying;
 She is dead !
 I am fleeing !— all I loved are fled !

"Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
 Tracing silently life's changeful story,
 So familiar to my dim old eye,
 Points me to seven that are now in glory
 There on high !
 Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
 Guided thither by an angel mother,—
 Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,
 Sire and sisters, and my little brother;
 Gone to God!
 Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways;
 Bless the holy lesson! — but, ah, never
 Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
 Those sweet voices silent now forever!
 Peaceful days!
 There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blest me with her hand,
 When our souls drank in the nuptial
 blessing,
 Ere she hastened to the spirit land:
 Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing:
 Broken band!
 There my Mary blest me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,
 And the sacred place where we delight-
 ed,

Where we worshipped in the days of yore,
 Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
 To the core;
 I have come to see that grave once more.

"Haply, ere the verdure there shall fade,
 I, all withering with years, shall perish;
 With my Mary may I there be laid,
 Join forever — all the wish I cherish —
 Her dear Shade! —
 Haply, ere the verdure there shall fade."

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
 Now why I sit here thou hast been told."
 In his eye another pearl of sorrow, —
 Down it rolled;
 "Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!"

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
 Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
 Still I marked him sitting there alone,
 All the landscape like a page perusing;
 Poor, unknown,
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Charles Fenno Hoffman

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light,
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
 With hue as red as the rosy bed
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.
*Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.*

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
 Of Time through Life's dominions,
 We here a while would now beguile
 The graybeard of his pinions,
*To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.*

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
 Nor fond Regret delay him,
 Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,

*We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.*

MONTEREY

WE were not many — we who stood
 Before the iron sleet that day —
 Yet many a gallant spirit would
 Give half his years if he then could
 Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
 In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
 Yet not a single soldier quailed
 When wounded comrades round them
 wailed
 Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on — still on our column kept
 Through walls of flame its withering
 way;

Where fell the dead, the living slept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He 'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

THE MINT JULEP

'Tis said that the gods on Olympus of
old
(And who the bright legend profanes
with a doubt?)

One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus
were told

That his last butt of nectar had somehow
run out!

But determined to send round the goblet
once more,

They sued to the fairer immortals for
aid

In composing a draught which, till drinking
were o'er,

Should cast every wine ever drank in
the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her
corn,

And the spirit that lives in each amber-
hued grain,

And which first had its birth from the dew
of the morn,

Was taught to steal out in bright dew-
drops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the
board

Were scattered profusely in every one's
reach,

When called on a tribute to cull from the
board,

Expressed the mild juice of the delicate
peach.

The liquids were mingled while Venus
looked on

With glances so fraught with sweet
magical power,

That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they
were gone,

Has never been missed in the draught
from that hour.

Flora, then, from her bosom of fragrancy,
shook,

And with roseate fingers pressed down in
the bowl,

All dripping and fresh as it came from the
brook,

The herb whose aroma should flavor the
whole.

The draught was delicious, and loud the
acclaim,

Though something seemed wanting for
all to bewail,

But Juleps the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of
hail.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with
light

From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;

The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,

That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows
there, —
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this
prayer !
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the
most fair,
The best-beloved Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN
SAID TO THE PSALMIST

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ! —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act, — act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me !
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me ?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight ?
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen ! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death !' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter !'
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water !

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another.

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;

You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

ENDYMION

THE rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,

When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, — the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity, —
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts ! O slumbering eyes !
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, — as if with unseen wings
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long ?"

SERENADE FROM "THE SPAN- ISH STUDENT"

STARS of the summer night !
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light !
She sleeps !
My lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light !
She sleeps !
My lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light !
She sleeps !

My lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night !
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch ! while in slumbers light
She sleeps !
My lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

DANTE

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms
of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic
eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul
arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of
doom;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the
skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps re-
lume !
Methinks I see thee stand with pallid
cheeks
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's
decrease;
And, as he asks what there the stranger
seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers
"Peace !"

CURFEW

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence, —
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

FROM "EVANGELINE"

EVANGELINE IN ACADIE

SOMEWHAT apart from the village, and
nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest
farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him,
directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the
pride of the village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man
of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is
covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his
cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of
seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows
on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath
the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine
that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the
reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in
sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn,
while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the
priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters
blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her
chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle
of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and
since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child,
through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal
beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form,
when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's
benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the
ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the
house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the
sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a
woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats
beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disap-
peared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives over-
hung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote
by the roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed
image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was
the well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a
trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the
north, were the barns and the farm-
yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and
the antique ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and
there, in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the
cock, with the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the
penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, them-
selves a village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of
thatch; and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the
odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek
and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in
the variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and
sang of mutation.

ON THE ATCHAFALAYA

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the
slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent
in beauty, the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of
the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath
of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and number-
less sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with
blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along,
invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary
oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that
grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered
about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary
travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope
of a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-
flower and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the
ladder of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels as-
cending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted
from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she
slumbered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the
dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of
regions celestial.

Softly the evening came. The sun from
the western horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand
o'er the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water
and forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted
and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with
edges of silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on
the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inex-
pressible sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred
fountains of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies
and waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mock-
ing-bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung
o'er the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of
delirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the
waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad:
then, soaring to madness,

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel
of frenzied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful,
low lamentation;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung
them abroad in derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind
through the tree-tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal
shower on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts
that throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it
flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest
of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from
a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the dis-
tant lowing of cattle.

THE FINDING OF GABRIEL

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell
on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by
flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with
naught in their claws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the
month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads
to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its
natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream
of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty
to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge
of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither
friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home
of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst
of meadows and woodlands;—
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with
its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble
walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The
poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the
Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, in-
deed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her fore-
head with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of
saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen
at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the
city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their
spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the
streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the
door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of
flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the
fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in
their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the cor-
ridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes
from the belfry of Christ Church,
While intermingled with these, across the
meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the
Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of
the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length
thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered
the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous,
careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching
brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and
concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts
of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evan-
geline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while
she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on
the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how
Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had
healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in
the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already
by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feel-
ing of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart,
while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten,
the flowerets dropped from her fin-
gers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light
and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of
such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up
from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the
form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks
that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face
for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of
its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of
those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the
flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had
besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the
sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his
spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite
depths in the darkness —
Darkness of slumber and death, forever
sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in
multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the
hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender
and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away
into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the
home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers
among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and
walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline
rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he
lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline
knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for
the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion re-
vealed what his tongue would have
spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline,
kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on
her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it sud-
denly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of
wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the
fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsat-
isfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant an-
guish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless
head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
"Father, I thank thee!"

FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP"

THE REPUBLIC

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

FROM "THE SONG OF HIAWATHA"

THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA

ALL day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,

In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She, the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,

That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.

From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

A MIST was driving down the British
Channel,
The day was just begun,

And through the window-panes, on floor
and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling
pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black
cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe,
and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding
over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim
defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from
their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning saluta-
tions,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the
burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of
azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's em-
brasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field
Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the De-
stroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England
tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon
waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;

The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.
 And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide!
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil
 bay
 Where they in battle died.
 And the sound of that mournful song
 Goes through me with a thrill:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods;
 And the friendships old and the early loves
 Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of
 doves
 In quiet neighborhoods.
 And the verse of that sweet old song,
 It flutters and murmurs still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
 Across the school-boy's brain;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.
 And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on, and is never still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
 There are dreams that cannot die;
 There are thoughts that make the strong
 heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye.
 And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me like a chill:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
 When I visit the dear old town;
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-
 known street,
 As they balance up and down,
 Are singing the beautiful song,
 Are sighing and whispering still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that
 were,
 I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;

If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag !" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never !" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield !"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast
head.

Lord, how beautiful was Thy day !
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the
seas !
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam !

THE BELLS OF LYNN

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O Bells of
Lynn !
O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells of
Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathe-
dral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of
Lynn !

Borne on the evening wind across the crim-
son twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O
Bells of Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond
the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells
of Lynn !

Over the shining sands the wandering cat-
tle homeward

Follow each other at your call, O Bells of
Lynn !

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his
flaming signal

Answers you, passing the watchword on,
O Bells of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run the tu-
multuous surges,

And clap their hands, and shout to you, O
Bells of Lynn !

Till from the shuddering sea, with your
wild incantations,

Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells
of Lynn !

And startled at the sight, like the weird
woman of Endor,

Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of
Lynn !

CHAUCER

AN old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraiture of huntsman, hawk, and
hound,

And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the
lark,

Whose song comes with the sunshine
through the dark

Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.

He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery
mead.

MILTON

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold
How the voluminous billows roll and run,
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun
Shines through their sheeted emerald far
unrolled,

And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by
fold

All its loose-flowing garments into one,
Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to
gold.

So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulations of thy song,
O sightless bard, England's Mæonides!

And ever and anon, high over all
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the
floor,

Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not
please him more;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarcely knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what
we know.

WAPENTAKE

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

POET ! I come to touch thy lance with
mine;

Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.

Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious
dance,

Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart !
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

OCTOBER, 1746

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*

A FLEET with flags arrayed
 Sailed from the port of Brest,
 And the Admiral's ship displayed
 The signal: "Steer southwest."
 For this Admiral D'Anville
 Had sworn by cross and crown
 To ravage with fire and steel
 Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
 In the houses there was fear
 Of the coming of the fleet,
 And the danger hovering near.
 And while from mouth to mouth
 Spread the tidings of dismay,
 I stood in the Old South,
 Saying humbly: "Let us pray !

"O Lord ! we would not advise;
 But if in thy Providence
 A tempest should arise
 To drive the French Fleet hence,
 And scatter it far and wide,
 Or sink it in the sea,
 We should be satisfied,
 And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
 For my soul was all on flame,
 And even as I prayed
 The answering tempest came;
 It came with a mighty power,
 Shaking the windows and walls,
 And tolling the bell in the tower,
 As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
 Unsheathed its flaming sword,
 And I cried: "Stand still, and see
 The salvation of the Lord !"
 The heavens were black with cloud,
 The sea was white with hail,
 And ever more fierce and loud
 Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
 And the broad sails in the van
 Like the tents of Cushan shook,
 Or the curtains of Midian.

Down on the reeling decks
 Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
 Ah, never were there wrecks
 So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke
 The great ships of the line;
 They were carried away as a smoke,
 Or sank like lead in the brine.
 O Lord ! before thy path
 They vanished and ceased to be,
 When thou didst walk in wrath
 With thine horses through the sea !

JUGURTHA

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !
 Cried the African monarch, the splen-
 did,
 As down to his death in the hollow
 Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,
 Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended;
 How cold are thy baths, Apollo !

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !
 Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended,
 As the vision, that lured him to follow,
 With the mist and the darkness blended,
 And the dream of his life was ended;
 How cold are thy baths, Apollo !

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS

THE tide rises, the tide falls,
 The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
 Along the sea-sands damp and brown
 The traveller hastens toward the town,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
 But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
 The little waves, with their soft, white
 hands,
 Efface the footprints in the sands,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their
 stalls
 Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
 The day returns, but nevermore
 Returns the traveller to the shore,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

MY BOOKS

SADLY as some old mediæval knight
 Gazed at the arms he could no longer
 wield,
 The sword two-handed and the shining
 shield
 Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,
 While secret longings for the lost delight
 Of tourney or adventure in the field

Came over him, and tears but half con-
 cealed
 Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,
 So I beheld these books upon their shelf,
 My ornaments and arms of other days;
 Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
 For they remind me of my other self,
 Younger and stronger, and the pleasant
 ways
 In which I walked, now clouded and con-
 fused.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith

FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD"

HER ways were gentle while a babe,
 With calm and tranquil eye,
 That turned instinctively to seek
 The blueness of the sky.
 A holy smile was on her lip
 Whenever sleep was there;
 She slept, as sleeps the blossom, hushed
 Amid the silent air.

And ere she left with tottling steps
 The low-roofed cottage door,
 The beetle and the cricket loved
 The young child on the floor;
 For every insect dwelt secure
 Where little Eva played,
 And piped for her its blithest song
 When she in greenwood strayed.

With wing of gauze and mailed coat
 They gathered round her feet,
 Rejoiced, as are all gladsome things,
 A truthful soul to greet.
 They taught her infant lips to sing
 With them a hymn of praise,
 The song that in the woods is heard,
 Through the long summer days.

And everywhere the child was traced
 By snatches of wild song
 That marked her feet along the vale
 Or hillside, fleet and strong.
 She knew the haunts of every bird —
 Where bloomed the sheltered flower,
 So sheltered that the searching frost
 Might scarcely find its bower.

No loneliness young Eva knew,
 Though playmates she had none:
 Such sweet companionship was hers,
 She could not be alone;
 For everything in earth or sky
 Caressed the little child, —
 The joyous bird upon the wing,
 The blossom in the wild.

Much dwelt she on the green hill-side,
 And under forest tree;
 Beside the running, babbling brook,
 Where lithe trout sported free.
 She saw them dart, like stringed gems,
 Where the tangled roots were deep,
 And learned that love forevermore
 The heart will joyful keep.

She loved all simple flowers that spring
 In grove or sunlit dell,
 And of each streak and varied hue
 Would pretty meanings tell.
 For her a language was impressed
 On every leaf that grew,
 And lines revealing brighter worlds
 That seraph fingers drew.

The opening bud that lightly swung
 Upon the dewy air,
 Moved in its very sportiveness
 Beneath angelic care;
 She saw that pearly fingers oped
 Each curved and painted leaf,
 And where the canker-worm had been
 Were looks of angel grief.

Each tiny leaf became a scroll
 Inscribed with holy truth,

A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth,
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every byway left:—
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!

Young Eva said all noisome weeds
Would pass from earth away,
When virtue in the human heart
Held its predestined sway.
Exalted thoughts were always hers,
Some deemed them strange and wild;
And hence, in all the hamlets round,
Her name of Sinless Child.

THE DROWNED MARINER

A MARINER sat on the shrouds one night;
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimmed was the moon-
light pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of
the whale,
As he floundered in the sea;
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave as it towered, then fell in
spray,
Looked an emerald wall in the moonlight
ray.

The mariner swayed and rocked on the
mast,
But the tumult pleased him well;
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched as they hurried
past
Or lightly rose and fell;
For their broad, damp fins were under the
tide,
And they lashed as they passed the vessel's
side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship
goes
Like an uncurbed steed along;
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant prow the water ploughs,
But the ship is fleet and strong:
The topsails are reefed and the sails are
furled,

And onward she sweeps o'er the watery
world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there came no chill to the mariner's
blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holds him by the shroud;
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face, looking up at him,
With its pallid cheek and its cold eyes
dim?
Did it beckon him down? did it call his
name?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it
came.

The mariner looked, and he saw with dread
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the
dead,
And its long hair out on the wave was
spread.

Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groaned, as well he need;
For, ever, down as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny
tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well, of the past, —
A voice calls loud for thee: —
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the
last; —
The plunging ship on her beam is cast, —
Oh, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths that were lightly
spoken,
Bethink thee of vows that were lightly
broken,
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
For thou art alone on the raging sea:

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone,
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle and feel there is none to save, —
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is
past,
The trembling hands on the deep are cast,
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks — the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hushed to sleep,

Where the sea its dirge shall swell,
Where the amber drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipped shell her music keep,
There thou shalt slumber well.

The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side,

They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,

From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,

As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean bed;

The mother and child are there;
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,

The babe with its silken hair;
As the water moveth they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play;

And there is each cherished and beautiful form,

Away from decay, and away from the storm.

John Greenleaf Whittier

PROEM

(WRITTEN TO INTRODUCE THE FIRST
GENERAL COLLECTION OF HIS POEMS)

I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest
morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing
of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm
and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed
eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;

To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were
my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on
thy shrine!

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER
DAUGHTERS SOLD INTO SOUTHERN
BONDAGE

GONE, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air;

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
O, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them;
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play;
From the cool spring where they drank;
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank;
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there;

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone;
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,

From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth;
By the bruised reed He spareth;
Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

ICHABOD

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore !
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore !

Revice him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall !

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn ! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven !

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
 The soul has fled;
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame;
 Walk backward, with averted gaze,
 And hide the shame !

ASTRÆA

" Jove means to settle
 Astræa in her seat again,
 And let down from his golden chain
 An age of better metal."
 BEN JONSON, 1615.

O POET rare and old !
 Thy words are prophecies;
 Forward the age of gold,
 The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer
 And hope are not in vain;
 Rise, brothers ! and prepare
 The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes
 From labor's board and can;
 Perish shall all which makes
 A spaniel of the man !

Free from its bonds the mind,
 The body from the rod;
 Broken all chains that bind
 The image of our God.

Just men no longer pine
 Behind their prison-bars;
 Through the rent dungeon shine
 The free sun and the stars.

Earth own, at last, untrod
 By sect, or caste, or clan,
 The fatherhood of God,
 The brotherhood of man !

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth
 The money-changers driven,
 And God's will done on earth,
 As now in heaven !

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy, —
 I was once a barefoot boy !
 Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollar'd ride !
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear and eye, —
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wild flower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood;
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the oriole's nest is hung;
 Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of gray hornet artisans !
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy, —
 Blessings on the barefoot boy !

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.

I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the night,—
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides!
 Still as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread;
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, gray and rude!
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
 And, to fight the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
 Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that
 flowed
 Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled
 up,
 And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
 On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter
 draught
 From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
 Of the singing birds and the humming
 bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered
 whether
 The cloud in the west would bring foul
 weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown
 And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
 Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me !
That I the Judge's bride might be !

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each
day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the
poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the
hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and
cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-
tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright
glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret
pain,
"Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have
been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart

By the women of Marblehead !

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings adroop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:

"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns'
twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Small pity for him ! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay, —

Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck !
"Lay by ! lay by !" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim !
Brag of your catch of fish again !"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
Looked for the coming that might not
be !
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away ? —
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart
By the women of Marblehead.

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide ;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !"

"Hear me, neighbors !" at last he cried, —
"What to me is this noisy ride ?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within ?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck !

Hate me and curse me, — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead !”

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart

By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, “ God has touched him ! why should
we !”

Said an old wife mourning her only son,
“ Cut the rogue’s tether and let him run !”

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and
sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart

By the women of Marblehead !

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY

WHEN the reaper’s task was ended, and the
summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with
his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbor in the
shallop “ Watch and Wait.”

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow
summer-morn,
With the newly planted orchards dropping
their fruits first born,
And the home-roofs like brown islands amid
a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the
tided creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks
and walnuts green :
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had
never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where
duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to
break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks
of Marblehead.

All day they sailed: at nightfall the plea-
sant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry
lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest
prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone
were rock, and wood, and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the
rudder in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was
sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones,
nestled round him, weeping sore:
“ Never heed, my little children ! Christ is
walking on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the
sea shall be no more.”

All at once the great cloud parted, like a
curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the
terror far and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind to-
gether smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman’s
wail and man’s despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so
sharp and bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father
Avery’s prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the
wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above
him as it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God
was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the
pause of wave and wind:
“ All my own have gone before me, and I
linger just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest
Thy ransomed find !

“ In this night of death I challenge the prom-
ise of Thy word ! —
Let me see the great salvation of which
mine ears have heard ! —
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through
the grace of Christ, our Lord !

"In the baptism of these waters wash
white my every sin,
And let me follow up to Thee my house-
hold and my kin !
Open the sea-gate of Thy heaven, and let
me enter in !"

When the Christian sings his death-song,
all the listening heavens draw near,
And the angels, leaning over the walls of
crystal, hear
How the notes so faint and broken swell to
music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to His servant's
last request;
As the strong wave swept him downward
the sweet hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing,
to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from
the rocks of Marblehead;
In the stricken church of Newbury the
notes of prayer were read;
And long, by board and hearthstone, the
living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding
from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient
tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking
on the Rock of Avery's Fall !

THE VANISHERS

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams
In the simple Indian lore
Still to me the legend seems
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached nor found at rest,
Baffling search, but beckoning on
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs,
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers !

And the fisher in his skiff,
And the hunter on the moss,

Hear their call from cape and cliff,
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green
Twilight of the clustered pines,
In their faces rarely seen
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of westerling knolls;
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine !
Thou and I have seen them too;
On before with beck and sign
Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail
In the gold of setting day;
More than gleams of wing or sail
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
Gleams and glories seen and flown,
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,
Airs from viewless Eden blown;

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste;

Gentle eyes we closed below,
Tender voices heard once more,
Smile and call us, as they go
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine !
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,
Smiling eye and waving hand,
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
Lost and found, in Sunset Land !

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS ! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,

But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate, — I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

FROM "SNOW-BOUND"

THE WORLD TRANSFORMED

UNWARMED by any sunset light
 The gray day darkened into night,
 A night made hoary with the swarm
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
 As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
 Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
 And ere the early bedtime came
 The white drift piled the window-frame,
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
 The morning broke without a sun;
 In tiny spherule traced with lines
 Of Nature's geometric signs,
 In starry flake, and pellicle,
 All day the hoary meteor fell;
 And, when the second morning shone,
 We looked upon a world unknown,
 On nothing we could call our own.
 Around the glistening wonder bent
 The blue walls of the firmament,
 No cloud above, no earth below, —
 A universe of sky and snow!
 The old familiar sights of ours
 Took marvellous shapes; strange domes
 and towers
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
 Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile
 showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road;
 The bridle-post an old man sat
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

FIRELIGHT

Shut in from all the world without,
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the north-wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat
 The frost-line back with tropic heat;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed;

The house-dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north-wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
 O Time and Change! — with hair as gray
 As was my sire's that winter day,
 How strange it seems, with so much gone
 Of life and love, to still live on!
 Ah, brother! only I and thou
 Are left of all that circle now, —
 The dear home faces whereupon
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.
 Henceforward, listen as we will,
 The voices of that hearth are still;
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
 Those lighted faces smile no more.
 We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
 And rustle of the bladed corn;
 We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
 But in the sun they cast no shade,
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor!
 Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
 (Since He who knows our need is just,) —
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
 Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play!
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own!

MOTHER

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
 Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
 Told how the Indian hordes came down
 At midnight on Cocheco town,

And how her own great-uncle bore
 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free,
 (The common unrhymed poetry
 Of simple life and country ways,)
 The story of her early days, —
 She made us welcome to her home;
 Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
 We stole with her a frightened look
 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
 The fame whereof went far and wide
 Through all the simple country-side;
 We heard the hawks at twilight play,
 The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
 The loon's weird laughter far away;
 We fished her little trout-brook, knew
 What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
 She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
 The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
 And heard the wild geese calling loud
 Beneath the gray November cloud.

SISTER

As one who held herself a part
 Of all she saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean,
 Upon the motley-braided mat
 Our youngest and our dearest sat,
 Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
 Now bathed in the unfading green
 And holy peace of Paradise.
 Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,
 Or silver reach of river calms,
 Do those large eyes behold me still?
 With me one little year ago: —
 The chill weight of the winter snow
 For months upon her grave has lain;
 And now, when summer south-winds blow
 And brier and harebell bloom again,
 I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
 I see the violet-sprinkled sod
 Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
 The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
 Yet following me where'er I went
 With dark eyes full of love's content.
 The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
 The air with sweetness; all the hills
 Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
 But still I wait with ear and eye
 For something gone which should be nigh,

A loss in all familiar things,
 In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
 And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
 Am I not richer than of old?
 Safe in thy immortality,
 What change can reach the wealth I
 hold?
 What chance can mar the pearl and gold
 Thy love hath left in trust with me?
 And while in life's late afternoon,
 Where cool and long the shadows grow,
 I walk to meet the night that soon
 Shall shape and shadow overflow,
 I cannot feel that thou art far,
 Since near at need the angels are;
 And when the sunset gates unbar,
 Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
 And, white against the evening star,
 The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

PROPHETESS

Another guest that winter night
 Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
 Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
 The honeyed music of her tongue
 And words of meekness scarcely told
 A nature passionate and bold,
 Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
 Its milder features dwarfed beside
 Her unbent will's majestic pride.
 She sat among us, at the best,
 A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,
 Rebuking with her cultured phrase
 Our homeliness of words and ways.
 A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
 Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the
 lash,
 Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
 And under low brows, black with night,
 Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
 The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
 Presaging ill to him whom Fate
 Condemned to share her love or hate.
 A woman tropical, intense
 In thought and act, in soul and sense,
 She blended in a like degree
 The vixen and the devotee,
 Revealing with each freak or feint
 The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
 The raptures of Siena's saint.
 Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
 Had facile power to form a fist;
 The warm, dark languish of her eyes
 Was never safe from wrath's surprise.

Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.

Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thorough-
fares,

Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and fresh,
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophecies!

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:

His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

1870.

THE TWO ANGELS

GOD called the nearest angels who dwell
with Him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one
was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels! a wail of
woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and
saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain
that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and
blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and
on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and
Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled
in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the
dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long;
at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world,
red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, huddering, wept; but Love,
with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and
smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the
flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope
entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked up-
ward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him
who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more
soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the
Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a
holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the
song of sin forgiven!"

CENTENNIAL HYMN

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

1876.

IN THE "OLD SOUTH"

SHE came and stood in the Old South
Church

A wonder and a sign,
With a look the old-time sibyls wore,
Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her
wound,
Unclothed as the primal mother,
With limbs that trembled and eyes that
blazed
With a fire she dare not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair,
With sprinkled ashes gray;
She stood in the broad aisle strange and
weird
As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his sermon's
midst,
And the people held their breath,
For these were the words the maiden spoke
Through lips as the lips of death:

"Thus saith the Lord, with equal feet
All men my courts shall tread,
And priest and ruler no more shall eat
My people up like bread!

"Repent ! repent ! ere the Lord shall speak
In thunder and breaking seals !
Let all souls worship Him in the way
His light within reveals."

She shook the dust from her naked feet,
And her sackcloth closer drew,
And into the porch of the awe-hushed
church
She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o' the
cart
Through half the streets of the town,
But the words she uttered that day nor
fire
Could burn nor water drown.

And now the aisles of the ancient church
By equal feet are trod,
And the bell that swings in its belfry rings
Freedom to worship God !

And now whenever a wrong is done
It thrills the conscious walls;
The stone from the basement cries aloud
And the beam from the timber calls.

There are steeple-houses on every hand,
And pulpits that bless and ban,
And the Lord will not grudge the single
church
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law
And the prophets under the sun,
And the first is last and the last is first,
And the twain are verily one.

So long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay-tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the Old South
Church
And plead for the rights of all !

MULFORD

UNNOTED as the setting of a star
He passed; and seet and party scarcely
knew
When from their midst a sage and seer
withdrew
To fitter audience, where the great dead
are

In God's republic of the heart and mind,
Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind.

AN AUTOGRAPH

I WRITE my name as one,
On sands by waves o'errun
Or winter's frosted pane,
Traces a record vain.

Oblivion's blankness claims
Wiser and better names,
And well my own may pass
As from the strand or glass.

Wash on, O waves of time !
Melt, noons, the frosty rime !
Welcome the shadow vast,
The silence that shall last !

When I and all who know
And love me vanish so,
What harm to them or me
Will the lost memory be ?

If any words of mine,
Through right of life divine,
Remain, what matters it
Whose hand the message writ ?

Why should the "crownner's quest"
Sit on my worst or best ?
Why should the showman claim
The poor ghost of my name ?

Yet, as when dies a sound
Its spectre lingers round,
Haply my spent life will
Leave some faint echo still.

A whisper giving breath
Of praise or blame to death,
Soothing or saddening such
As loved the living much.

Therefore with yearnings vain
And fond I still would fain
A kindly judgment seek,
A tender thought bespeak.

And, while my words are read,
Let this at least be said:
"Whate'er his life's defeatures,
He loved his fellow-creatures.

"If, of the Law's stone table,
To hold he scarce was able
The first great precept fast,
He kept for man the last.

"Through mortal lapse and dulness
What lacks the Eternal Fulness,
If still our weakness can
Love Him in loving man ?

"Age brought him no despairing
Of the world's future faring;
In human nature still
He found more good than ill.

"To all who dumbly suffered,
His tongue and pen he offered;
His life was not his own,
Nor lived for self alone.

"Hater of din and riot
He lived in days unquiet;
And, lover of all beauty,
Trod the hard ways of duty.

"He meant no wrong to any,
He sought the good of many,
Yet knew both sin and folly, —
May God forgive him wholly !"

William Davis Gallagher

THE CARDINAL BIRD

A DAY and then a week passed by:
The redbird hanging from the sill
Sang not; and all were wondering why
It was so still —
When one bright morning, loud and clear,
Its whistle smote my drowsy ear,
Ten times repeated, till the sound
Filled every echoing niche around;
And all things earliest loved by me, —
The bird, the brook, the flower, the tree, —
Came back again, as thus I heard
The cardinal bird.

Where maple orchards towered aloft,
And spicewood bushes spread below,
Where skies were blue, and winds were
soft,

I could but go —
For, opening through a wildering haze,
Appeared my restless childhood's days;
And truant feet and loitering mood
Soon found me in the same old wood
(Illusion's hour but seldom brings
So much the very form of things)
Where first I sought, and saw, and heard
The cardinal bird.

Then came green meadows, broad and
bright,

Where dandelions, with wealth untold,
Gleamed on the young and eager sight
Like stars of gold;

And on the very meadow's edge,
Beneath the ragged blackberry hedge,
Mid mosses golden, gray and green,
The fresh young buttercups were seen,
And small spring-beauties, sent to be
The heralds of anemone:
All just as when I earliest heard
The cardinal bird.

Upon the gray old forest's rim
I snuffed the crab-tree's sweet perfume;
And farther, where the light was dim,
I saw the bloom
Of May-apples, beneath the tent
Of umbrel leaves above them bent;
Where oft was shifting light and shade
The blue-eyed ivy wildly strayed;
And Solomon's-seal, in graceful play,
Swung where the straggling sunlight lay:
The same as when I earliest heard
The cardinal bird.

And on the slope, above the rill
That wound among the sugar-trees,
I heard them at their labors still,
The murmuring bees:
Bold foragers ! that come and go
Without permit from friend or foe;
In the tall tulip-trees o'erhead
On pollen greedily they fed,
And from low purple phlox, that grew
About my feet, sipped honey-dew: —
How like the scenes when first I heard
The cardinal bird !

How like !— and yet . . . The spell
grows weak:—

Ah, but I miss the sunny brow—
The sparkling eye—the ruddy cheek !

Where, where are now
The three who then beside me stood
Like sunbeams in the dusky wood ?
Alas, I am alone ! Since then,
They've trod the weary ways of men:
One on the eve of manhood died;
Two in its flush of power and pride.
Their graves are green, where first we heard
The cardinal bird.

The redbird, from the window hung,
Not long my fancies thus beguiled:
Again in maple-groves it sung

Its wood-notes wild;
For, rousing with a tearful eye,
I gave it to the trees and sky !
I missed so much those brothers three,
Who walked youth's flowery ways with
me,
I could not, dared not but believe
It too had brothers, that would grieve
Till in old haunts again 't was heard,—
The cardinal bird.

AUTUMN IN THE WEST

THE autumn time is with us. Its approach
Was heralded, not many days ago,
By hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun,
And sea-like murmurs from the rustling
corn,

And low-voiced brooks that wandered
drowsily

By pendent clusters of empurpling grapes
Swinging upon the vine. And now, 't is
here !

And what a change hath passed upon the
face

Of nature, where the waving forest spreads,
Then robed in deepest green ! All through
the night

The subtle frost has plied its magic art;
And in the day the golden sun hath
wrought

True wonders; and the winds of morn and
even

Have touched with magic breath the
changing leaves.

And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Athwart the varied landscape, circling far,

What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what
pomp

Of colors bursts upon the ravished sight !
Here, where the poplar rears its yellow
crest,

A golden glory; yonder, where the oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the
ash

Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad
The dogwood spreads beneath, and, fringing
all,

The sumac blushes to the ground, a flood
Of deepest crimson; and afar, where looms
The gnarled gum, a cloud of bloodiest
red.

Out in the woods of autumn ! I have
cast

Aside the shackles of the town, that vex
The fetterless soul, and come to hide my-
self,

Miami ! in thy venerable shades.

Here where seclusion looks out on a
scene

Of matchless beauty, I will pause awhile,
And on this bank with varied mosses
crowned

Gently recline. Beneath me, silver-bright,
Glide the calm waters, with a plaintive
moan

For summer's parting glories. High o'er-
head,

Seeking the sedgy brinks of still lagoons
That bask in southern suns the winter
through,

Sails tireless the unerring waterfowl,
Screaming among the cloud-racks. Oft
from where,

In bushy covert hid, the partridge stands,
Bursts suddenly the whistle clear and
loud,

Far-echoing through the dim wood's fretted
aisles.

Deep murmurs from the trees, bending
with brown

And ripened mast, are interrupted oft
By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily
The turkey from the thicket comes, and
swift

As flies an arrow darts the pheasant down,
To batten on the autumn; and the air,
At times, is darkened by a sudden rush
Of myriad wings, as the wild pigeon
leads

His squadrons to the banquet. Far away,

Where tranquil groves on sunny slopes
 supply
 Their liberal store of fruits, the merry laugh
 Of children, and the truant school-boy's
 shout,
 Ring on the air, as, from the hollows borne,

Nuts load their creaking carts, and lush
 pawpaws
 Their motley baskets fill, with clustering
 grapes
 And golden-sphered persimmons spread o'er
 all.

Edgar Allan Poe

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicaean barks of yore,
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo ! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand !
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy Land !

THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I
 pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of
 forgotten lore, —

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly
 there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping
 at my chamber door.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping
 at my chamber door :
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the
 bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought
 its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I
 had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow — sor-
 row for the lost Lenore,

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the
 angels name Lenore:
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of
 each purple curtain
 Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic ter-
 rors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart,
 I stood repeating

"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at
 my chamber door,

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my
 chamber door:

This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating
 then no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your for-
 giveness I implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently
 you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping
 at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you" —
 here I opened wide the door: —

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I
 stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals
 ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the
 stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the
 whispered word, "Lenore?"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured
 back the word, "Lenore:"

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul
 within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat
 louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something
at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this
mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this
mystery explore:
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with
many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the
saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a
minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched
above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above
my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the
countenance it wore, —
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering
from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to
hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little
relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living
human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid
bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one
word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a
feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, —
"Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow he will leave me, as my
Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so
aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its
only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom
unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his
songs one burden bore:
Till the dirges of his Hope that melan-
choly burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy
into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook
myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this omi-
nous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt,
and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syl-
lable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned
into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head
at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-
light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the
lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, per-
fumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled
on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent
thee — by these angels he hath sent
thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy
memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and
forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! proph-
et still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest
tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert
land enchanted —

On this home by Horror haunted — tell me
truly, I implore:
Is there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell
me — tell me, I implore!" —
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet
still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by
that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within
the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the
angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the
angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or
fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back into the tempest and the
Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie
thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the
bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take
thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a de-
mon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
throws his shadow on the floor:
And my soul from out that shadow that
lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

THE SLEEPER

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon. .
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain-top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;

Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All beauty sleeps! — and lo! where lies
Irene, with her destinies!

O lady bright! can it be right,
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop;
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully, so fearfully,
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slum'ring soul lies
hid,

That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall.
O lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor: strange thy dress:
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by.

My love, she sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold:
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And winged panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals:
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone:
Some tomb from out whose sounding
door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin,
It was the dead who groaned within!

LENORE

Ah, broken is the golden bowl ! the spirit
flown forever !
Let the bell toll ! — a saintly soul floats on
the Stygian river ;
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear ? —
weep now or nevermore !
See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies
thy love, Lenore !
Come, let the burial rite be read — the
funeral song be sung :
An anthem for the queenliest dead that
ever died so young,
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that
she died so young.

“ Wretches, ye loved her for her wealth
and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye
blessed her — that she died !
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read ? the re-
quiem how be sung
By you — by yours, the evil eye, — by
yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died,
and died so young ? ”

Peccavimus ; but rave not thus ! and let a
Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may
feel no wrong.
The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with
Hope that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that
should have been thy bride :
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so
lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within
her eyes ;
The life still there, upon her hair — the
death upon her eyes.

“ Avaunt ! avaunt ! from fiends below, the
indignant ghost is riven —
From Hell unto a high estate far up within
the Heaven —
From grief and groan, to a golden throne,
beside the King of Heaven !
Let no bell toll, then, — lest her soul, amid
its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note as it doth float up
from the damnèd Earth !

And I ! — to-night my heart is light ! — no
dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a
Pæan of old days ! ”

TO ONE IN PARADISE

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine :
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last !
Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise
But to be overcast !
A voice from out the Future cries,
“ On ! on ! ” — but o’er the Past
(Dim gulf !) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas ! alas ! with me
The light of Life is o’er !
No more — no more — no more —
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy gray eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo ! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst
and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
 On the long night-time of that town;
 But light from out the lurid sea
 Streams up the turrets silently,
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:
 Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
 Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,
 Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
 Up many and many a marvellous shrine
 Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
 The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie.
 So blend the turrets and shadows there
 That all seem pendulous in air,
 While from a proud tower in the town
 Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
 Yawn level with the luminous waves;
 But not the riches there that lie
 In each idol's diamond eye, —
 Not the gayly-jewelled dead,
 Tempt the waters from their bed;
 For no ripples curl, alas,
 Along that wilderness of glass;
 No swellings tell that winds may be
 Upon some far-off happier sea;
 No heavings hint that winds have been
 On seas less hideously serene !

But lo, a stir is in the air !
 The wave — there is a movement there !
 As if the towers had thrust aside,
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
 As if their tops had feebly given
 A void within the filmy Heaven !
 The waves have now a redder glow,
 The hours are breathing faint and low;
 And when, amid no earthly moans,
 Down, down that town shall settle hence,
 Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
 Shall do it reverence.

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfil, whose heart-strings are a lute,
 and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. —
 KORAN.

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell
 Whose heart-strings are a lute;
 None sing so wildly well

As the angel Israfil,
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
 In her highest noon,
 The enamoured moon
 Blushes with love,
 While, to listen, the red levin
 (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
 Which were seven)
 Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
 And the other listening things)
 That Israfil's fire
 Is owing to that lyre
 By which he sits and sings,
 The trembling living wire
 Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
 Where deep thoughts are a duty,
 Where Love's a grown-up God,
 Where the Houris glance
 Imbued with all the beauty
 Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
 Israfil, who despisest
 An unimpassioned song;
 To thee the laurels belong,
 Best bard, because the wisest:
 Merrily live, and long !

The ecstasies above
 With thy burning measures suit:
 Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
 With the fervor of thy lute:
 Well may the stars be mute !

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
 Is a world of sweets and sour;
 Our flowers are merely — flowers,
 And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
 Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
 Where Israfil
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,
 He might not sing so wildly well
 A mortal melody,
 While a bolder note than this might swell
 From my lyre within the sky.

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace —
 Radiant palace — reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion,
 It stood there;
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow
 (This — all this — was in the olden
 Time long ago),
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A wingéd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically,
 To a lute's well-tuned law,
 Round about a throne where, sitting,
 Porphyrogene,
 In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flow-
 ing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate;
 (Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
 And round about his home the glory
 That blushed and bloomed,
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley
 Through the red-litten windows see
 Vast forms that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody;
 While, like a ghastly rapid river,
 Through the pale door

A hideous throng rush out forever,
 And laugh — but smile no more.

THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo! 'tis a gala night
 Within the lonesome latter years.
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
 In veils, and drowned in tears,
 Sit in a theatre to see
 A play of hopes and fears,
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully
 The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
 Mutter and mumble low,
 And hither and thither fly;
 Mere puppets they, who come and
 go
 At bidding of vast formless things
 That shift the scenery to and fro,
 Flapping from out their condor wings
 Invisible Woe.

That motley drama — oh, be sure
 It shall not be forgot!
 With its Phantom chased for evermore
 By a crowd that seize it not,
 Through a circle that ever returneth in
 To the self-same spot;
 And much of Madness, and more of
 Sin,
 And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout
 A crawling shape intrude:
 A blood-red thing that writhes from out
 The scenic solitude!
 It writhes — it writhes! — with mortal
 pangs
 The mimes become its food,
 And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
 In human gore imbued.

Out — out are the lights — out all!
 And over each quivering form
 The curtain, a funeral pall,
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,
 While the angels, all pallid and wan,
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm
 That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
 And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

THE BELLS

I

HEAR the sledges with the bells,
 Silver bells !
 What a world of merriment their melody
 foretells !
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night !
 While the stars, that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically
 wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the
 bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony
 foretells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
 gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously
 wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the
 bells !

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency
 tells !

In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of
 the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and
 frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now — now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells, —
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger
 of the bells,
 Of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 In the clamor and the clangor of the
 bells !

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,
 Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their
 monody compels !
 In the silence of the night
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people — ah, the people,
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone —

They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,

They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls

A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,

Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —

To the moaning and the groaning of the
bells.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may
know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more
than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of
heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by
night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than
the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bring-
ing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the
bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the
side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and
my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

ULALUME

THE skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,
The leaves they were withering and
sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir:
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of
Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was vol-
canic

As the scoriac rivers that roll,
 As the lavas that restlessly roll
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
 In the ultimate climes of the pole,
 That groan as they roll down Mount
 Yaanek
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
 But our thoughts they were palsied
 and sere,
 Our memories were treacherous and
 sere,
 For we knew not the month was Octo-
 ber,
 And we marked not the night of the
 year,
 (Ah, night of all nights in the year !)
 We noted not the dim lake of Auber
 (Though once we had journeyed down
 here),
 Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of
 Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
 And star-dials pointed to morn,
 As the star-dials hinted of morn,
 At the end of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was born,
 Out of which a miraculous crescent
 Arose with a duplicate horn,
 Astarte's bediamonded crescent
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — "She is warmer than Dian:
 She rolls through an ether of sighs,
 She revels in a region of sighs:
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, where the worm never
 dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies,
 To the Lethean peace of the skies:
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes:
 Come up through the lair of the Lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said — "Sadly this star I mistrust,
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
 Oh, hasten ! — oh, let us not linger !
 Oh, fly ! — let us fly ! — for we must."

In terror she spoke, letting sink her
 Wings until they trailed in the dust;
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust,
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the
 dust.

I replied — "This is nothing but dream-
 ing :
 Let us on by this tremulous light !
 Let us bathe in this crystalline light !
 Its sibyllic splendor is beaming
 With hope and in beauty to-night:
 See, it flickers up the sky through the
 night !
 Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
 And be sure it will lead us aright:
 We safely may trust to a gleaming
 That cannot but guide us aright,
 Since it flickers up to Heaven through
 the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
 And tempted her out of her gloom,
 And conquered her scruples and gloom;
 And we passed to the end of the vista,
 But were stopped by the door of a
 tomb,
 By the door of a legended tomb;
 And I said — "What is written, sweet sister,
 On the door of this legended tomb ?"
 She replied — "Ulalume — Ula-
 lume —
 'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume !"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crisp'd and
 sere,
 As the leaves that were withering and
 sere,
 And I cried — "It was surely October
 On this very night of last year
 That I journeyed — I journeyed down
 here,
 That I brought a dread burden down
 here:
 On this night of all nights in the
 year,
 Ah, what demon has tempted me here ?
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
 This misty mid region of Weir:
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
 This ghoul-haunted woodland of
 Weir."

Samuel Francis Smith

AMERICA

MY country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.
1832.

Ray Palmer

FAITH

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love for Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!
1830.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

OLD IRONSIDES

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—

The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the
flood,
And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

THE LAST LEAF

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,

And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb.

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest,)
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;

The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

LA GRISETTE

Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had past,
I said, "We meet again," —
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak,
Their gentler signs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
Oh, had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise!

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of
good old times,
Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry
Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
Who dipped their ladle in the punch when
this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar, — so
runs the ancient tale;
'T was hammered by an Antwerp smith,
whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for
fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow and quaffed a cup of
good old Flemish ale.

'T was purchased by an English squire to
please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a
longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another
twig was found,
'T was filled with caudle spiced and hot, and
handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a
Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a
little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it
was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnapps.

And then, of course, you know what's next:
it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came, —
a hundred souls and more, —
Along with all the furniture, to fill their
new abodes, —
To judge by what is still on hand, at least
a hundred loads.

'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night
was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl,
and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the
posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged
about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,— the
man that never feared, —
He took a long and solemn draught, and
wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers — the men
that fought and prayed —
All drank as 't were their mother's milk,
and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the
screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the
soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he
taught to kith and kin:
"Run from the white man when you find
he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had
spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each
little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but
not in mirth or joy, —
'T was mingled by a mother's hand to cheer
her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'t will do you
good, — poor child, you'll never
bear

This working in the dismal trench, out in
the midnight air;
And if — God bless me! — you were hurt,
't would keep away the chill."
So John *did* drink, — and well he wrought
that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in
good old English cheer;
I tell you, 't was a pleasant thought to
bring its symbol here:
'T is but the fool that loves excess; hast
thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my
silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past, — its pressed
yet fragrant flowers, —
The moss that clothes its broken walls, the
ivy on its towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed, — my
eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that
danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it
straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er
the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect
me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words,
—"My dear, where *have* you
been?"

AFTER A LECTURE ON KEATS

"Purpureos spargam flores."

THE wreath that star-crowned Shelley gave
Is lying on thy Roman grave,
Yet on its turf young April sets
Her store of slender violets;
Though all the Gods their garlands shower,
I too may bring one purple flower.
Alas! what blossom shall I bring,
That opens in my Northern spring?
The garden beds have all run wild,
So trim when I was yet a child;
Flat plantains and unseemly stalks
Have crept across the gravel walks;
The vines are dead, long, long ago,
The almond buds no longer blow.
No more upon its mound I see
The azure, plume-bound fleur-de-lis;
Where once the tulips used to show,
In straggling tufts the pansies grow;
The grass has quenched my white-rayed
gem,

The flowering "Star of Bethlehem,"
Though its long blade of glossy green
And pallid stripe may still be seen.
Nature, who treads her nobles down,
And gives their birthright to the clown,
Has sown her base-born weedy things
Above the garden's queens and kings.
Yet one sweet flower of ancient race
Springs in the old familiar place.
When snows were melting down the vale,
And Earth unlaced her icy mail,
And March his stormy trumpet blew,
And tender green came peeping through,
I loved the earliest one to seek
That broke the soil with emerald beak,
And watch the trembling bells so blue
Spread on the column as it grew.
Meek child of earth! thou wilt not
shame

The sweet, dead poet's holy name;

The God of music gave thee birth,
 Called from the crimson-spotted earth,
 Where, sobbing his young life away,
 His own fair Hyacinthus lay.
 The hyacinth my garden gave
 Shall lie upon that Roman grave !

THE VOICELESS

We count the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild-flowers who will stoop to number ?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them : —
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them !

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
 Whose song has told their hearts' sad story, —
 Weep for the voiceless, who have known
 The cross without the crown of glory !
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
 But where the glistening night-dews weep
 On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
 Till Death pours out his longed-for wine
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses, —
 If singing breath or echoing chord
 To every hidden pang were given,
 What endless melodies were poured,
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven !

THE LIVING TEMPLE

Nor in the world of light alone,
 Where God has built his blazing throne,
 Nor yet alone in earth below,
 With belted seas that come and go,
 And endless isles of sunlit green,
 Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
 Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —
 Eternal wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
 Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
 Whose streams of brightening purple
 rush,
 Fired with a new and livelier blush,
 While all their burden of decay
 The ebbing current steals away,
 And red with Nature's flame they start
 From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
 Forever quivering o'er his task,
 While far and wide a crimson jet
 Leaps forth to fill the woven net
 Which in unnumbered crossing tides
 The flood of burning life divides,
 Then, kindling each decaying part,
 Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
 Behold the outward moving frame,
 Its living marbles jointed strong
 With glistening band and silvery thong,
 And linked to reason's guiding reins
 By myriad rings in trembling chains,
 Each graven with the threaded zone
 Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
 Is braided out of seven-hued light,
 Yet in those lucid globes no ray
 By any chance shall break astray.
 Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
 Arches and spirals circling round,
 Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
 With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
 All thought in its mysterious folds;
 That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
 And flashes forth the sovereign will;
 Think on the stormy world that dwells
 Locked in its dim and clustering cells !
 The lightning gleams of power it sheds
 Along its hollow glassy threads !

O Father ! grant thy love divine
 To make these mystic temples thine !
 When wasting age and wearying strife
 Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
 When darkness gathers over all,
 And the last tottering pillars fall,
 Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
 And mould it into heavenly forms !

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled
 wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
 streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
 dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt un-
 sealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the
 new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway
 through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew
 the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought
 by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed
 horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear
 a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my
 soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
 vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
 resting sea!

BILL AND JOE

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
 Will steal an hour from days gone by,
 The shining days when life was new,
 And all was bright with morning dew,
 The lusty days of long ago,
 When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
 And mine as brief appendix wear
 As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
 To-day, old friend, remember still
 That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
 And grand you look in people's eyes,
 With H O N. and LL. D.
 In big brave letters, fair to see,—
 Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
 How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
 You've taught your name to half the globe;
 You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
 You've made the dead past live again:
 The world may call you what it will,
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say
 "See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
 They talk like fellows in their teens!
 Mad, poor old boys! That's what it
 means,"—
 And shake their heads; they little know
 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
 While Joe sits smiling at his side;
 How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
 Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
 Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
 As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
 A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
 A few swift years, and who can show
 Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
 Holds out his bruised and aching hand,

While gaping thousands come and go, —
How vain it seems, this empty show !
Till all at once his pulses thrill; —
"T is poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill !"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe ?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say ?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

UNDER THE VIOLETS

HER hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light; —
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say, that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the
ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of Spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,

Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
So may the soul that warmed it rise !

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below ?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

HYMN OF TRUST

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near !

EPILOGUE TO THE BREAKFAST- TABLE SERIES

AUTOCRAT — PROFESSOR — POET

At a Bookstore
Anno Domini 1972

A CRAZY bookcase, placed before
A low-price dealer's open door;
Therein arrayed in broken rows
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,
The homeless vagrants, waifs, and strays
Whose low estate this line betrays

(Set forth the lesser birds to lime)
YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS 1 DIME !

Ho ! dealer; for its motto's sake
This scarecrow from the shelf I take;
Three starveling volumes bound in one,
Its covers warping in the sun.
Methinks it hath a musty smell,
I like its flavor none too well,
But Yorick's brain was far from dull,
Though Hamlet pah ! 'd, and dropped his
skull.

Why, here comes rain ! The sky grows
dark, —

Was that the roll of thunder ? Hark !
The shop affords a safe retreat,
A chair extends its welcome seat,
The tradesman has a civil look
(I've paid, impromptu, for my book),
The clouds portend a sudden shower, —
I'll read my purchase for an hour.

What have I rescued from the shelf ?
A Boswell, writing out himself !
For though he changes dress and name,
The man beneath is still the same,
Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,
One actor in a dozen parts,
And whatsoe'er the mask may be,
The voice assures us, *This is he.*

I say not this to cry him down;
I find my Shakespeare in his clown,
His rogues the selfsame parent own;
Nay ! Satan talks in Milton's tone !
Where'er the ocean inlet strays,
The salt sea wave its source betrays;
Where'er the queen of summer blows,
She tells the zephyr, "I'm the rose !"

And his is not the playwright's page;
His table does not ape the stage;
What matter if the figures seen
Are only shadows on a screen,
He finds in them his lurking thought,
And on their lips the words he sought,
Like one who sits before the keys
And plays a tune himself to please.

And was he noted in his day ?
Read, flattered, honored ? Who shall say ?
Poor wreck of time the wave has cast

To find a peaceful shore at last,
Once glorying in thy gilded name
And freighted deep with hopes of fame,
Thy leaf is moistened with a tear,
The first for many a long, long year !

For be it more or less of art
That veils the lowliest human heart
Where passion throbs, where friendship
glows,
Where pity's tender tribute flows,
Where love has lit its fragrant fire,
And sorrow quenched its vain desire,
For me the altar is divine,
Its flame, its ashes, — all are mine !

And thou, my brother, as I look
And see thee pictured in thy book,
Thy years on every page confessed
In shadows lengthening from the west,
Thy glance that wanders, as it sought
Some freshly opening flower of thought,
Thy hopeful nature, light and free,
I start to find myself in thee !

Come, vagrant, outcast, wretch forlorn
In leather jerkin stained and torn,
Whose talk has filled my idle hour
And made me half forget the shower,
I'll do at least as much for you,
Your coat I'll patch, your guilt renew,
Read you — perhaps — some other time.
Not bad, my bargain ! Price one dime !

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT

GRANDMOTHER's mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view, —
Look ! there's a rent the light shines
through,

Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust !
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !
Ay ! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q. !
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life !

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill ?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me ?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long !
There were tones in the voice that whis-
pered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —

A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago ! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live ?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished
frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household
name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

CACOËTHES SCRIBENDI

If all the trees in all the woods were
men;
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap; every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living
tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write, and write,
and write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round
its brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and more
ink.

THE STRONG HEROIC LINE

FRIENDS of the Muse, to you of right belong
The first staid footsteps of my square-toed
song;
Full well I know the strong heroic line
Has lost its fashion since I made it mine;
But there are tricks old singers will not
learn,
And this grave measure still must serve
my turn.
So the old bird resumes the selfsame note
His first young summer wakened in his
throat;
The selfsame tune the old canary sings,
And all unchanged the bobolink's carol
rings;

When the tired songsters of the day are still
 The thrush repeats his long-remembered trill;
 Age alters not the crow's persistent caw,
 The Yankee's "Haow," the stammering Briton's "Haw;"
 And so the hand that takes the lyre for you
 Plays the old tune on strings that once were new.
 Nor let the rhymester of the hour deride
 The straight-backed measure with its stately stride:
 It gave the mighty voice of Dryden scope;
 It sheathed the steel-bright epigrams of Pope;
 In Goldsmith's verse it learned a sweeter strain;
 Byron and Campbell wore its clanking chain;
 I smile to listen while the critic's scorn
 Flouts the proud purple kings have nobly worn;
 Bid each new rhymers try his dainty skill
 And mould his frozen phrases as he will;
 We thank the artist for his neat device;
 The shape is pleasing, though the stuff is ice.

Fashions will change — the new costume allures,
 Unfading still the better type endures;
 While the slashed doublet of the cavalier
 Gave the old knight the pomp of chancery,
 Our last-hatched dandy with his glass and stick
 Recalls the semblance of a new-born chick;
 (To match the model he is aiming at
 He ought to wear an eggshell for a hat).
 Which of these objects would a painter choose,
 And which Velasquez or Van Dyck refuse ?

FROM "THE IRON GATE"

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying
 From some far orb I track our watery sphere,

Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting,
 dying,
 The silvered globule seems a glistening tear.

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion
 To win from saddening scenes our age-dimmed eyes,
 And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confusion
 The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,
 And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
 Visions that shunned the glaring noonday find us,
 And glimmering starlight shows the gates of pearl.

I come not here your morning hour to sadden,
 A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff, —
 I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden
 This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
 Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
 If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
 It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers,
 These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of toil's release;
 These feeble pulses bid me leave to others
 The tasks once welcome; evening asks for peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
 Let me not vex the too long suffering lyre;
 Though to your love untiring still beholden,
 The curfew tells me — cover up the fire.

Frances Anne Kemble¹

LAMENT OF A MOCKING-BIRD

SILENCE instead of thy sweet song, my bird,
Which through the darkness of my winter days
Warbling of summer sunshine still was heard;
Mute is thy song, and vacant is thy place.

The spring comes back again, the fields rejoice,
Carols of gladness ring from every tree;
But I shall hear thy wild triumphant voice
No more: my summer song has died with thee.

What didst thou sing of, O my summer bird?
The broad, bright, brimming river,
whose swift sweep
And whirling eddies by the home are heard,
Rushing, resistless, to the calling deep.

What didst thou sing of, thou melodious sprite?
Pine forests, with smooth russet carpets spread,
Where e'en at noonday dimly falls the light,
Through gloomy blue-green branches overhead.

What didst thou sing of, O thou jubilant soul?

Ever-fresh flowers and never-leafless trees,
Bending great ivory cups to the control
Of the soft swaying orange-scented breeze.

What didst thou sing of, thou embodied glee?

The wide wild marshes with their clashing reeds
And topaz-tinted channels, where the sea
Daily its tides of briny freshness leads.

What didst thou sing of, O thou winged voice?

Dark, bronze-leaved oaks, with silver mosses crowned,
Where thy free kindred live, love, and rejoice,
With wreaths of golden jasmine curtained round.

These didst thou sing of, spirit of delight!
From thy own radiant sky, thou quivering spark!

These thy sweet southern dreams of warmth and light,
Through the grim northern winter drear and dark.

Albert Pike

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD

THOU glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song entralls the ear,
And floods the heart. Over the spherèd tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide:
No light from History's starlit page illumines
The memory of these nations; they have died:

None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing
O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in others' honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within.

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 804.

Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
Where, with thy flood of music, thou
canst win

Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
Among the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes ?

Ha ! what a burst was that ! The Æolian
strain
Goes floating through the tangled pas-
sages

Of the still woods; and now it comes again,
A multitudinous melody, like a rain
Of glassy music under echoing trees,
Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapped when round it
roll

Thin waves of crimson flame, till we be-
come,
With the excess of perfect pleasure,
dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to
the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the song of happy
birds;

For the still visions that my boy-heart
wove,

To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the
snowy herds

Of morning clouds shrunk from the ad-
vancing sun,
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart,
as words

From the poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and
then

I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed,
when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-
gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with
thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these
shades,

Alone with Nature !— but it may not be:
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
Of human life until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and
soar

Through the thick woods and shadow-
chequered glades,

While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart; but I must
wear,

As now, my garments of regret and care,
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth
wore.

Yet, why complain ? What though fond
hopes deferred

Have overshadowed Life's green paths
with gloom ?

Content's soft music is not all unheard:
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet
bird,

To welcome me, within my humble home;
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illumine.

Then why complain ? When Death shall
cast his light

Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and from thy swell-
ing breast

Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood
of light.

THE WIDOWED HEART

THOU art lost to me forever !— I have lost
thee, Isadore !

Thy head will never rest upon my loyal
bosom more;

Thy tender eyes will never more look fondly
into mine,

Nor thine arms around me lovingly and
trustingly entwine, —

Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore !

Thou art dead and gone, dear loving wife,
thy heart is still and cold,
And mine, benumbed with wretchedness,
is prematurely old:

Of our whole world of love and joy thou
wast the only light, —

A star, whose setting left behind, ah me !
how dark a night !—

Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore !

The vines and flowers we planted, Love, I
tend with anxious care,
And yet they droop and fade away, as
though they wanted air:

They cannot live without thine eyes to feed
 them with their light;
 Since thy hands ceased to train them, Love,
 they cannot grow aright; —
 Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore !

Our little ones inquire of me, where is their
 mother gone: —
 What answer can I make to them, except
 with tears alone ?
 For if I say "To Heaven," then the poor
 things wish to learn
 How far it is, and where, and when their
 mother will return; —
 Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore !

Our happy home has now become a lonely,
 silent place;
 Like Heaven without its stars it is, with-
 out thy blessed face:
 Our little ones are still and sad; — none
 love them now but I,
 Except their mother's spirit, which I feel
 is always nigh; —
 Thou lovest us in Heaven, Isadore !

Their merry laugh is heard no more, they
 neither run nor play,
 But wander round like little ghosts, the
 long, long summer-day:
 The spider weaves his web across the win-
 dows at his will,
 The flowers I gathered for thee last are on
 the mantel still; —
 Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore !

Restless I pace our lonely rooms, I play
 our songs no more,
 The garish sun shines flauntingly upon the
 unswept floor;
 The mocking-bird still sits and sings, O
 melancholy strain !
 For my heart is like an autumn cloud that
 overflows with rain;
 Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore !

Alas ! how changed is all, dear wife, from
 that sweet eve in spring,
 When first my love for thee was told, and
 thou to me didst cling,
 Thy sweet eyes radiant through their tears,
 pressing thy lips to mine,
 In our old arbor, Dear, beneath the over-
 arching vine; —
 Those lips are cold forever, Isadore !

The moonlight struggled through the
 leaves, and fell upon thy face,
 So lovingly upturning there, with pure and
 trustful gaze;
 The southern breezes murmured through
 the dark cloud of thy hair,
 As like a happy child thou didst in my
 arms nestle there; —
 Death holds thee now forever, Isa-
 dore !

Thy love and faith so plighted then, with
 mingled smile and tear,
 Was never broken, Darling, while we dwelt
 together here:
 Nor bitter word, nor dark, cold look thou
 ever gavest me —
 Loving and trusting always, as I loved and
 worshipped thee; —
 Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore !

Thou wast my nurse in sickness, and my
 comforter in health,
 So gentle and so constant, when our love
 was all our wealth:
 Thy voice of music cheered me, Love, in
 each despondent hour,
 As Heaven's sweet honey-dew consoles the
 bruised and broken flower; —
 Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore !

Thou art gone from me forever; — I have
 lost thee, Isadore !
 And desolate and lonely I shall be forever
 more:
 Our children hold me, Darling, or I to God
 should pray
 To let me cast the burthen of this long,
 dark life away,
 And see thy face in Heaven, Isadore !

DIXIE

SOUTHRONS, hear your country call you !
 Up, lest worse than death befall you !
 To arms ! To arms ! To arms, in Dixie !
 Lo ! all the beacon-fires are lighted, —
 Let all hearts be now united !
 To arms ! To arms ! To arms, in Dixie !
 Advance the flag of Dixie !
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 For Dixie's land we take our stand,
 And live or die for Dixie !

To arms ! To arms !
And conquer peace for Dixie !
To arms ! To arms !
And conquer peace for Dixie !

Hear the Northern thunders mutter !
Northern flags in South winds flutter !
Send them back your fierce defiance !
Stamp upon the accursed alliance !

Fear no danger ! Shun no labor !
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre !
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder !

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices !
For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles !
Cut the unequal bonds asunder !
Let them hence each other plunder !

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's powers its station !
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story !

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness, —
To arms !

Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms ! To arms ! To arms, in Dixie !
Advance the flag of Dixie !
Hurrah ! hurrah !

For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie !
To arms ! To arms !
And conquer peace for Dixie !
To arms ! To arms !
And conquer peace for Dixie !

Theodore Parker

THE HIGHER GOOD

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or
fame,
Though once they would have joyed my
carnal sense:
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole de-
fence.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the
truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal
right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light:
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot
speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the fool-
ish, mind;
And lead still further on such as thy king-
dom seek.

JESUS

JESUS, there is no dearer name than
thine
Which Time has blazoned on his mighty
scroll;
No wreaths nor garlands ever did en-
twine
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.
There every virtue set his triumph-seal;
Wisdom, conjoined with strength and
radiant grace,
In a sweet copy Heaven to reveal,
And stamp perfection on a mortal face.
Once on the earth wert thou, before men's
eyes,
That did not half thy beauteous bright-
ness see;
E'en as the emmet does not read the
skies,
Nor our weak orbs look through im-
mensity.

Elizabeth Clementine Kinney

TO THE BOY

WHO GOES DAILY PAST MY WINDOWS
SINGING

THOU happiest thing alive,
Anomaly of earth !
If sound thy lineage give,
Thou art the natural birth
Of affluent Joy —
Thy mother's name was Mirth,
Thou little singing boy !

Thy star — it was a sun !
Thy time the month of May,
When streams to music run,
And birds sing all the day :
Nature did tune
Thy gushing voice by hers ;
A fount in June
Not more the bosom stirs ;
A freshness flows
Through every bubbling note, —
Sure Nature knows
The strains Art never wrote.

Where was the human curse,
When thou didst spring to life ?
All feel it less, or worse,
In pain, in care, in strife.
Its dreadful word
Fell from the lips of Truth ;
'Tis but deferred,
Unconscious youth !
That curse on thee
Is sure some day to fall ;
Alas, more heavily
If Manhood takes it all !

I will not think of this —
It robs me of my part
In thy outgushing bliss :
No ! keep thy glad young heart
Turned toward the sun ; —
What yet shall be,
None can foresee :
One thing is sure — that thou hast well be-
gun !

Meantime shall others share,
Wild minstrel-boy,
As I, to lighten care,

The music of thy joy, —
Like scents of flowers,
Along life's wayside passed
In dreary hours, —
Too sweet to last ;
Like touches soft
Of Nature, on those strings
Within us, jarred so oft
By earth's discordant things.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE

No, not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where Fashion assembles her glittering
crowd,
Where all is in beauty and splendor ar-
rayed,
Were the nuptials performed of the meek
Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which
she took, —
By the altar, the mitre-crowned bishop
and book,
Where oft in her jewels stands proudly the
bride,
Unawed by those vows which through life
shall abide.

The building was humble, but sacred to
One
Who heeds the deep worship that utters
no tone ;
Whose presence is not to the temple con-
fined,
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of
mind.

'T was there, all unveiled, save by modesty,
stood
The Quakeress bride, in her white satin
hood :
Her charms unadorned by the garland or
gem,
Yet fair as the lily just plucked from its
stem.

A tear glistened bright in her dark shaded
eye,
And her bosom half uttered a tremulous
sigh,

As the hand she had pledged was confidently given,
And the low murmured words were recorded in heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread the board,
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was poured;
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire, in his thin locks of gray,
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away;
While he brushed the big tear from his deep furrowed cheek,
And bowed the assent which his lips might not speak.

But in all the array of the costlier scene,
Naught seemed to my eye so sincere in its mien,

No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress bride's—"*Until death I am thine!*"

THE BLIND PSALMIST

He sang the airs of olden times
In soft, low tones to sacred rhymes,
Devotional, but quaint;
His fingers touched the viol's strings,
And at their gentle vibratings
The glory of an angel's wings
Hung o'er that aged saint!

His thin, white locks, like silver threads
On which the sun its radiance sheds,
Or like the moonlit snow,
Seemed with a lustre half divine
Around his saintly brow to shine,
Till every scar, or time-worn line,
Was gilded with its glow.

His sightless balls to heaven upraised,
As with the spirit's eyes he gazed
On things invisible—
Reflecting some celestial light—
Were like a tranquil lake at night,

On which two mirrored planets bright
The concave's glory tell.

Thus, while the patriarchal saint
Devotely sang to music quaint,
I saw old Homer rise
With buried centuries from the dead,
The laurel green upon his head,
As when the choir of bards he led,
With rapt, but blinded eyes!

And Scio's isle again looked green,
As when the poet there was seen,
And Greece was in her prime;
While Poesy with epic fire
Did once again the Bard inspire,
As when he swept his mighty lyre
To vibrate through all time.

The vision changed to Albion's shore:
I saw a sightless Bard once more
From dust of ages rise!
I heard the harp and deathless song
Of glorious Milton float along,
Like warblings from the birds that throng
His muse's Paradise!

And is it thus, when blindness brings
A veil before all outer things,
That visual spirits see
A world within, than this more bright,
Peopled with living forms of light,
And strewn with gems, as stars of night
Strew diamonds o'er the sea?

Then, reverend saint! though old and blind,
Thou with the quenchless orbs of mind
Canst natural sight o'erreach;
Upborne on Faith's triumphant wings,
Canst see unutterable things,
Which only through thy viol's strings,
And in thy songs, find speech.

A DREAM

'T WAS summer, and the spot a cool retreat—
Where curious eyes came not, nor footstep rude
Disturbed the lovers' chosen solitude:
Beneath an oak there was a mossy seat,

Where we reclined, while birds above us
wooded
Their mates in songs voluptuously sweet.
A limpid brook went murmuring by our
feet,
And all conspired to urge the tender
mood.
Methought I touched the streamlet with a
flower,
When from its bosom sprang a fountain
clear,
Falling again in the translucent shower
Which made more green each blade of
grass appear:
"This stream's thy heart," I said; "Love's
touch alone
Can change it to the fount which maketh
green my own."

MOONLIGHT IN ITALY

THERE's not a breath the dewy leaves to
stir;
There's not a cloud to spot the sapphire sky;
All Nature seems a silent worshipper:
While saintly Dian, with great, argent eye,
Looks down as lucid from the depths on
high
As she to Earth were Heaven's interpreter;
Each twinkling little star shrinks back, too
shy
Its lesser glory to obtrude by her
Who fills the concave and the world with
light;
And ah! the human spirit must unite
In such a harmony of silent lays,
Or be the only discord in this night,
Which seems to pause for vocal lips to raise
The sense of worship into uttered praise.

frances Sargent Osgood

TO SLEEP

COME to me, angel of the weary hearted!
Since they my loved ones, breathed upon
by thee,
Unto thy realms unreal have departed,
I too may rest—even I: ah! haste to
me.

I dare not bid thy darker, colder brother
With his more welcome offering appear,
For those sweet lips at morn will murmur,
"Mother,"
And who shall soothe them if I be not
near?

Bring me no dream, dear Sleep, though
visions glowing
With hues of heaven thy wand enchanted
shows;
I ask no glorious boon of thy bestowing,
Save that most true, most beautiful,—
repose.

I have no heart to roam in realms of Faëry,
To follow Fancy at her elfin call:
I am too wretched—too soul-worn and
weary;
Give me but rest, for rest to me is all.

Paint not the Future to my fainting spirit,
Though it were starred with glory like
the skies;
There is no gift immortals may inherit,
That could rekindle hope in these cold
eyes.

And for the Past—the fearful Past—ah!
never
Be Memory's downcast gaze unveiled by
thee:
Would thou couldst bring oblivion forever
Of all that is, that has been, and will be!

A DANCING GIRL

SHE comes—the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

So light that, gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

Or that the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature played,

And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

And now with flashing eyes she springs, —
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there !

She spoke not; but, so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That, when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while.

ON SIVORI'S VIOLIN

A DRYAD'S home was once the tree
From which they carved this wondrous toy,
Who chanted lays of love and glee,
Till every leaflet thrilled with joy.

But when the tempest laid it low,
The exiled fay flew to and fro;
Till finding here her home once more,
She warbles wildly as before !

CALUMNY

A WHISPER woke the air,
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe.
Ah ! might it only perish there,
Nor farther go !

But no ! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little, meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear;
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart
That throbbed from all the world apart
And that — it broke !

It was the only heart it found, —
The only heart 't was meant to find,
When first its accents woke.
It reached that gentle heart at last,
And that — it broke !

SONG

YOUR heart is a music-box, dearest !
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break;
Then, oh ! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake.
And there's one little tune it can play,
That I fancy all others above, —
You learned it of Cupid one day, —
It begins with and ends with "I love !"
"I love !"

My heart echoes to it "I love !"

ON A DEAD POET

THE hand that swept the sounding lyre
With more than mortal skill,
The lightning eye, the heart of fire,
The fervent lip are still !
No more, in rapture or in woe,
With melody to thrill,
Ah, nevermore !

But angel hands shall bring him balm
For every grief he knew,
And Heaven's soft harps his soul shall calm
With music sweet and true,
And teach to him the holy charm
Of Israfel anew,
Forevermore !

Love's silver lyre he played so well
Lies shattered on his tomb,
But still in air its music-spell
Floats on through light and gloom;
And in the hearts where soft they fell,
His words of beauty bloom
Forevermore !

Alfred Billings Street

THE SETTLER

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were
flung

The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the
frame

Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warmed that frame dis-
dained

The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reigned
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest-tamer decked.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous
trees,

The streams whose bright lips kissed
their flowers,
The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast — the green arcade,
The nestling vale — the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair, —
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world and pleasures, there.

His roof adorned a lovely spot,
Mid the black logs green glowed the
grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew
not

Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low — the bleat — the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
The rose of summer spread its glow,
The maize hung on its autumn fringe,
Rude winter brought its snow;

And still the settler labored there,
His shout and whistle woke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt bound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed its savage
growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
Its fangs, with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry
The beaver sank beneath the wound,
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race,
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in Conflict's deadliest
place,
To fight — to bleed — to die !
Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,
A Nation's freedom won.

THE LOON

TAMELESS in his stately pride, along the
lake of islands,
Tireless speeds the lonely loon upon his
diving track; —
Emerald and gold emblazon, satin-like, his
shoulder,
Ebony and pearl inlay, mosaic-like, his
back.
Sailing, thus sailing, thus sails the brindled
loon,
When the wave rolls black with storm, or
sleeps in summer noon.

Sailing through the islands, oft he lifts his
loud bravura;—

Clarion-clear it rings, and round ethereal
trumpets swell;—

Upward looks the feeding deer, he sees the
aiming hunter,

Up and then away, the loon has warned
his comrade well.

Sailing, thus sailing, thus sails the brindled
loon,

Pealing on the solitude his sounding bugle-
tune.

Sacred is the loon with eye of wild and
flashing crimson;

Eye that saw the Spirit Hah-wen-ne-yo
through the air

Falling, faint a star—a shaft of light—a
shape of splendor,—

Falling on the deep that closed that shin-
ing shape to bear.

Sailing, thus sailing, thus sailed the brin-
dled loon,

With the grand shape falling all a-glitter
from the moon.

Long before the eagle furls his pinion on
the pine-top,

Long before the blue-bird gleams in sap-
phire through the glen,

Long before the lily blots the shoal with
golden apples,

Leaves the loon his southern sun to sail
the lake again.

Sailing, then sailing, then sails the brindled
loon,

Leading with his shouting call the Spring's
awakening croon.

Long after bitter chills have pierced the
windy water,

Long after Autumn dies all dolphin-like
away;

Long after coat of russet dons the deer
for winter,

Plies the solitary loon his cold and cur-
dled bay.

Sailing, there sailing, there sails the brin-
dled loon,

Till in chains no more to him the lake
yields watery boon.

Christopher Pearse Cranch

THE BOBOLINKS

WHEN Nature had made all her birds,

With no more cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh, and out
There flew a Bobolinkon.

She laughed again; out flew a mate;

A breeze of Eden bore them
Across the fields of Paradise,
The sunrise reddening o'er them.

Incarnate sport and holiday,

They flew and sang forever;
Their souls through June were all in tune,
Their wings were weary never.

Their tribe, still drunk with air and light,

And perfume of the meadow,
Go reeling up and down the sky,
In sunshine and in shadow.

One springs from out the dew-wet grass;
Another follows after;

The morn is thrilling with their songs
And peals of fairy laughter.

From out the marshes and the brook,

They set the tall reeds swinging,
And meet and frolic in the air,
Half prattling and half singing.

When morning winds sweep meadow-
lands

In green and russet billows,
And toss the lonely elm-tree's boughs,
And silver all the willows,

I see you buffeting the breeze,

Or with its motion swaying,
Your notes half drowned against the
wind,

Or down the current playing.

When far away o'er grassy flats,

Where the thick wood commences,
The white-sleeved mowers look like specks
Beyond the zigzag fences,

And noon is hot, and barn-roofs gleam
 White in the pale blue distance,
 I hear the saucy minstrels still
 In chattering persistence.

When Eve her domes of opal fire
 Piles round the blue horizon,
 Or thunder rolls from hill to hill
 A Kyrie Eleison,

Still merriest of the merry birds,
 Your sparkle is unfading, —
 Pied harlequins of June, — no end
 Of song and masquerading.

What cadences of bubbling mirth,
 Too quick for bar and rhythm!
 What ecstasies, too full to keep
 Coherent measure with them!

O could I share, without champagne
 Or muscadell, your frolic,
 The glad delirium of your joy,
 Your fun unapostolic,

Your drunken jargon through the fields,
 Your bobolinkish gabble,
 Your fine Anacreontic glee,
 Your tipsy reveller's babble!

Nay, let me not profane such joy
 With similes of folly;
 No wine of earth could waken songs
 So delicately jolly!

O boundless self-contentment, voiced
 In flying air-born bubbles!
 O joy that mocks our sad unrest,
 And drowns our earth-born troubles!

Hope springs with you: I dread no more
 Despondency and dullness;

For Good Supreme can never fail
 That gives such perfect fullness.

The life that floods the happy fields
 With song and light and color
 Will shape our lives to richer states,
 And heap our measures fuller.

STANZA FROM AN EARLY POEM

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.

THE PINES AND THE SEA

BEYOND the low marsh-meadows and the
 beach,
 Seen through the hoary trunks of windy
 pines,
 The long blue level of the ocean shines.
 The distant surf, with hoarse, complaining
 speech,
 Out from its sandy barrier seems to reach;
 And while the sun behind the woods de-
 clines,
 The moaning sea with sighing boughs com-
 bines,
 And waves and pines make answer, each
 to each.
 O melancholy soul, whom far and near,
 In life, faith, hope, the same sad undertone
 Pursues from thought to thought! thou
 needs must hear
 An old refrain, too much, too long thine
 own:
 'Tis thy mortality infects thine ear;
 The mournful strain was in thyself alone.

Jones Very

THE IDLER

I IDLE stand that I may find employ,
 Such as my Master when He comes will
 give;
 I cannot find in mine own work my joy,
 But wait, although in waiting I must live;

My body shall not turn which way it will,
 But stand till I the appointed road can find,
 And journeying so his messages fulfil,
 And do at every step the work designed.
 Enough for me, still day by day to wait
 Till Thou who formest me findest me too
 a task,

A cripple lying at the rich man's gate,
Content for the few crumbs I get to
ask,
A laborer but in heart, while bound my
hands
Hang idly down still waiting thy commands.

THE NEW WORLD

THE night that has no star lit up by
God,
The day that round men shines who still
are blind,
The earth their grave-turned feet for ages
trod,
And sea swept over by His mighty wind,—
All these have passed away, the melting
dream
That flitted o'er the sleeper's half-shut
eye,
When touched by morning's golden-darting
beam;
And he beholds around the earth and
sky
That ever real stands, the rolling shores
And heaving billows of the boundless
main,
That show, though time is past, no trace
of years.
And earth restored he sees as his again,
The earth that fades not and the heavens
that stand,
Their strong foundations laid by God's right
hand.

THE OLD ROAD

THE road is left that once was trod
By man and heavy-laden beast;
And new ways opened, iron-shod,
That bind the land from west to east.

I asked of Him who all things knows
Why none who lived now passed that
way:
Where rose the dust the grass now grows ?
A still, low voice was heard to say,—

"Thou knowest not why I change the
course
Of him who travels : learn to go,
Obey the Spirit's gentle force,
Nor ask thou where the stream may flow.

"Man shall not walk in his own ways,
For he is blind and cannot see;
But let him trust, and lengthened days
Shall lead his feet to heaven and Me.

"Then shall the grass the path grow o'er,
That his own wilfulness has trod;
And man nor beast shall pass it more,
But he shall walk with Me, his God."

YOURSELF

"Tis to yourself I speak; you cannot know
Him whom I call in speaking such a one,
For you beneath the earth lie buried low,
Which he, alone, as living walks upon.
You may at times have heard him speak to
you,
And often wished perchance that you were
he;
And I must ever wish that it were true,
For then you could hold fellowship with
me:
But now you hear us talk as strangers,
met
Above the room wherein you lie abed;
A word perhaps loud spoken you may
get,
Or hear our feet when heavily they tread;
But he who speaks, or he who's spoken
to,
Must both remain as strangers still to you.

THE DEAD

I SEE them, — crowd on crowd they walk
the earth,
Dry leafless trees no autumn wind laid bare;
And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,
And all unclad would winter's rudeness
dare;
No sap doth through their clattering
branches flow,
Whence springing leaves and blossoms
bright appear:
Their hearts the living God have ceased to
know
Who gives the springtime to the expectant
year.
They mimic life, as if from Him to steal
His glow of health to paint the livid cheek;
They borrow words for thoughts they can-
not feel,

That with a seeming heart their tongue
may speak;
And in their show of life more dead they
live
Than those that to the earth with many
tears they give.

THE GIFTS OF GOD

THE light that fills thy house at morn,
Thou canst not for thyself retain;
But all who with thee here are born,
It bids to share an equal gain.

The wind that blows thy ship along,
Her swelling sails cannot confine;
Alike to all the gales belong,
Nor canst thou claim a breath as thine.

The earth, the green out-spreading earth,
Why hast thou fenced it off from me?
Hadst thou than I a nobler birth,
Who callest thine a gift so free?

The wave, the blue encircling wave,
No chains can bind, no fetters hold;
Its thunders tell of Him who gave
What none can ever buy for gold.

Henry Beck Hirst

THE FRINGILLA MELODIA

HAPPY Song-sparrow, that on woodland
side

Or by the meadow sits, and ceaseless
sings

His mellow roundelay in russet pride,
Owning no care between his wings.

He has no tax to pay, nor work to do:
His round of life is ever a pleasant
one;

For they are merry that may naught but
woo

From yellow dawn till set of sun.

The verdant fields, the riverside, the
road,

The cottage garden, and the orchard
green,

When Spring with breezy footstep stirs
abroad,

His modest mottled form have seen.

The cedar at the cottage door contains
His nest; the lilac by the walk as
well,

From whence arise his silver-swelling
strains,

That echo loudly down the dell.

And when at dewy eve the farmer lies
Before his door, his children all around,
From twig to twig the simple sparrow
flies,

Frightened to hear their laughter's sound.

Or when the farm-boy with his shining
spade,

Freshening the mould around the garden
flowers,

Disturbs him, timid but not yet afraid,
He chirps about him there for hours.

And when, his labor o'er, the urchin leaves
The haunted spot, he seeks some lofty
spray,

And there with ruffled throat, delighted,
weaves,

Gushing with joy, his lovely lay.

Perchance, his nest discovered, children
come,

And peer, with curious eyes, where lie
the young

And callow brood, and then, with ceaseless
hum,

He, shrew-like, scolds with double
tongue.

A little while, and on the gravelled walk
The nestlings hop, or peer between the
grass,

While he sits watching on some blossom
stalk,

Lest danger might toward them pass.

He sees the cat with stealthy step, and form
Pressed closely to the ground, come
creeping through

The whitewashed fence, and with a loud
alarm

He flies; and they — they swift pursue.

So passes Summer; and when Autumn
treads

With sober step the yellowing woods and
vales,

A mellow song the gentle sparrow sheds
From orchard tree or garden pales.

And, as the nights grow cold and woodlands
dim,

He seeks, with many a kin, a warmer
clime,

And perching there, along some river's
rim,

Fills up with song the solemn time.

But, with the sun of March, his little
soul,

Warm with the love of home, impels him
where,

In bygone hours, he owned love's sweet
control;

And soon he breathes his native air.

And then again his merry song rings out,

And meadow, orchard, valley, wood, and
plain

Ring with his bridal notes, that seem to
flout

Dull echo with their silver strain.

And so his round of life runs ever on:

Happy, contented, in his humble sphere
He lives, loves, sings, and, when the day
is gone,

Slumbers and dreams, devoid of fear.

THE FUNERAL OF TIME¹

Lo! through a shadowy valley
March with measured step and tread

A long array of Phantoms wan

And pallid as the dead, —

The white and waxen dead!

With a crown on every head,

And a torch in every hand

To fright the sheeted ghosts away

That guard its portals night and day,

They seek the Shadow-Land.

On as the pale procession stalks,

The clouds around divide,

Raising themselves in giant shapes,

And gazing down in pride
On the spectres as they glide

Through the valley long and wide, —
On the spectres all so pale

In vestments whiter than the snow,
As through the dim defile they go
With melancholy wail.

On tramps the funeral file; and now

The weeping ones have passed,

A throng succeeding, loftier

And statelier than the last, —

The Monarchs of the Past!

And upon the solemn blast,

Wave their plumes and pennons high,

And loud their mournful marches
sweep

Up from the valley dark and deep

To the over-arching sky.

And now the Cycle-buried years

Stride on in stern array:

Before each band the Centuries,

With beards of silver gray,

The Marshals of the Day,

In silence pass away;

And behind them come the Hours

And Minutes, who, as on they go,

Are swinging steadily to and fro

The incense round in showers.

Behold the bier, — the ebony bier, —

On sinewy shoulders borne,

Of many a dim, forgotten Year

From Primal Times forlorn.

All weary and all worn,

With their ancient garments torn

And their beards as white as Lear's,

Lo! how they tremble as they
tread,

Mourning above the marble dead,

In agonies of tears!

How very wan the old man looks!

As wasted and as pale

As some dim ghost of shadowy days

In legendary tale.

God give the sleeper hail!

And the world hath much to wail

That his ears no more may hear;

For, with his palms across his
breast,

He lieth in eternal rest

Along his stately bier.

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 793.

How thin his hair ! How white his beard !
 How waxen-like his hands,
 Which nevermore may turn the glass
 That on his bosom stands, —
 The glass whose solemn sands
 Were won from Stygian strands !
 For his weary work is done,
 And he has reaped his latest
 field,
 And none that scythe of his can
 wield
 'Neath the dim, descending sun.

At last they reach the Shadow-Land,
 And with an eldritch cry
 The guardian ghost sweeps wailingly
 Athwart the troubled sky,
 Like meteors flashing by,
 As asunder crashing fly,
 With a wild and clangorous din,
 The gates before the funeral train,
 Filing along the dreary plain
 And marching slowly in.

Lo ! 't is a temple ! and around
 Tall ebony columns rise
 Up from the withering earth, and bear
 Aloft the shrivelling skies,
 Where the tempest trembling sighs,
 And the ghostly moonlight dies

'Neath a lurid comet's glare,
 That over the mourners' plumèd
 heads
 And on the Dead a lustre sheds
 From its crimson floating hair !

The rites are read, the requiem sung;
 And as the echoes die,
 The Shadow Chaos rises
 With a wild unearthly cry, —
 A giant, to the sky !
 His arms outstretched on high
 Over Time that dead doth lie;
 And with a voice that shakes the
 spheres,
 He shouts to the mourners mad with
 fears,
 "Depart ! Lo ! here am I !"

Down, showering fire, the comet sweeps;
 Shivering the pillars fall;
 And lightning-like the red flames rush,
 A whirlwind, over all !
 And Silence spreads her pall,
 Like pinions over the hall,
 Over the temple overthrown,
 Over the dying and the unburied
 dead;
 And, with a heavily-drooping head,
 Sits, statue-like, alone !

Epes Sargent

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep,
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep !
 Like an eagle caged, I pine
 On this dull, unchanging shore:
 Oh ! give me the flashing brine,
 The spray and the tempest's roar !

Once more on the deck I stand
 Of my own swift-gliding craft:
 Set sail ! farewell to the land !
 The gale follows fair abaft.
 We shoot through the sparkling foam
 Like an ocean-bird set free ; —
 Like the ocean-bird, our home
 We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
 The clouds have begun to frown;
 But with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say, Let the storm come down !
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and the waters rave,
 A home on the rolling sea !
 A life on the ocean wave !

THE HEART'S SUMMER

THE cold blast at the casement beats;
 The window-panes are white;
 The snow whirls through the empty streets;
 It is a dreary night !
 Sit down, old friend, the wine-cups wait;
 Fill to o'erflowing, fill !

Though winter howleth at the gate,
In our hearts 't is summer still !

For we full many summer joys
And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams, we dared;
And, as I looked upon thy face,
Back, back o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is summer still.

Yes, though like sere leaves on the
ground,
Our early hopes are strown,

And cherished flowers lie dead around,
And singing birds are flown,
The verdure is not faded quite,
Not mute all tones that thrill;
And seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 't is summer still.

Fill up ! The olden times come back
With light and life once more;
We scan the Future's sunny track
From Youth's enchanted shore;
The lost return: through fields of bloom
We wander at our will;
Gone is the winter's angry gloom, —
In our hearts 't is summer still.

Robert Traill Spence Lowell

THE BRAVE OLD SHIP, THE ORIENT

Woe for the brave ship Orient !
Woe for the old ship Orient !
For in broad, broad light, and with land in
sight,
Where the waters bubbled white,
One great sharp shriek ! One shudder of
affright ! —

And —
down went the brave old ship, the
Orient !

It was the fairest day in the merry month
of May,
And sleepiness had settled on the seas;
And we had our white sail set, high up, and
higher yet,
And our flag flashed and fluttered at its
ease;
The cross of St. George, that in mountain
and in gorge, —
On the hot and dusty plain, —
On the tiresome, trackless main, —
Conquering out, — conquering home
again, —
Had flamed, the world over, on the breeze.
Ours was the far-famed Albion,
And she had her best look of might and
beauty on,
As she swept across the seas that day.
The wind was fair and soft, both alow and
aloft,
And we wore the even hours away.

The steady sun heaved up as day drew
on,
And there grew a long swell of the sea.
And, first in upper air, then under, every-
where,
From the topmost towering sail
Down, down to quarter-rail,
The wind began to breathe more free.
It was soon to breathe its last,
For a wild and bitter blast
Was the master of that stormy day to be.

"Ho ! Hilloa ! A sail !" was the top-
man's hail:
"A sail, hull-down upon our lee !"
Then with sea-glass to his eye,
And his gray locks blowing by,
The Admiral sought what she might be.
And from top, and from deck,
Was it ship ? Was it wreck ? A far-off,
far-off speck,
Of a sudden we found upon our lee.

On the round waters wide, floated no thing
beside,
But we and the stranger sail;
And a hazy sky, that threatened storm,
Came coating the heaven so blue and warm,
And ahead hung the portent of a gale:
A black bank hanging there
When the order came, to wear,
Was remembered, ever after, in the tale.

Across the long, slow swell
That scarcely rose and fell,

The wind began to blow out of the cloud;
And scarce an hour was gone ere the gale
was fairly on,
And through our strained rigging howled
aloud.

Before the stormy wind, that was madden-
ing behind,

We gathered in our canvas farthest spread.
Black clouds had started out
From the heavens all about,
And the welkin grew all black overhead.
But though stronger and more strong
The fierce gale rushed along,
The stranger brought her old wind in her
breast.

Up came the ship from the far-off sea
And on with the strong wind's breath rushed
we.

She grew to the eye, against the clouded
sky,

And eagerly her points and gear we guessed.
As we made her out, at last,
She was maimed in spar and mast
And she hugged the easy breeze for rest.

We could see the old wind fail
At the nearing of our gale;
We could see them lay their course with
the wind:

Still we neared and neared her fast,
Hurled on by our fierce blast,
With the seas tumbling headlong behind.
She had come out of some storm, and, in
many a busy swarm,

Her crew were refitting, as they might,
The wreck of upper spars
That had left their ugly scars,
As if the ship had come out of a fight.
We scanned her well, as we drifted by, —
A strange old ship, with her poop built
high,

And with quarter-galleries wide,
And a huge beaked prow, as no ships are
buildied now,

And carvings all strange, beside.
A Byzantine bark, and a ship of name and
mark

Long years and generations ago;
Ere any mast or yard of ours was growing
hard

With the seasoning of long Norwegian
snow.

She was the brave old Orient,
The old imperial Orient,
Brought down from times afar,

Not such as our ships are,
But unchanged in hull and unchanged in
spar,
Since mighty ships of war were buildied so.

Down her old black side poured the water
in a tide,

As they toiled to get the better of a leak.
We had got a signal set in the shrouds,
And our men through the storm looked on
in crowds: —

But for wind, we were near enough to
speak.

It seemed her sea and sky were in times
long, long gone by,

That we read in winter-evens about;
As if to other stars

She had reared her old-world spars,
And her hull had kept an old-time ocean
out.

We saw no signal fly, and her men scarce
lifted eye,

But toiled at the work that was to do:
It warmed our English blood

When across the stormy flood
We saw the old ship and her crew.

The glories and the memories of other days
agone

Seemed clinging to the old ship, as in
storm she labored on.

The old ship Orient !
The brave, imperial Orient !

All that stormy night through, our ship was
lying-to

Whenever we could keep her to the wind;
But late in the next day we gained a quiet
bay,

For the tempest had left us far behind.
So before the sunny town

Went our anchors splashing down;
Our sails we hung all out to the sun;

While airs from off the steep
Came playing at bo-peep

With our canvas, hour by hour, in their fun.
We leaned on boom or rail with many a
lazy tale

Of the work of the storm that had died;
And watched, with idle eyes,

Our floats, like summer flies,
Riding lazily about the ship's side.

Suddenly they cried, from the other deck,
That the Orient was gone to wreck !

That her hull lay high on a broken shore,
And the brave old ship would float no more.

But we heard a sadder tale, ere the night
 came on,
 And a truer tale, of the ship that was gone.
 They had seen from the height,
 As she came from yester-night,
 While the storm had not gone by, and the
 sea was running high,
 A ship driving heavily to land;
 A strange great ship (so she seemed to be
 While she tumbled and rolled on the far-
 off sea,
 And strange when she toiled, near at hand),
 But some ship of mark and fame,
 Though crippled, then, and lame,
 And that must have been gallantly manned.
 So she came, driving fast;
 They could tell her men, at last;
 There were harbors down the coast on her
 lee;
 When, strangely, she broached to, —
 Then, with her gallant crew,
 Went headlong down into the sea.

That was the Orient,
 The brave old Orient, —
 Such a ship as nevermore will be.

THE AFTER-COMERS

*Ere noto fictum carmen
 licuit semperque licebit
 signatum præsentē nota producere [carmen].*
 HOR. A. P. 240, 58, 59.

THOSE earlier men that owned our earth
 When land and sea and skies were newer,
 Had they, by eldest's right of birth,
 Sea stronger, greener land, sky bluer?
 Had what they sang and drew more worth
 That bards and painters then were fewer?

Their daisy, oak and rose were new;
 Fresh runnels down their valleys babbled;

New were red lip, true eyes, fresh dew;
 All dells, all shores, had not been rabbled;
 Nor yet the rhyming lovers' crew
 Tree-bark and casement-pane had scrab-
 bled.

Feelings sprang fresh, to them, and thought;
 Fresh things were hope, trust, faith, en-
 deavor;

All things were new, wherein men wrought,
 And so they had the lead, forever.
 To move the world their frank hearts sought
 Not even where to set their lever.

Then utterance, like thought, was young,
 And, when these yearning two were mated,
 What shapes of airy life were flung
 Before the world as yet unsated!
 Life was in hand; life was in tongue;
 Life in whatever they created.

Must then the world to us be stale?
 Must we be only after-comers?
 Must wilted green and sunshine pale
 Make mean all our dear springs and sum-
 mers?

To those free lords of song and tale
 Must we be only tricked-out mummers?

Oh, no! was ever life-blood cold?
 Was wit e'er dull, when mirth was in it?
 Or when will blushing love be old?
 Or thrill of bobolink or linnet?
 Are all our blossoms touched with mould?
 Lurks not fresh bloom where we may win
 it?

Yes! Life and strength forever *can*;
 Life springs afresh through endless ages;
 Nor on our true work falls a ban,
 That it must halt, at shortened stages:
 Throw man into it! man draws man
 In canvas, stone, or written pages.

Henry Peterson¹

FROM AN "ODE FOR DECORA- TION DAY"

O GALLANT brothers of the generous South,
 Foes for a day and brothers for all
 time!

I charge you by the memories of our
 youth,
 By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's
 clime,
 Hold our dead sacred — let them quietly
 rest

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 815.

In your unnumbered vales, where God
thought best.

Your vines and flowers learned long since
to forgive,

And o'er their graves a brodered mantle
weave:

Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each sum-
mer bird,

And thoughts as sweet as summer shall
awake

Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye, O Northmen ! be ye not outdone
In generous thought and deed.

We all do need forgiveness, every one;
And they that give shall find it in their
need.

Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's
grave,

Who died for a lost cause: —
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave,
Ne'er won a world's applause.

A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.
For him some Southern home was robed in
gloom,

Some wife or mother looked with longing
eyes

Through the sad days and nights with tears
and sighs,

Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foe's grave remembrance
share:

Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

RINALDO

BRING me a cup of good red wine

To drink before I die;

Though earthly joys I must resign,

I'll breathe no earthly sigh.

I've lived a bold and robber life,
I've had on earth my way,
For with the gun or with the knife,
I made mankind obey.

My mother's name, my father's race,
Though he was false, she true,
It matters not — they sleep in peace.
What more can I or you ?

They sleep in peace, though swords flashed
wild

Around my infant head,
And I was left an orphan child,
An outcast's path to tread.

Men are but grapes upon the vine;
My vine was planted where
Nor hand did tend, nor warm sun shine,
And mildew filled the air.

I was a robber brave and bold.
I did not, in the mart,
Lie, cheat, and steal with purpose cold.
Mine was too frank a heart.

All men are robbers, — all who win,
And get more than their due;
Though solemn phrases veil the sin,
The thief's eye glances through.

The world denied me gold and land,
And love which all men crave;
I took the first with strong right hand,
The last I left a slave.

And though the tiger's caged at length, —
Who made him such God knows, —
He can but fail who measures strength
Against a world of foes.

Then bring a cup of rich red wine
Before the bell tolls three,
For better men than I and mine
Have died upon the tree.

James Thomas Fields

WITH WORDSWORTH AT RYDAL

THE grass hung wet on Rydal banks,
The golden day with pearls adorning,
When side by side with him we walked
To meet midway the summer morning.

The west wind took a softer breath,
The sun himself seemed brighter shin-
ing,
As through the porch the minstrel stepped,
His eye sweet Nature's look enshrin-
ing.

He passed along the dewy sward,
The linnet sang aloft, "Good morrow!"
He plucked a bud, the flower awoke
And smiled without one pang of sorrow.

He spoke of all that graced the scene
In tones that fell like music round us;
We felt the charm descend, nor strove
To break the rapturous spell that bound
us.

We listened with mysterious awe,
Strange feeling mingling with our pleasure;
We heard that day prophetic words, —
High thoughts the heart must always
treasure.

Great Nature's Priest! thy calm career,
Since that sweet morn, on earth has
ended;
But who shall say thy mission died
When, winged for heaven, thy soul ascended?

COMMON SENSE

SHE came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;
And, when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long, and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And *Common Sense* should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

Henry David Thoreau

INSPIRATION

If with light head erect I sing,
Though all the Muses lend their force,
From my poor love of anything,
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.

But if with bended neck I grope
Listening behind me for my wit,
With faith superior to hope,
More anxious to keep back than forward it, —

Making my soul accomplice there
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,
Then will the verse forever wear, —
Time cannot bend the line which God has
writ.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's
lore.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life;
Of manhood's strength it is the flower,
'T is peace's end, and war's beginning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,
By a gray wall, or some chance place,
Unseasoning time, insulting June,
And vexing day with its presuming face.

I will not doubt the love untold
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,
Which wooed me young, and wooes me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

THE FISHER'S BOY

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'er-
reach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment is, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of
tides, —
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more
rare,
Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
They scorn the strand who sail upon the
sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to
view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked
crew.

SMOKE

LIGHT-WINGED Smoke! Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight;
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;

Or else, departing dream, and shadowy
form
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the
sun;
Go thou, my incense, upward from this
hearth,
And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

MIST

LOW-ANCHORED cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain-head and source of rivers,
Dew-cloth, dream-drapery,
And napkin spread by fays;
Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisied banks and vio-
lets,
And in whose fenny labyrinth
The bittern booms and heron wades;
Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers, —
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

Emily Chubbuck Judson

WATCHING

SLEEP, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and
fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pitying the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;

While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee
now;
Or, with its mute caress,
The tremulous lip some soft nepenthe
press
Upon thy weary lid and aching brow;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circlet in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to
utter
Till all are ringing,
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were sing-
ing;

And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
Then boldly ventures out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricky, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
And tears were in the sky:
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan;
Night deepens, and I sit in cheerless doubt,
alone.

MY BIRD

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, O, so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters nevermore shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me — to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine; —
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine.

A silent awe is in my room —
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity, are here.

Doubts — hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

Arthur Cleveland Coxe

IONA

A MEMORIAL OF ST. COLUMBA

WE gazed on Corryvreckin's whirl,
We sailed by Jura's shore,
Where sang of old the mermaid-girl,
Whose shell is heard no more;
We came to Fingal's pillared cave,
That minster in the sea,
And sang — while clapped its hands the
wave
And worshipped even as we.

But when, at fair Iona's bound,
We leaped upon its soil,
I felt indeed 'twas holy ground, —
Too holy for such spoil;
For spoilers came in evil day,
Where once to Christ they prayed:
Alas! His Body — ta'en away,
We know not where 't was laid.

We strode above those ancient graves,
We worshipped by that Cross,
And where their snow-white manes the
waves
Like troops of chargers toss,

We gazed upon the distant scene,
And thought how Columb came
To kindle here the Gospel's sheen,
And preach the Saviour's name:

Came where the rude marauding clan
Enforced him to an isle;
Came but to bless and not to ban,
To make the desert smile.
He made his island church a gem
That sparkled in the night,
Or like that Star of Bethlehem,
That bathes the world with light.

But look ! this isle that gems the deep —
One glance may all behold —
This was the shelter of his sheep,
This was Columba's fold.
Bishops were gold in days of yore,
For golden was their good,
But in their pastoral hands they bore
A shepherd's staff of wood.

Here elders and his deacons due
'Neath one blest roof they dwelt,
And, ere the bird of dawning crew,
They rose to pray, — and knelt:
Here, watching through the darker hours,
Vigil and fast they kept,
Like those, once hailed by heavenly powers,
While Herod drowsed and slept.

Thus gleaming like a pharos forth
To shed of Truth the flame,
A Patmos of the frozen North
Iona's isle became.
The isles that waited for God's Law
Mid all the highlands round,
That beacon as it blazed — they saw,
They sought the Light and found.

It shone upon those headlands hoar
That crest thy coasts, Argyle;

To watchers, far as Mona's shore,
It seemed a burning pile;
To peasant cots and fishers' skiffs
It brightened lands and seas ;
From Solway to Edina's cliffs,
And southward to the Tees.

Nay more ! For when, that day of bliss,
I sought Columba's bay,
Came one, as from the wilderness,
A thousand leagues away;
A bishop of Columba's kin,
As primitive as he,
Knelt pilgrim-like, those walls within,
The Saint of Tennessee.

Thrilled as with rapture strange and
wild,
I saw him worship there;
And Otey, like a little child,
Outpoured his soul in prayer.
For oh ! to him came thoughts, I ween,
Of one who crossed the seas,
And brought from distant Aberdeen
Gifts of the old Culdees.

Great God, how marvellous the flame
A little spark may light !
What here was kindled first — the same
Makes far Atlantis bright:
Not Scotia's clans, nor Umbria's son
Alone that beacon blest,
It shines to-day o'er Oregon,
And glorifies our West.

Columbia from Columba claims
More than great Colon brought,
And long entwined those twins of names
Shall waken grateful thought;
And where the Cross is borne afar
To California's shore,
Columba's memory like a star
Shall brighten evermore.

William Ellery Channing

FROM "A POET'S HOPE"

LADY, there is a hope that all men have, —
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy
place
To rest in, and a flower-strown, gentle grave;
Another hope which purifies our race,

That, when that fearful bourne forever
past,
They may find rest, — and rest so long to
last.

I seek it not, I ask no rest for ever,
My path is onward to the farthest shores, —

Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river,
That from the soul's clear fountain swiftly
pours,
Motionless not, until the end is won,
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt the
sun.

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited
Mid throngs of light-winged angels sweep-
ing far,
And pore upon the realms unvisited
That tessellate the unseen, unthought
star,—
To be the thing that now I feebly dream,
Flashing within my faintest, deepest gleam.

Ah! caverns of my soul! how thick your
shade,
Where flows that life by which I faintly
see:—
Wave your bright torches, for I need your
aid,
Golden-eyed demons of my ancestry!
Your son though blinded hath a light
within,
A heavenly fire which ye from suns did
win.

And, lady, in thy hope my life will rise
Like the air-voyager, till I upbear
These heavy curtains of my filmy eyes
Into a lighter, more celestial air:
A mortal's hope shall bear me safely
on,
Till I the higher region shall have won.

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in my
arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-
morrow;
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky,
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here de-
lay;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny
day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal
hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with
me,—
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

HYMN OF THE EARTH

My highway is unfeatured air,
My consorts are the sleepless Stars,
And men my giant arms upbear,—
My arms unstained and free from scars.

I rest forever on my way,
Rolling around the happy Sun;
My children love the sunny day,
But noon and night to me are one.

My heart has pulses like their own,
I am their Mother, and my veins,
Though built of the enduring stone,
Thrill as do theirs with godlike pains.

The forests and the mountains high,
The foaming ocean and the springs,
The plains,—O pleasant Company,
My voice through all your anthem rings!

Ye are so cheerful in your minds,
Content to smile, content to share:
My being in your chorus finds
The echo of the spherul air.

No leaf may fall, no pebble roll,
No drop of water lose the road;
The issues of the general Soul
Are mirrored in its round abode.

THE BARREN MOORS

ON your bare rocks, O barren moors,
On your bare rocks I love to lie!—
They stand like crags upon the shores,
Or clouds upon a placid sky.

Across those spaces desolate
The fox pursues his lonely way,
Those solitudes can fairly sate
The passage of my loneliest day.

Like desert islands far at sea
Where not a ship can ever land,
Those dim uncertainties to me
For something veritable stand.

A serious place distinct from all
Which busy Life delights to feel,—
I stand in this deserted hall,
And thus the wounds of time conceal.

No friend's cold eye, or sad delay,
Shall vex me now where not a sound
Falls on the ear, and every day
Is soft as silence most profound.

No more upon these distant worlds
The agitating world can come,
A single pensive thought upholds
The arches of this dreamy home.

Within the sky above, one thought
Replies to you, O barren moors !
Between, I stand, a creature taught
To stand between two silent floors.

TEARS IN SPRING

(LAMENT FOR THOREAU)

THE swallow is flying over,
But he will not come to me;
He flits, my daring rover,
From land to land, from sea to sea;
Where hot Bermuda's reef
Its barrier lifts to fortify the shore,
Above the surf's wild roar
He darts as swiftly o'er,—
But he who heard his cry of spring
Hears that no more, heeds not his wing.

How bright the skies that dally
Along day's cheerful arch,
And paint the sunset valley !
How redly buds the larch !
Blackbirds are singing,
Clear hylas ringing,
Over the meadow the frogs proclaim
The coming of Spring to boy and dame,
But not to me,—
Nor thee !

And golden crowfoot's shining near,
Spring everywhere that shoots 't is clear,
A wail in the wind is all I hear;
A voice of woe for a lover's loss,
A motto for a travelling cross,—
And yet it is mean to mourn for thee,
In the form of bird or blossom or bee.

Cold are the sods of the valley to-day
Where thou art sleeping,
That took thee back to thy native clay;
Cold,—if above thee the grass is peeping
And the patient sunlight creeping,

While the bluebird sits on the locust-
bough
Whose shadow is painted across thy brow,
And carols his welcome so sad and sweet
To the Spring that comes and kisses his
feet.

EDITH

EDITH, the silent stars are coldly gleam-
ing,
The night wind moans, the leafless trees
are still.
Edith, there is a life beyond this seem-
ing,
So sleeps the ice-clad lake beneath thy
hill.

So silent beats the pulse of thy pure heart,
So shines the thought of thy unquestioned
eyes.
O life ! why wert thou helpless in thy art ?
O loveliness ! why seem'st thou but
surprise ?

Edith, the streamlets laugh to leap again;
There is a spring to which life's pulses
fly;
And hopes that are not all the sport of
pain,
Like lustres in the veil of that gray eye.

They say the thankless stars have answer-
ing vision,
That courage sings from out the frost-
bound ways;
Edith, I grant that olden time's decision—
Thy beauty paints with gold the icy
rays.

As in the summer's heat her promise lies,
As in the autumn's seed his vintage hides,
Thus might I shape my moral from those
eyes,
Glass of thy soul, where innocence abides.

Edith, thy nature breathes of answered
praying;
If thou dost live, then not my grief is
vain;
Beyond the nerves of woe, beyond delay-
ing,
Thy sweetness stills to rest the winter's
pain.

Mary Elizabeth (Hewitt) Stebbins

THE SUNFLOWER TO THE SUN

HYMETTUS' bees are out on filmy wing,
 Dim Phosphor slowly fades adown the
 west,
 And Earth awakes. Shine on me, O my
 king !
 For I with dew am laden and oppressed.

Long through the misty hours of morning
 gray
 The flowers have watched to hail thee
 from yon sea !
 Sad Asphodel, that pines to meet thy ray,
 And Juno's roses, pale for love of thee.

Perchance thou dalliest with the Morning
 Hour,
 Whose blush is reddening now the east-
 ern wave;
 Or to the cloud forever leavest thy flower,
 Wiled by the glance white-footed Thetis
 gape.

I was a proud Chaldean monarch's child !
 Euphrates' waters told me I was fair, —
 And thou, Thessalia's shepherd, on me
 smiled,
 And likened to thine own my amber hair.

Thou art my life — sustainer of my spirit !
 Leave me not then in darkness here to
 pine;
 Other hearts love thee, yet do they inherit
 A passionate devotedness like mine ?

But lo ! thou lift'st thy shield o'er yonder
 tide:
 The dun clouds fly before the conquering
 Sun;
 Thou like a monarch up the heavens dost
 ride, —
 And, joy ! thou beam'st on me, celestial
 one !

On me, thy worshipper, thy poor Parsee,
 Whose brow adoring types thy face di-
 vine;
 God of my burning heart's idolatry,
 Take root like me, or give me life like
 thine !

HAROLD THE VALIANT¹

I MID the hills was born,
 Where the skilled bowmen
 Send with unerring shaft
 Death to the foemen.
 But I love to steer my bark —
 To fear a stranger —
 Over the Maelstrom's edge,
 Daring the danger;
 And where the mariner
 Paleth affrighted,
 Over the sunken rocks
 I dash on delighted.
 The far waters know my keel,
 No tide restrains me;
 But ah ! a Russian maid
 Coldly disdains me.

Once round Sicilia's isle
 Sailed I, unfearing:
 Conflict was on my prow,
 Glory was steering.
 Where fled the stranger ship
 Wildly before me,
 Down, like the hungry hawk,
 My vessel bore me;
 We carved on the craven's deck
 The red runes of slaughter:
 When my bird whets her beak
 I give no quarter.
 The far waters know my keel,
 No tide restrains me;
 But ah ! a Russian maid
 Coldly disdains me.

Countless as spears of grain
 Stood the warriors of Dronthheim,
 When like the hurricane
 I swept down upon them !
 Like chaff beneath the flail
 They fell in their numbers: —
 Their king with the golden hair
 I sent to his slumbers.
 I love the combat fierce,
 No fear restrains me;
 But ah ! a Russian maid
 Coldly disdains me.

Once o'er the Baltic Sea
 Swift we were dashing;

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 822.

Bright on our twenty spears
 Sunlight was flashing;
 When through the Skager Rack
 The storm-wind was driven,
 And from our bending mast
 The broad sail was riven:
 Then, while the angry brine
 Foamed like a flagon,
 Brimful the yesty rime
 Filled our brown dragon;
 But I, with sinewy hand
 Strengthened in slaughter,
 Forth from the straining ship
 Bailed the dun water.
 The wild waters know my keel,
 No storm restrains me;
 But ah ! a Russian maid
 Coldly disdains me.

Firmly I curb my steed,
 As e'er Thracian horseman;
 My hand throws the javelin true,
 Pride of the Norseman;
 And the bold skater marks,
 While his lips quiver,
 Where o'er the bending ice
 I skim the river:
 Forth to my rapid oar
 The boat swiftly springeth —

Springs like the mettled steed
 When the spur stingeth.
 Valiant I am in fight,
 No fear restrains me;
 But ah ! a Russian maid
 Coldly disdains me.

Saith she, the maiden fair,
 The Norsemen are cravens ?
 I in the Southland gave
 A feast to the ravens !
 Green lay the sward outspread,
 The bright sun was o'er us
 When the strong fighting men
 Rushed down before us.
 Midway to meet the shock
 My courser bore me,
 And like Thor's hammer crashed
 My strong hand before me;
 Left we their maids in tears,
 Their city in embers:
 The sound of the Viking's spears
 The Southland remembers !
 I love the combat fierce,
 No fear restrains me;
 But ah ! a Russian maid
 Coldly disdains me.

Additional Selections

(VARIOUS POEMS BELONGING TO THIS DIVISION)

I

REQUIEM

FOR ONE SLAIN IN BATTLE

BREATHE, trumpets, breathe
 Slow notes of saddest wailing, —
 Sadly responsive peal, ye muffled drums;
 Comrades, with downcast eyes
 And banners trailing,
 Attend him home, —
 The youthful warrior comes.

Upon his shield,
 Upon his shield returning,

Borne from the field of honor
 Where he fell;
 Glory and grief, together clasped
 In mourning,
 His fame, his fate
 With sobs exulting tell.

Wrap round his breast
 The flag his breast defended, —
 His country's flag,
 In battle's front unrolled:
 For it he died;
 On earth forever ended
 His brave young life
 Lives in each sacred fold.

With proud fond tears,
 By tinge of shame untainted,
 Bear him, and lay him
 Gently in his grave:
 Above the hero write, —
 The young, half-sainted, —
 His country asked his life,
 His life he gave !

GEORGE LUNT

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD

NEW ENGLAND'S dead ! New England's
 dead !

On every hill they lie;
 On every field of strife, made red
 By bloody victory.
 Each valley, where the battle poured
 Its red and awful tide,
 Beheld the brave New England sword
 With slaughter deeply dyed.
 Their bones are on the northern hill,
 And on the southern plain,
 By brook and river, lake and rill,
 And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
 And holy where they fell;
 For by their blood that land was bought,
 The land they loved so well.
 Then glory to that valiant band,
 The honored saviours of the land !

O, few and weak their numbers were, —
 A handful of brave men;
 But to their God they gave their prayer,
 And rushed to battle then.
 The God of battles heard their cry,
 And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
 Their flocks and herds without a fold,
 The sickle in the unshorn grain,
 The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
 And mustered, in their simple dress,
 For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
 To right those wrongs, come weal, come
 woe,
 To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men ?
 And where are ye to-day ?
 I call : — the hills reply again
 That ye have passed away;

That on old Bunker's lonely height,
 In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
 The grass grows green, the harvest bright
 Above each soldier's mound.
 The bugle's wild and warlike blast
 Shall muster them no more;
 An army now might thunder past,
 And they heed not its roar.
 The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
 In many a bloody day,
 From their old graves shall rouse them
 not,
 For they have passed away.

ISAAC McLELLAN

WASHINGTON'S STATUE

THE quarry whence thy form majestic
 sprung
 Has peopled earth with grace,
 Heroes and gods that elder bards have
 sung,
 A bright and peerless race;
 But from its sleeping veins ne'er rose be-
 fore
 A shape of loftier name
 Than his, who Glory's wreath with meek-
 ness wore,
 The noblest son of Fame.
 Sheathed is the sword that Passion never
 stained;
 His gaze around is cast,
 As if the joys of Freedom, newly gained,
 Before his vision passed;
 As if a nation's shout of love and pride
 With music filled the air,
 And his calm soul was lifted on the tide
 Of deep and grateful prayer;
 As if the crystal mirror of his life
 To fancy sweetly came,
 With scenes of patient toil and noble strife,
 Undimmed by doubt or shame;
 As if the lofty purpose of his soul
 Expression would betray, —
 The high resolve Ambition to control,
 And thrust her crown away !
 O, it was well in marble firm and white
 To carve our hero's form,
 Whose angel guidance was our strength in
 fight,
 Our star amid the storm !
 Whose matchless truth has made his name
 divine,
 And human freedom sure,

His country great, his tomb earth's dearest
 shrine,
 While man and time endure !
 And it is well to place his image there
 Upon the soil he blest:
 Let meaner spirits, who its councils share,
 Revere that silent guest !

Let us go up with high and sacred love
 To look on his pure brow,
 And as, with solemn grace, he points
 above,
 Renew the patriot's vow !
 HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN

II

THE STAR OF CALVARY

It is the same infrequent star, —
 The all-mysterious light,
 That like a watcher, gazing on
 The changes of the night,
 Toward the hill of Bethlehem took
 Its solitary flight.

It is the same infrequent star;
 Its sameness startleth me,
 Although the disk is red as blood,
 And downward silently
 It looketh on another hill, —
 The hill of Calvary !

Nor noon, nor night; for to the west
 The heavy sun doth glow;
 And, like a ship, the lazy mist
 Is sailing on below, —
 Between the broad sun and the earth
 It tacketh to and fro.

There is no living wind astir;
 The bat's unholy wing
 Threads through the noiseless olive trees,
 Like some unquiet thing
 Which playeth in the darkness, when
 The leaves are whispering.

Mount Calvary ! Mount Calvary !
 All sorrowfully still,
 That mournful tread, it rends the heart
 With an unwelcome thrill, —
 The mournful tread of them that crowd
 Thy melancholy hill !

There is a cross, — not one alone:
 'Tis even three I count,

Like columns on the mossy marge
 Of some old Grecian fount, —
 So pale they stand, so drearily,
 On that mysterious Mount.

Behold, O Israel ! behold,
 It is no human One
 That ye have dared to crucify.
 What evil hath he done ?
 It is your King, O Israel !
 The God-begotten Son !

A wreath of thorns, a wreath of thorns !
 Why have ye crowned him so ?
 That brow is bathed in agony, —
 'T is veiled in every woe:
 Ye saw not the immortal trace
 Of Deity below.

It is the foremost of the Three !
 Resignedly they fall,
 Those deathlike drooping features,
 Unbending, blighted all:
 The Man of Sorrows, — how he bears
 The agonizing thrall !

'T is fixed on thee, O Israel !
 His gaze ! — how strange to brook;
 But that there's mercy blended deep
 In each reproachful look,
 'T would search thee, till the very heart
 Its withered home forsook.

To God ! to God ! how eloquent
 The cry, as if it grew,
 By those cold lips unuttered, yet
 All heartfelt rising through, —
 "Father in heaven ! forgive them, for
 They know not what they do !"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE¹

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 797.

THE CLOUDS

I CANNOT look above and see
 Yon high-piled, pillowy mass
 Of evening clouds, so swimmingly
 In gold and purple pass,
 And think not, Lord, how thou wast seen
 On Israel's desert way,
 Before them, in thy shadowy screen,
 Pavilioned all the day !

Or, of those robes of gorgeous hue
 Which the Redeemer wore,
 When, ravished from his followers' view,
 Aloft his flight he bore;
 When lifted, as on mighty wing,
 He curtained his ascent,
 And, wrapt in clouds, went triumphing
 Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
 Of many-colored dyes,
 That high above, o'er mantling all,
 Hangs midway down the skies, —
 Or borders of those sweeping folds
 Which shall be all unfurled
 About the Saviour, when he holds
 His judgment on the world ?

For in like manner as he went, —
 My soul, hast thou forgot ? —
 Shall be his terrible descent,
 When man expecteth not !
 Strength, Son of man, against that hour,
 Be to our spirits given,
 When thou shalt come again with power,
 Upon the clouds of heaven !

WILLIAM CROSWELL

A WORLD BEYOND

SCIENCE long watched the realms of
 space,
 A planet's devious path to trace:
 Convinced of heaven's harmonious law,
 "A world beyond" Leverrier saw.

Thus when he views earth's sins and
 woes,
 With a like faith the Christian knows
 There is a world beyond, to prove
 God's perfect wisdom, power, and love.

NATHANIEL INGERSOLL BOWDITCH

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE

It is not death to die,
 To leave this weary road,
 And, midst the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake in glorious repose,
 To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
 The wrench that sets us free
 From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise on strong, exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
 Thy chosen cannot die !
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Thee on high.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE

PARAPHRASE OF LUTHER'S
HYMN

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper he amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing, —
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing.
 Dost ask who that may be ?
 Christ Jesus, it is he,
 Lord Sabaoth his name,
 From age to age the same,
 And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us,

We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim, —
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo ! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is forever.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE

DIES IRÆ

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.

Oh, what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splen-
dor,
Strict to mark and just to render !

Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,
Evil done nor evil plotted,
Shall be brought and dooms allotted.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
Vengeance then no more deferring.

What shall *I* say, that time pending ?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending ?

Dreadful King, all power possessing,
Saving freely those confessing,
Save thou me, O Fount of Blessing !

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season !

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted:
Let such travail not be wasted !

Righteous Judge of retribution !
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution !

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token:
Let the pardoning word be spoken !

Thou, who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,
Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it,
Lest I endless fire inherit.

Be there, Lord, my place decided
With Thy sheep, from goats divided,
Kindly to Thy right hand guided !

When the accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blessed to heaven !

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying !

Day of tears and late repentance,
Man shall rise to hear his sentence:
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror !

ABRAHAM COLES

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE

I AM old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's
frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme ! to Thee.

All-merciful One !

When men are furthest, then art Thou
most near;

When friends pass by, my weaknesses to
shun,

Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face

Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place, —
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee

I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may

see

Thyself — Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear:

This darkness is the shadow of Thy
wing;

Beneath it I am almost sacred — here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand

Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath
been,

Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless
land,

Which eye hath never seen!

Visions come and go:

Shapes of resplendent beauty round me
throng;

From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,

When heaven is opening on my sightless
eyes,

When airs from Paradise refresh my
brow,

That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime

My being fills with rapture, — waves of
thought

Roll in upon my spirit, — strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !

I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:

Within my bosom glows unearthly fire

Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL

THE ANGELS' SONG

It came upon the midnight clear,

That glorious song of old,

From angels bending near the earth

To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King !"

The world in solemn stillness lay

To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,

With peaceful wings unfurled;

And still their heavenly music floats

O'er all the weary world:

Above its sad and lowly plains

They bend on heavenly wing,

And ever o'er its Babel sounds

The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife

The world has suffered long;

Beneath the angel-strain have rolled

Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not

The love-song which they bring:

O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,

And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load

Whose forms are bending low;

Who toil along the climbing way

With painful steps and slow, —

Look now ! for glad and golden hours

Come swiftly on the wing;

O, rest beside the weary road,

And hear the angels sing.

For lo ! the days are hastening on,

By prophet-bards foretold,

When with the ever-circling years

Comes round the age of gold;

When Peace shall over all the earth

Its ancient splendors fling,

And the whole world send back the song

Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

THE OTHER WORLD

It lies around us like a cloud,

The world we do not see;

Yet the sweet closing of an eye

May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks
 Amid our worldly cares;
 Its gentle voices whisper love,
 And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,
 And palpitates the veil between,
 With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
 They have no power to break;
 For mortal words are not for them
 To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
 So near to press they seem,
 They lull us gently to our rest,
 They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
 'T is easy now to see

How lovely and how sweet a pass
 The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye and close the ear,
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
 And, gently drawn in loving arms,
 To swoon from that to this:—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
 To feel all evil sink away,
 All sorrow and all care !

Sweet souls around us ! watch us still,
 Press nearer to our side;
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER STOWE

III

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE

YES, still I love thee ! Time, who sets
 His signet on my brow,
 And dims my sunken eye, forgets
 The heart he could not bow,
 Where love, that cannot perish, grows
 For one, alas ! that little knows
 How love may sometimes last,
 Like sunshine wasting in the skies,
 When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,
 Within its robe of light,
 Can never touch a leaf that blows,
 Though seeming to the sight;
 And yet it still will linger there,
 Like hopeless love without despair,—
 A snow-drop in the sun :
 A moment finely exquisite,
 Alas ! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart
 Think momentarily of me;
 Nor would I tear the cords apart,
 That bind me so to thee;

No ! while my thoughts seem pure and
 mild,
 Like dew upon the roses wild,
 I would not have thee know
 The stream, that seems to thee so still,
 Has such a tide below.

Enough that in delicious dreams
 I see thee and forget,—
 Enough, that when the morning beams
 I feel my eyelids wet !
 Yet, could I hope, when Time lets fall
 The darkness for creation's pall,
 To meet thee,— and to love, —
 I would not shrink from aught below,
 Nor ask for more above.

RUFUS DAWES

LOVE UNSOUGHT

THEY tell me that I must not love,
 That thou wilt spurn the free
 And unbought tenderness that gives
 Its hidden wealth to thee.

It may be so: I heed it not,
Nor would I change my blissful lot,
When thus I am allowed to make
My heart a bankrupt for thy sake.

They tell me when the fleeting charm
Of novelty is o'er,
Thou 'lt turn away with careless brow
And think of me no more.
It may be so! enough for me
If sunny skies still smile o'er thee,
Or I can trace, when thou art far,
Thy pathway like a distant star.

EMMA CATHARINE EMBURY

COME BACK

COME back and bring my life again
That went with thee beyond my will!
Restore me that which makes me man
Or leaves me wretched, dead and chill!
Thy presence was of life a part;
Thine absence leaves the blank of death.
They wait thy presence — eye and heart,
With straining gaze and bated breath.

The light is darkness, if thine eyes
Make not the medium of its ray;
I see no star in evening skies,
Save thou look up and point the way.
Nor bursting buds in May's young bloom,
Nor sunshine rippling o'er the sea,
Bears up to heaven my heart's perfume
Save thou my monitor can be.

There are two paths for human feet, —
One bordered by a duty plain,
And one by phantoms cursed, yet sweet,
Bewildering heart and maddening brain;
The one will right and reason urge,
But thou must walk beside me there,
Or else I tread the dizzy verge,
And thou some guilt of loss must bear.

Come back, there is no cause on earth, —
No word of shame, no deed of wrong —
Can bury all of truth and worth,
And sunder bonds once firm and strong.
There is no duty, heaven-imposed,
That, velvet-gloved — an iron band

Upon my heart-strings crushed and closed —
Thy hate should all my love withstand.

Days seem like ages — and, ere long,
On senseless ears the cry may fall;
Or, stilled by bitter shame and wrong,
The pleading voice may cease to call.
Come back! before the eyes grow dim
That keep but sight to see thee come,
Ere fail and falter hand and limb,
Whose strength but waits to fold thee
home.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT

SONG

'T is said that absence conquers love!
But, oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear,
As fixed in this devoted heart,
As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same;
And when the wine-cup passes round,
I toast some other fair, —
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return
Like the returning dove.
In vain! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bower to die,
So, lady! I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'T is said that absence conquers love!
But, oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS

IV

A REMEMBRANCE

I SEE thee still ! thou art not dead,
 Though dust is mingled with thy form;
 The broken sunbeam hath not shed
 The final rainbow on the storm:
 In visions of the midnight deep,
 Thine accents through my bosom thrill
 Till joy's fond impulse bids me weep, —
 For, wrapt in thought, I see thee still !

I see thee still, — that cheek of rose, —
 Those lips with dewy fragrance wet, —
 That forehead in serene repose, —
 Those soul-lit eyes — I see them yet !
 Sweet seraph ! Sure thou art not dead,
 Thou gracest still this earthly sphere;
 An influence still is round me shed,
 Like thine, — and yet thou art not here !

Farewell, beloved ! To mortal sight
 Thy vermeil cheek no more may bloom;
 No more thy smiles inspire delight,
 For thou art garnered in the tomb, —
 Rich harvest for that ruthless power
 Which hath me bound to bear his will:
 Yet, as in hope's unclouded hour,
 Throned in my heart I see thee still.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE

A DEATH-BED

HER suffering ended with the day,
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away
 In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through Glory's morning gate
 And walked in Paradise !

JAMES ALDRICH

DIRGE

SOFTLY !

She is lying
 With her lips apart;

Softly !

She is dying
 Of a broken heart.

Whisper !

Life is growing
 Dim within her breast;

Whisper !

She is going
 To her final rest.

Gently !

She is sleeping,
 She has breathed her last !

Gently !

While you 're weeping
 She to heaven has passed.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN

FLORENCE VANE

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
 My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again;
 I renew in my fond vision
 My heart's dear pain,
 My hope, and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
 Where thou didst mark my story,
 At even told, —
 That spot — the hues Elysian
 Of sky and plain —
 I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main.
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane !

But, fairest, coldest wonder !
 Thy glorious clay

Lieth the green sod under,—
 Alas the day !
 And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain,—
 To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep,
 The pansies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep;
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane !

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

THE WIFE

I COULD have stemmed misfortune's tide,
 And borne the rich one's sneer,—
 Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
 Nor shed a single tear;
 I could have smiled on every blow
 From life's full quiver thrown,
 While I might gaze on thee, and know
 I should not be alone.

I could — I think I could — have brooked,
 E'en for a time, that thou
 Upon my fading face hadst looked
 With less of love than now;
 For then I should at least have felt
 The sweet hope still my own
 To win thee back, and whilst I dwelt
 On earth, not been alone.

But thus to see from day to day
 Thy brightening eye and cheek,
 And watch thy life-sands waste away,
 Unnumbered, slow, and meek;
 To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
 And catch the feeble tone
 Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
 And feel I'll be alone;

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
 And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
 As, filled with heavenward trust, they say
 Earth may not claim thee longer;
 Nay, dearest, 't is too much — this heart
 Must break when thou art gone:
 It must not be; we must not part;
 I could not live alone.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES

BLIND LOUISE

SHE knew that she was growing blind,—
 Foresaw the dreary night
 That soon would fall, without a star,
 Upon her fading sight;

Yet never did she make complaint,
 But prayed each day might bring
 A beauty to her waning eyes,—
 The loveliness of spring !

She dreaded that eclipse which might
 Perpetually enclose
 Sad memories of a leafless world,
 A spectral realm of snows.

She'd rather that the verdure left
 An evergreen to shine
 Within her heart, as summer leaves
 Its memory on the pine.

She had her wish; for when the sun
 O'erhung his eastern towers,
 And shed his benediction on
 A world of May-time flowers,

We found her seated, as of old,
 In her accustomed place,
 A midnight in her sightless eyes,
 And morn upon her face !

GEORGE WASHINGTON DEWEY

UNDER THE VIOLETS

UNDER the violets, blue and sweet,
 Where low the willow droops and weeps,
 Where children tread with timid feet,
 When twilight o'er the forest creeps,
 She sleeps,—my little darling sleeps.

Breathe low and soft, O wind ! breathe low
 Where so much loveliness is laid !
 Pour out thy heart in strains of woe,
 O bird ! that in the willows' shade
 Sing'st till the stars do pale and fade.

It may be that to other eyes,
 As in the happy days of old,
 The sun doth every morning rise
 O'er mountain summits tipped with gold,
 And set where sapphire seas are rolled;

But I am so hedged round with woe,
 This glory I no more can see.

O weary heart, that throbbest so,
Thou hast but this one wish,— to be
A little dust beneath the tree.

I would thou hadst thy wish to-day,
And we were lying side by side
With her who took our life away
That heavy day whereon she died.
O grave! I would thy gates were
wide.

EDWARD YOUNG

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

HERE I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All around the open door,

Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you 'll meet,

Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part,—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,

I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours:
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,

To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where:

When you 're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I 'll come
And deck your silent home—

Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,

Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS BOYLE

V

A WINTER WISH

OLD wine to drink!

Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;

Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!

Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—

Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,

Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read !
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
Time-honored tomes !
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay !
And Gervase Markham's venerie —
Nor leave behind
The holye Book by which we live and
die.

Old friends to talk !
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk !
Bring Walter good,
With soulful Fred, and learned Will,
And thee, my alter ego (dearer still
For every mood).
These add a bouquet to my wine !
These add a sparkle to my pine !
If these I tine,
Can books, or fire, or wine be good ?

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER

A PROEM

WHEN in my walks I meet some ruddy
lad —
Or swarthy man — with tray-beladen
head,
Whose smile entreats me, or his visage
sad,
To buy the images he moulds for bread,
I think that, — though his poor Greek
Slave in chains,
His Venus and her Boy with plaster dart,

Be, like the Organ-Grinder's quavering
strains,
But farthings in the currency of art, —

Such coins a kingly effigy still wear,
Let metals base or precious in them mix:
The painted vellum hallows not the Prayer,
Nor ivory nor gold the Crucifix.

SAMUEL WARD

HORACE

HE who would echo Horace' lays
Aspires to an Icarian fame;
And borne on waxen wings essays
A flight — may give some sea a name.

My fate perchance ! But as I write
I see through Time's reverted glass,
In fleckered mists of shade and light,
The phantoms of the ages pass.

I see an infant, tired with play,
Sleep sweetly in Apulia's wild,
And doves bring myrtle leaves and bay
To cover the courageous child.

A stripling walks the streets of Rome,
With slate and satchel on his arm;
His life abroad, his ways at home,
A loving father's care and charm.

Fulfilment of his boyhood's dream,
Greece welcomes now the freedman's son;
He haunts the groves of Academe,
And quaffs the springs of Helicon.

Light of the World ! the central seat
Of wit and wisdom, art and lore, —
In Athens patriot exiles meet
Where bards and sages met before.

No athlete, and no warrior he,
With Brutus on Philippi's field,
The darling of Melpomene,
Not bravely, throws away his shield.

Her fleets dispersed and tempest-tost,
Her armies crushed, their leaders slain, —
Now is the great Republic lost,
Lost never to revive again.

The Julian star ascends the sky,
It shines on groups of learned men,

Law clips the wings of Liberty,
And Horace wields the Empire's pen.

Names, only names ! — the brilliant throng
That crowd the poet's pictured page:
Still lives in his imperial song
The soul of the Augustan age.

No longer through the Sacred Way
The pontiffs lead the vestal train;
Thrones crumble, dynasties decay,
Of Alaric born, or Charlemagne: —

Saints, Soldiers, Presbyters, and Popes,
In legions rise and disappear,
And Bards with glowing horoscopes
Oblivion garners year by year;

But on strong wing, through upper air, —
Two worlds beneath, the Old and New, —
The Roman Swan is wafted where
The Roman eagles never flew.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT

CHEZ BRÉBANT¹

THE vicomte is wearing a brow of gloom
As he mounts the stair to his favorite room.
"Breakfast for two !" the *garçons* say,
"Then the pretty young lady is coming to-day !"

But the *patron* mutters, *A Dieu ne plaise !*
I want no clients from Père la Chaise.
Silver and crystal — a splendid show !
And a damask cloth white as driven snow.
The vicomte sits down with a ghastly air, —
His *vis-à-vis* is an empty chair.
But he calls to the *garçon*, "Antoine !
Vite !

Place a stool for the lady's feet."
"The lady, monsieur ?" (in a wavering
tone).

"Yes — when have you known me to
breakfast alone ?

Fill up her glass ! *Versez ! Versez !*
You see how white are her cheeks to-day:

Sip it, my darling, 't was ordered for thee."
He raises his glass, "*A toi, Mimi !*"
The *garçon* shudders, for nothing is there
In the lady's place but an empty chair.
But still, with an air of fierce unrest,
The vicomte addresses an unseen guest.
"Leave us, Antoine: we have much to say,
And time is precious to me to-day."
When the *garçon* was gone he sprang up
with a start:

"Mimi is dead of a broken heart.
Could I think, when she gave it with gen-
erous joy,

A woman's heart such a fragile toy ?
Her trim little figure no longer I see !
Would I were lying with thee, Mimi !
For what is life but a hell to me ?
What splendor and wealth but misery ?"
A jet of flame and a whirl of smoke !
A detonation the silence broke.
The landlord enters, and lying there
Is the dead vicomte, with a stony glare
Rigidly fixed on an empty chair.

"*Il faut avertir le commissaire !*
Ma foi ! Chez Brébant ces choses sont rares !"

FRANCIS ALEXANDER DURIVAGE

THE POET

GATHER all kindreds of this boundless
realm

To speak a common tongue in thee ! Be
thou —

Heart, pulse, and voice, whether pent hate
o'erwhelm

The stormy speech or young love whis-
per low.

Cheer them, immitigable battle-drum !

Forth, truth-mailed, to the old uncon-
quered field,

And lure them gently to a laurelled home,
In notes more soft than lutes or viols
yield.

Fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath;
Closing their lids, bestow a dirge-like death !

CORNELIUS MATHEWS

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 790.

DIVISION III

(LOWELL, STORY, MRS. HOWE, WHITMAN, PARSONS, BROWNELL, READ, BOKER, THE STODDARDS, TAYLOR, MRS. DORR, MRS. PRESTON, MRS. COOKE, AND OTHERS)

James Russell Lowell

FROM "RHÆCUS"

HEAR now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of gracious youth and beauty still
As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

A youth named Rhæcus, wandering in
the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring
care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered
on.

But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
That murmured "Rhæcus!" "T was as if
the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured
it,

And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
It murmured "Rhæcus!" softer than a
breeze.

He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy
dream

Stand there before him, spreading a warm
glow

Within the green glooms of the shadowy
oak.

It seemed a woman's shape, yet far too
fair

To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful

To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhæcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"

Thus she began, dropping her low-toned
words

Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of
dew,

"And with it I am doomed to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;

Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can
give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhæcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet by the prompting of such beauty bold,
Answered: "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my nature's
goal."

After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
"I give it, Rhæcus, though a perilous gift;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he
could see

But the green glooms beneath the shadowy
oak,

And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and
faith,

Men did not think that happy things were
dreams

Because they overstepped the narrow bourn
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhæcus made no doubt that he was
blest,

And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he
walked,

The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its
wont,

And he could scarce believe he had not
wings,

Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his
veins

Instead of blood, so light he felt and
strange.

Young Rhœus had a faithful heart
 enough,
 But one that in the present dwelt too
 much,
 And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er
 Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in
 that,
 Like the contented peasant of a vale,
 Deemed it the world, and never looked
 beyond.
 So, haply meeting in the afternoon
 Some comrades who were playing at the
 dice,
 He joined them, and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
 And Rhœus, who had met but sorry luck,
 Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
 When through the room there hummed a
 yellow bee
 That buzzed about his ear with down-
 dropped legs
 As if to light. And Rhœus laughed and
 said,
 Feeling how red and flushed he was with
 loss,
 "By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
 And brushed him off with rough, impatient
 hand.
 But still the bee came back, and thrice
 again
 Rhœus did beat him off with growing
 wrath.
 Then through the window flew the wounded
 bee,
 And Rhœus, tracking him with angry
 eyes,
 Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
 Against the red disk of the setting sun, —
 And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
 As if its very walls had caved away.
 Without a word he turned, and, rushing
 forth,
 Ran madly through the city and the gate,
 And o'er the plain, which now the wood's
 long shade,
 By the low sun thrown forward broad and
 dim,
 Darkened wellnigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he reached
 the tree,
 And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
 The low voice murmur "Rhœus!" close
 at hand:

Whereat he looked around him, but could
 see
 Naught but the deepening glooms beneath
 the oak.
 Then sighed the voice, "O Rhœus! never-
 more
 Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,
 Me, who would fain have blessed thee with
 a love
 More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
 Filled up with nectar any mortal heart:
 But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
 And sent'st him back to me with bruised
 wings.
 We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
 We ever ask an undivided love,
 And he who scorns the least of Nature's
 works
 Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
 Farewell! for thou canst never see me
 more."

Then Rhœus beat his breast and groaned
 aloud,
 And cried "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
 This once, and I shall never need it more!"
 "Alas!" the voice returned, "'t is thou art
 blind,
 Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
 But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
 Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
 With that again there murmured "Never-
 more!"
 And Rhœus after heard no other sound,
 Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
 Like the long surf upon a distant shore
 Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
 The night had gathered round him: o'er
 the plain
 The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
 And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
 Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
 With all its bright sublimity of stars,
 Deepened, and on his forehead smote the
 breeze:
 Beauty was all around him and delight,
 But from that eve he was alone on earth.

A STANZA ON FREEDOM

THEY are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,

Rather then in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

HEBE

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed grim
Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover
I sprang the proffered life to clasp; —
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up;
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can Summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the Gods;
The nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred; —
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unripen,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven; —
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps; —
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays; —
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

FROM "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL"

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its
chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too
mean

To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Attil like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
and sings;
He sings to the wide world and she to her
nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the
best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebb'd away
 Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop over-
 fills it,
 We are happy now because God wills it;
 No matter how barren the past may have
 been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are
 green;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right
 well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms
 swell;
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
 knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams
 are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard
 by;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's
 lowing, —
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warned with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

FROM "A FABLE FOR CRITICS"

TO HIS COUNTRYMEN

THERE are one or two things I should just
 like to hint,
 For you don't often get the truth told you
 in print;
 The most of you (this is what strikes all
 beholders)
 Have a mental and physical stoop in the
 shoulders;
 Though you ought to be free as the winds
 and the waves,
 You've the gait and the manners of run-
 away slaves;
 Though you brag of your New World, you
 don't half believe in it;
 And as much of the Old as is possible weave
 in it;
 Your goddess of freedom, a tight, buxom
 girl,

With lips like a cherry and teeth like a
 pearl,
 With eyes bold as Heræ's, and hair floating
 free,
 And full of the sun as the spray of the sea,
 Who can sing at a husking or romp at a
 shearing,
 Who can trip through the forests alone
 without fearing,
 Who can drive home the cows with a song
 through the grass,
 Keeps glancing aside into Europe's cracked
 glass,
 Hides her red hands in gloves, pinches up
 her lithe waist,
 And makes herself wretched with transma-
 rine taste;
 She loses her fresh country charm when
 she takes
 Any mirror except her own rivers and lakes.

ON HIMSELF

There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus
 to climb
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together
 with rhyme,
 He might get on alone, spite of brambles
 and boulders,
 But he can't with that bundle he has on his
 shoulders,
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh
 reaching
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing
 and preaching;
 His lyre has some chords that would ring
 pretty well,
 But he'd rather by half make a drum of
 the shell,
 And rattle away till he's old as Methusa-
 lem,
 At the head of a march to the last new
 Jerusalem.

FROM "THE BIGLOW PAPERS"

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man;
 He stays to his home an' looks arter his
 folks;
 He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
 An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we
du?

We can't never choose him o' course, —
thet 's flat;

Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't
you?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all
that;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

General C. is a drefle smart man:

He's ben on all sides thet give places or
pelf;

But consistency still wuz a part of his
plan, —

He's ben true to *one* party, — an' thet
is himself; —

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war;

He don't vally princerples morn 'n an old
cud;

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs
fer,

But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an'
blood?

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our
village,

With good old idees o' wut's right an'
wut aint,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war
an' pillage,

An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark
of a saint;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded
idee.

The side of our country must ollers be
took,

An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our
country.

An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a
book

Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per*
contry;

An' John P.

Robinson he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts
lies;

Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee*,
faw, *fum*;

An' thet all this big talk of our destinies

Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half
rum;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of course,
so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his
life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their
swaller-tail coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum an'
a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on
'em votes;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down
in Judee.

Wal, it's a marey we've gut folks to tell
us

The rights an' the wrongs o' these mat-
ters, I vow, —

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise
fellers,

To start the world's team wen it gits in
a slough;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers
out Gee!

THE CANDIDATE'S LETTER

DEAR SIR, — You wish to know my notions

On sartin pints thet rile the land;

There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns

Ez bein' mum or underhand;

I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur

Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,

An' ef I've one pecooler feetur,

It is a nose thet wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin'

An' come directly to the pint,

I think the country's underpinnin'
Is some consid'ble out o' jint;
I aint agoin' to try your patience
By tellin' who done this or thet,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I 'm wrong,
I wunt deny but wut I be so, —
An', fact, it don't smell very strong;
My mind's tu fair to lose its balance
An' say wich party hez most sense;
There may be folks o' greater talence
Thet can't set stiddier on the fence.

I 'm an eclectic; ez to choosin'
'Twixt this an' thet, I 'm plaguy lawth;
I leave a side thet looks like losin',
But (wile there 's doubt) I stick to both;
I stan' upon the Constitution,
Ez preudent statesmun say, who've
planned
A way to git the most profusion
O' chances ez to ware they 'll stand.

Ez fer the war, I go agin it, —
I mean to say I kind o' du, —
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
The best way wuz to fight it thru;
Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
I sign to thet with all my heart, —
But civlyzation *doos* git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

About thet darned Proviso matter
I never hed a grain o' doubt,
Nor I aint one my sense to scatter
So 'st no one could n't pick it out;
My love fer North an' South is equil,
So I 'll jest answer plump an' frank,
No matter wut may be the sequil, —
Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank.

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
I 'm an off ox at bein' druv,
Though I aint one thet ary test shuns
I 'll give our folks a helpin' shove;
Kind o' permiscoous I go it
Fer the holl country, an' the ground
I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
Is pooty gen'ally all round.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges;
You 'd ough' to leave a feller free,

An' not go knockin' out the wedges
To ketch his fingers in the tree;
Pledges air awfle breachy cattle
Thet preudent farmers don't turn out, —
Ez long 'z the people git their rattle,
Wut is there fer 'm to grout about ?

Ez to the slaves, there 's no confusion
In *my* idees consarnin' them, —
I think they air an Institution,
A sort of — yes, jest so, — ahem:
Do I own any ? Of my merit
On thet pint you yourself may jedge;
All is, I never drink no sperit,
Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I aint a Wig, I aint a Tory,
I 'm jest a canderdate, in short;
Thet's fair an' square an' perpencieler
But, ef the Public cares a fig
To hev me an'thin' in particler,
Wy, I 'm a kind o' peri-Wig.

P. S.

Ez we're a sort o' privateerin',
O' course, you know, it's sheer an' sheer,
An' there is suthin' wuth your hearin'
I 'll mention in *your* privit ear;
Ef you git *me* inside the White House,
Your head with ile I 'll kin' o' 'nint
By gittin' *you* inside the Light-house
Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint.

An' ez the North hez took to brustlin'
At bein' scrouged frum off the roost,
I 'll tell ye wut 'll save all tusslin'
An' give our side a harnsome boost, —
Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
I 'm right, although to speak I 'm lawth;
This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' South by North.

THE COURTIN'

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in —
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur;
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clear grit an' human natur';
 None could n't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 He 'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv
 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells —
 All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple;
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upun it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*!
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper, —
 All ways to once her feelins flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekke;
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furdur,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal . . . no . . . I come da-
 signin'" —

"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldry sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose natures never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE EDITOR OF
"THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY"

WHERE 's Peace? I start, some clear-
blown night,

When gaunt stone walls grow numb an'
number,
An' creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
Walk the col' starlight into summer;
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to tell
O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover,
They filled my heart with livin' springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em over;
Sights inncrent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

Indoors an' out by spells I try;
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
But leaves my natur' stiff and dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer 'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is was than ef she took to swearin'.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are quiet, —
White feet ez snowdrops inncrent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps
climbin',
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?

To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
To try an' make b'lieve fill their places:
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
An' thet world seems so fur from this
Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners;
I pity mothers, tu, down South,
For all they sot among the scornors:
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At Jedgegment where your meanest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted!
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
An' step thet proves ye Victory's
daughter!
Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for
water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
Of a gret instinct shoutin' "Forwards!"
An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cross with lips thet
quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered!

ODE RECITED AT THE HAR- VARD COMMEMORATION

JULY 21, 1865

I

WEAK-WINGED is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light:
We seem to do them wrong,

Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their
 hearse
 Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler
 verse,
 Our trivial song to honor those who come
 With ears attuned to strenuous trump and
 drum,
 And shaped in squadron-strophes their de-
 sire,
 Live battle-odes whose lines were steel
 and fire:
 Yet sometimes feathered words are
 strong,
 A gracious memory to buoy up and save
 From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common
 grave
 Of the unventurous throng.

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes
 back
 Her wisest Scholars, those who under-
 stood
 The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
 And offered their fresh lives to make it
 good:
 No lore of Greece or Rome,
 No science peddling with the names of
 things,
 Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
 Can lift our life with wings
 Far from Death's idle gulf that for the
 many waits
 And lengthen out our dates
 With that clear fame whose memory
 sings
 In manly hearts to come, and nerves them
 and dilates:
 Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
 Not such the trumpet-call
 Of thy diviner mood,
 That could thy sons entice
 From happy homes and toils, the fruitful
 nest
 Of those half-virtues which the world calls
 best,
 Into War's tumult rude;
 But rather far that stern device
 The sponsors chose that round thy cradle
 stood
 In the dim, unventured wood,
 The VERITAS that lurks beneath
 The letter's unprolific sheath,
 Life of whate'er makes life worth living,

Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
 One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the
 giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best
 oil
 Amid the dust of books to find her,
 Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
 With the cast mantle she hath left be-
 hind her.
 Many in sad faith sought for her,
 Many with crossed hands sighed for
 her;
 But these, our brothers, fought for her,
 At life's dear peril wrought for her,
 So loved her that they died for her,
 Tasting the raptured fleetness
 Of her divine completeness:
 Their higher instinct knew
 Those love her best who to themselves are
 true,
 And what they dare to dream of, dare to
 do;
 They followed her and found her
 Where all may hope to find,
 Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
 But beautiful, with danger's sweetness
 round her.
 Where faith made whole with deed
 Breathes its awakening breath
 Into the lifeless creed,
 They saw her plumed and mailed,
 With sweet, stern face unveiled,
 And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them
 in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and
 glides
 Into the silent hollow of the past;
 What is there that abides
 To make the next age better for the
 last?
 Is earth too poor to give us
 Something to live for here that shall out-
 live us?
 Some more substantial boon
 Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's
 fickle moon?
 The little that we see
 From doubt is never free;
 The little that we do

Is but half-nobly true;
 With our laborious living
 What men call treasure, and the gods call
 dross,
 Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
 Only secure in every one's conniving,
 A long account of nothings paid with loss,
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen
 wires,
 After our little hour of strut and rave,
 With all our pasteboard passions and de-
 sires,
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
 Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
 But stay ! no age was e'er degenerate,
 Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
 For in our likeness still we shape our fate.
 Ah, there is something here
 Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
 Something that gives our feeble light
 A high immunity from Night,
 Something that leaps life's narrow bars
 To claim its birthright with the hosts of
 heaven;
 A seed of sunshine that can leaven
 Our earthly dullness with the beams of
 stars,
 And glorify our clay
 With light from fountains elder than the
 Day;
 A conscience more divine than we,
 A gladness fed with secret tears,
 A vexing, forward-reaching sense
 Of some more noble permanence;
 A light across the sea,
 Which haunts the soul and will not let it
 be,
 Still beaconing from the heights of unde-
 generate years.

V

Whither leads the path
 To ampler fates that leads ?
 Not down through flowery meads,
 To reap an aftermath
 Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
 But up the steep, amid the wrath
 And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
 Where the world's best hope and stay
 By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
 And every turf the fierce foot clings to
 bleeds.
 Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
 Ere yet the sharp, decisive word

Light the black lips of cannon, and the
 sword
 Dreams in its easeful sheath;
 But some day the live coal behind the
 thought,
 Whether from Baal's stone obscene,
 Or from the shrine serene
 Of God's pure altar brought,
 Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue
 and pen
 Learns with what deadly purpose it was
 fraught,
 And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
 Shakes all the pillared state with shock
 of men:
 Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
 And cries reproachful: " Was it, then, my
 praise,
 And not myself was loved ? Prove now
 thy truth;
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate ! "
 Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed
 As bravely in the closet as the field,
 So bountiful is Fate;
 But then to stand beside her,
 When craven churls deride her,
 To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man,
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
 Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid
 earth,
 Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
 Fed from within with all the strength he
 needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and
 burn,
 And hang my wreath on his world-honored
 urn.
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote:

For him her Old-World moulds aside she
threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and
true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to
lead;

One whose meek flock the people joyed to
be,

Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity !

They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust

In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring again
and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy
bars,

A sea-mark now, now lost in vapor's blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of lofti-
est stars.

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward
still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us
face to face.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and
drums,

Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a
tower,

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first Ameri-
can.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring goal
Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
Along whose course the flying axles burn
Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier
brood;

Long as below we cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind;
So long this faith to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal names it masks,
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood
That thanks the Fates for their severer
tasks,

Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon
it asks,

Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead we in-
wreath

Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine
them, sear.

What brings us thronging these high rites
to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our
year,
Save that our brothers found this better
way ?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and
milk;

But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as
silk.

We welcome back our bravest and our
best;—

Ah me ! not all ! some come not with the
rest,

Who went forth brave and bright as any
here !

I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
 But the sad strings complain,
 And will not please the ear:
 I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
 Again and yet again
 Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf
 wraps,
 Dark to the triumph which they died to
 gain:
 Fitlier may others greet the living,
 For me the past is unforgiving;
 I with uncovered head
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not. — Say not
 so !
 'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by the
 way;
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the
 grave;
 No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
 And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that stayed be-
 hind.
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow !
 For never shall their aureoled presence
 lack:
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
 We find in our dull road their shining
 track;
 In every nobler mood
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our saintlier aspiration;
 They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-hearted
 ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
 Of morn on their white Shields of Expec-
 tation !

IX

But is there hope to save
 Even this ethereal essence from the grave ?
 What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle wrong
 Save a few clarion names, or golden threads
 of song ?

Before my musing eye
 The mighty ones of old sweep by,
 Disvoiced now and insubstantial things,

As noisy once as we; poor ghosts of kings,
 Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,
 And many races, nameless long ago,
 To darkness driven by that imperious gust
 Of ever-rushing Time that here doth blow:
 O visionary world, condition strange,
 Where naught abiding is but only Change,
 Where the deep-bolted stars themselves
 still shift and range !

Shall we to more continuance make pre-
 tence ?

Renown builds tombs; a life-estate is Wit;
 And, bit by bit,

The cunning years steal all from us but
 woe;

Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest
 sow.

But, when we vanish hence,
 Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,
 Save to make green their little length of
 sods,

Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
 Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods ?
 Was dying all they had the skill to do ?
 That were not fruitless: but the Soul re-
 sents

Such short-lived service, as if blind events
 Ruled without her, or earth could so en-
 dure;

She claims a more divine investiture
 Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents;
 What'er she touches doth her nature
 share;

Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,
 Gives eyes to mountains blind,
 Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,
 And her clear trump sings succor every-
 where

By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;
 For soul inherits all that soul could dare:

Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
 And larger privilege of life than man.
 The single deed, the private sacrifice,
 So radiant now through proudly-hidden
 tears,

Is covered up ere long from mortal eyes
 With thoughtless drift of the deciduous
 years;

But that high privilege that makes all men
 peers,

That leap of heart whereby a people rise
 Up to a noble anger's height,

And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but
 grow more bright,

That swift validity in noble veins,

Of choosing danger and disdaining shame,
 Of being set on flame
 By the pure fire that flies all contact base
 But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
 These are imperishable gains,
 Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
 These hold great futures in their lusty reins
 And certify to earth a new imperial race.

X

Who now shall sneer ?
 Who dare again to say we trace
 Our lines to a plebeian race ?
 Roundhead and Cavalier !
 Dumb are those names erewhile in battle
 loud;
 Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
 They flit across the ear:
 That is best blood that hath most iron in 't
 To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
 For what makes manhood dear.
 Tell us not of Plantagenets,
 Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods
 crawl
 Down from some victor in a border-brawl !
 How poor their outworn coronets,
 Matched with one leaf of that plain civic
 wreath
 Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,
 Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets
 Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
 Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
 With vain resentments and more vain
 regrets !

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
 Pure from passion's mixture rude
 Ever to base earth allied,
 But with far-heard gratitude,
 Still with heart and voice renewed,
 To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
 The strain should close that consecrates
 our brave.
 Lift the heart and lift the head !
 Lofty be its mood and grave,
 Not without a martial ring,
 Not without a prouder tread
 And a peal of exultation:
 Little right has he to sing
 Through whose heart in such an hour
 Beats no march of conscious power,
 Sweeps no tumult of elation !

T' is no Man we celebrate,
 By his country's victories great,
 A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
 But the pith and marrow of a Nation
 Drawing force from all her men,
 Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
 For her time of need, and then
 Pulsing it again through them,
 Till the basest can no longer cower,
 Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
 Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
 Come back, then, noble pride, for 't is her
 dower !
 How could poet ever tower,
 If his passions, hopes, and fears,
 If his triumphs and his tears,
 Kept not measure with his people ?
 Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and
 waves !
 Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking
 steeple !
 Banners, a-dance with triumph, bend your
 staves !
 And from every mountain-peak
 Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
 Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
 And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
 Till the glad news be sent
 Across a kindling continent,
 Making earth feel more firm and air breathe
 braver:
 "Be proud ! for she is saved, and all have
 helped to save her !
 She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
 She of the open soul and open door,
 With room about her hearth for all man-
 kind !
 The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;
 From her bold front the helm she doth un-
 bind,
 Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
 And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
 Their crashing battle, hold their thunders
 in,
 Swimming like birds of calm along the un-
 harmful shore.
 No challenge sends she to the elder world,
 That looked askance and hated; a light
 scorn
 Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty
 knees
 She calls her children back, and waits the
 morn
 Of nobler day, enthroned between her sub-
 ject seas."

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found
release !

Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His
ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought
thy peace !

Bow down in prayer and praise !
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfran-
chised brow.

O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once
more !

Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled
hair

O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know
it,

Among the Nations bright beyond com-
pare ?

What were our lives without thee ?

What all our lives to save thee ?

We reck not what we gave thee ;

We will not dare to doubt thee,

But ask whatever else, and we will dare !

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, " Father, who makes it snow ? "
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
" The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall ! "

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed
her ;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

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IN vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our deal-
ing ;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

IN A COPY OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

THESE pearls of thought in Persian gulfs
were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon ;
The diver Omar plucked them from their
bed,
Fitzgerald strung them on an English
thread.

Fit rosary for a queen, in shape and
hue,
When Contemplation tells her pensive
beads

Of mortal thoughts, forever old and new.
Fit for a queen? Why, surely then for
you!

The moral? Where Doubt's eddies toss
and twirl

Faith's slender shallop till her footing reel,
Plunge: if you find not peace beneath the
whirl,

Groping, you may like Omar grasp a pearl.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

SUMMER

THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'T is thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and — ah, yes,
I hear, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too fain,
But these — they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

PALINODE

AUTUMN

STILL thirteen years: 't is autumn now
On field and hill, in heart and brain;
The naked trees at evening sough;
The leaf to the forsaken bough
Sighs not, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,
That now is void, and dank with rain,
And one, — oh, hope more frail than
foam!

The bird to his deserted home
Sings not, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The loath gate swings with rusty creak;
Once, parting there, we played at pain;
There came a parting, when the weak
And fading lips essayed to speak
Vainly, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
And still, for eighteen centuries saith
Softly, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

If earth another grave must bear,
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
And something whispers my despair,
That, from an orient chamber there,
Floats down, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

AFTER THE BURIAL

YES, faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In its bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,

Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair !

Immortal ? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she ?
But that is the pang's very secret, —
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your moral most dearly true;
But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;
'T is a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made *Déath* other than Death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it, —
That jar of our earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit ! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dream-
land
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

IN THE TWILIGHT

MEN say the sullen instrument,
That, from the Master's bow,
With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every fibre
sent,

Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant;
Old summers in its memory glow;
The secrets of the wind it sings;
It hears the April-loosened springs;
And mixes with its mood
All it dreamed when it stood
In the murmurous pine-wood
Long ago !

The magical moonlight then
Steepled every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
Came dim from the distance blown;
The wind through its glooms sang low,
And it swayed to and fro
With delight as it stood
In the wonderful wood,
Long ago !

O my life, have we not had seasons
That only said, Live and rejoice ?
That asked not for causes and reasons,
But made us all feeling and voice ?
When we went with the winds in their
blowing,
When Nature and we were peers,
And we seemed to share in the flowing
Of the inexhaustible years ?
Have we not from the earth drawn juices
Too fine for earth's sordid uses ?
Have I heard, have I seen
All I feel, all I know ?
Doth my heart overween ?
Or could it have been
Long ago ?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music heard once by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,
A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago !

And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again,
Could I but speak it and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so,
The world should once more have a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad,
Long ago !

AN AUTOGRAPH

O'ER the wet sands an insect crept
 Ages ere man on earth was known —
 And patient Time, while Nature slept,
 The slender tracing turned to stone.

'T was the first autograph: and ours ?
 Prithee, how much of prose or song,
 In league with the creative powers,
 Shall 'scape Oblivion's broom so long.
 24th June, 1886.

William Wetmore Story

CLEOPATRA

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets:

They bar with a purple stain
 My arms; turn over my pillows —
 They are hot where I have lain:
 Open the lattice wider,
 A gauze o'er my bosom throw,
 And let me inhale the odors
 That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
 And in his arms I lay;
 Ah, me! the vision has vanished —
 The music has died away.
 The flame and the perfume have perished —
 As this spiced aromatic pastille
 That wound the blue smoke of its odor
 Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves,
 They cool me after my sleep,
 And with sandal odors fan me
 Till into my veins they creep;
 Reach down the lute, and play me
 A melancholy tune,
 To rhyme with the dream that has vanished
 And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
 Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
 Through slender papyri, that cover
 The wary crocodile.
 The lotus lolls on the water,
 And opens its heart of gold,
 And over its broad leaf pavement
 Never a ripple is rolled.
 The twilight breeze is too lazy
 Those feathery palms to wave,
 And yon little cloud is as motionless
 As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
 Oppresses my heart and brain!

Oh! for a storm and thunder —
 For lightning and wild fierce rain!
 Fling down that lute — I hate it!
 Take rather his buckler and sword,
 And crash them and clash them together
 Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty —
 My cockatoo, creamy white,
 With roses under his feathers —
 That flashes across the light.
 Look! listen! as backward and forward
 To his hoop of gold he clings,
 How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
 And shrieks as he madly swings!
 Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
 Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
 Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
 Till he hears you even in Rome.

There — leave me, and take from my
 chamber
 That stupid little gazelle,
 With its bright black eyes so meaning-
 less,
 And its silly tinkling bell!
 Take him, — my nerves he vexes —
 The thing without blood or brain,
 Or, by the body of Isis,
 I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
 Mistily stretching away,
 Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
 O'er the mountains quivering play;
 Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
 Pours from the west its fire,
 And melted, as in a crucible,
 Their earthy forms expire;
 And the bald blear skull of the desert
 With glowing mountains is crowned,
 That burning like molten jewels
 Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started,
When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive
arms —
How powerful he was and grand !
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my
neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor —
For I was flexible and fair —
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay couching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half-hour.

Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore their limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for !
Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife !

Come to my arms, my hero !
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me !
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress !
I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then !

IO VICTIS

I SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell
in the Battle of Life, —
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who
died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for
whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose
brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble,
the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely
a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches,
whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they
had grasped at, who stood at the
dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around
them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With Death swooping down o'er their fail-
ure, and all but their faith over-
thrown,

While the voice of the world shouts its
chorus, — its pæan for those who
have won;

While the trumpet is sounding triumphant,
and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping,
and hurrying feet

Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors,
I stand on the field of defeat,

In the shadow, with those who have fallen,
and wounded, and dying, and there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on
their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper,
"They only the victory win,

Who have fought the good fight, and have
vanquished the demon that tempts us within;

Who have held to their faith unseduced
by the prize that the world holds on high;

Who have dared for a high cause to suffer,
resist, fight, — if need be, to die."

Speak, History ! who are Life's victors ?
Unroll thy long annals, and say,

Are they those whom the world called the
victors — who won the success of a day ?

The martyrs, or Nero ? The Spartans,
who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,

Or the Persians and Xerxes ? His judges
or Socrates ? Pilate or Christ ?

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE

A THOUSAND silent years ago,
The twilight faint and pale
Was drawing o'er the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and, turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'T is done.

"Thus much is saved from chance and
change,
That waits for me and thee;
Thus much — how little ! — from the range
Of Death and Destiny.

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay, —
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live, —
For Art can grant what Love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought ! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When this quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I are dust !

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told,

"This senseless stone, so coldly fair,
That love nor life can warm,
The same enchanting look shall wear,
The same enchanting form.

"Its peace no sorrow shall destroy;
Its beauty age shall spare
The bitterness of vanished joy,
The wearing waste of care.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
'So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved !'"

Julia Ward Howe

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE RE- PUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the com-
ing of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
 hundred circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the
 evening dews and damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the
 dim and flaring lamps.
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
 rows of steel:
 "As ye deal with my contemnners, so with
 you my grace shall deal;
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the
 serpent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
 shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before
 his judgment-seat:
 Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be
 jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
 across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
 you and me:
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to
 make men free,
 While God is marching on.

OUR ORDERS

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
 To deck our girls for gay delights!
 The crimson flower of battle blooms,
 And solemn marches fill the night.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
 Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
 And homely garments, coarse and gray,
 For orphans that must earn their bread!

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
 That poured delight from other lands!
 Rouse there the dancer's restless feet:
 The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
 With mystic fame and subtle power,
 Go, chatter to the idle birds,
 Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
 Be all your offices combined!
 Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
 The destiny of human kind.

And if that destiny could fail,
 The sun should darken in the sky,
 The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
 And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

Walt Whitman

BEGINNERS

How they are provided for upon the earth
 (appearing at intervals),
 How dear and dreadful they are to the
 earth,
 How they inure to themselves as much as
 to any, what a paradox appears their
 age,
 How people respond to them, yet know
 them not,
 How there is something relentless in their
 fate all times,
 How all times mischoose the objects of
 their adulation and reward,
 And how the same inexorable price must
 still be paid for the same great
 purchase.

STILL THOUGH THE ONE I
SING

STILL though the one I sing,
 (One, yet of contradictions made) I dedi-
 cate to Nationality,
 I leave in him revolt, (O latent right of in-
 surrection! O quenchless, indis-
 pensable fire!)

FROM "THE SONG OF MYSELF"

MYSELF

I CELEBRATE myself, and sing myself,
 And what I assume you shall assume,
 For every atom belonging to me as good
 belongs to you.

I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease observing a
spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, formed
from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from pa-
rents the same, and their parents
the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect
health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back awhile sufficed at what they
are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to
speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

LEAVES OF GRASS

A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it
to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not
know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition,
out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the
Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer de-
signedly dropped,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the
corners, that we may see and re-
mark, and say *Whose?*

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the
produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad
zones and narrow zones,
Growing among black folks as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I
give them the same, I receive them
the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut
hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts
of young men,

It may be if I had known them I would
have loved them,
It may be you are from old people, or from
offspring taken soon out of their
mothers' laps,
And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the
white heads of old mothers,
Darker than the colorless beards of old
men,
Dark to come from under the faint red
roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering
tongues,
And I perceive they do not come from the
roofs of mouths for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the
dead young men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers,
and the offspring taken soon out of
their laps.

What do you think has become of the young
and old men?
And what do you think has become of the
women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really
no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life,
and does not wait at the end to ar-
rest it,
And ceased the moment life appeared.

All goes onward and outward, nothing col-
lapses,
And to die is different from what any one
supposed, and luckier.

I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept
by a carpenter's compass,
I know I shall not pass like a child's carla-
cue cut with a burnt stick at night.

One world is away and by far the largest
to me, and that is myself,
And whether I come to my own to-day or
in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal
cheerfulness I can wait.

My foothold is tenoned and mortised in
granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.

HEROES

I UNDERSTAND the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times,
How the skipper saw the crowded and
rudderless wreck of the steamship,
and Death chasing it up and down
the storm,

How he knuckled tight and gave not back
an inch, and was faithful of days
and faithful of nights,

And chalked in large letters on a board,
*Be of good cheer, we will not desert
you ;*

How he followed with them and tacked
with them three days and would not
give it up,

How he saved the drifting company at last,
How the lank loose-gowned women looked
when boated from the side of their
prepared graves,

How the silent old-faced infants, and the
lifted sick, and the sharp-lipped un-
shaved men ;

All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it
well, it becomes mine,

I am the man, I suffered, I was there.

Agonies are one of my changes of gar-
ments,

I do not ask the wounded person how he
feels, I myself become the wounded
person,

My hurts turn livid upon me as I lean on a
cane and observe.

I am the mashed fireman with breast-bone
broken,

Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the
yelling shouts of my comrades,

I heard the distant click of their picks and
shovels ;

They have cleared the beams away, they
tenderly lift me forth.

I lie in the night air in my red shirt, the
pervading hush is for my sake,
Painless after all I lie exhausted but not
so unhappy,

White and beautiful are the faces around
me, the heads are bared of their fire-
caps,
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of
the torches.

Distant and dead resuscitate,
They show as the dial or move as the hands
of me, I am the clock myself.

I am an old artillerist, I tell of my fort's
bombardment,
I am there again.

Again the long roll of the drummers,
Again the attacking cannon, mortars,
Again to my listening ears the cannon re-
sponsive.

I take part, I see and hear the whole,
The cries, curses, roar, the plaudits for
well-aimed shots,

The ambulance slowly passing trailing its
red drip,

Workmen searching after damages, making
indispensable repairs,

The fall of grenades through the rent roof,
the fan-shaped explosion,

The whizz of limbs, heads, stone, wood,
iron, high in the air.

Again gurgles the mouth of my dying gen-
eral, he furiously waves with his
hand,

He gasps through the clot *Mind not me —
mind — the entrenchments.*

Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight ?
Would you learn who won by the light of
the moon and stars ?

List to the yarn, as my grandmother's
father the sailor told it to me.

Our foe was no skulk in his ship I tell you,
(said he)

His was the surly English pluck, and there
is no tougher or truer, and never
was, and never will be ;

Along the lowered eve he came horribly
raking us.

We closed with him, the yards entangled,
the cannon touched,

My captain lashed fast with his own
hands.

We had received some eighteen pound
shots under the water,
On our lower gun-deck two large pieces
had burst at the first fire, killing all
around and blowing up overhead.

Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark,
Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well
up, our leaks on the gain, and five
feet of water reported,
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners
confined in the after-hold to give
them a chance for themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is
now stopped by the sentinels,
They see so many strange faces they do not
know whom to trust.

Our frigate takes fire,
The other asks if we demand quarter ?
If our colors are struck and the fighting
done ?

Now I laugh content for I hear the voice
of my little captain,
We have not struck, he composedly cries, *we*
have just begun our part of the fighting.

Only three guns are in use,
One is directed by the captain himself
against the enemy's mainmast,
Two well served with grape and canister
silence his musketry and clear his
decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little
battery, especially the main-top,
They hold out bravely during the whole of
the action.

Not a moment's cease,
The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire
eats toward the powder-magazine.

One of the pumps has been shot away, it is
generally thought we are sinking.

Serene stands the little captain,
He is not hurried, his voice is neither high
nor low,

His eyes give more light to us than our
battle-lanterns.

Toward twelve there in the beams of the
moon they surrender to us.

INFINITY

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the
stairs,

On every step bunches of ages, and larger
bunches between the steps,
All below duly travelled, and still I mount
and mount.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind
me,

Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, I
know I was even there,

I waited unseen and always, and slept
through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from
the fetid carbon.

Long I was hugged close — long and
long.

Immense have been the preparations for
me,

Faithful and friendly the arms that have
helped me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing
like cheerful boatmen,

For room to me stars kept aside in their
own rings,

They sent influences to look after what was
to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother gen-
erations guided me,

My embryo has never been torpid, nothing
could overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their
mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employed to
complete and delight me,

Now on this spot I stand with my robust
soul.

Old age superbly rising ! O welcome, in-
effable grace of dying days !

Every condition promulges not only itself,
it promulges what grows after and
out of itself,

And the dark hush promulges as much as
any.

I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems,
And all I see multiplied as high as I can cipher edge but the rim of the farther systems.

Wider and wider they spread, expanding,
always expanding,
Outward and outward and forever outward.
My sun has his sun and round him obediently wheels,
He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit,
And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest inside them.

There is no stoppage and never can be stoppage,
If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces, were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not avail in the long run,

We should surely bring up again where we now stand,
And surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

A few quadrillions of eras, a few octillions of cubic leagues, do not hazard the span or make it impatient,
They are but parts, anything is but a part.

See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,
Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there.

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN

GIVE me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling,
Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard,
Give me a field where the unmowed grass grows,

Give me an arbor, give me the trellised grape,

Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving animals teaching content,

Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus west of the Mississippi, and I looking up at the stars,

Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where I can walk undisturbed,

Give me for marriage a sweet-breathed woman of whom I should never tire,

Give me a perfect child, give me, away aside from the noise of the world, a rural domestic life,

Give me to warble spontaneous songs reclusive by myself, for my own ears only,

Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again O Nature your primal sanities !

These demanding to have them, (tired with ceaseless excitement, and racked by the war-strife)

These to procure incessantly asking, rising in cries from my heart,

While yet incessantly asking still I adhere to my city,

Day upon day and year upon year, O city, walking your streets,

Where you hold me enchained a certain time refusing to give me up,

Yet giving to make me gluttled, enriched of soul, you give me forever faces;

(O I see what I sought to escape, confronting, reversing my cries,

I see my own soul trampling down what it asked for.)

Keep your splendid silent sun,

Keep your woods, O Nature, and the quiet places by the woods,

Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your corn-fields and orchards,

Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields where the Ninth-month bees hum;

Give me faces and streets — give me these phantoms incessant and endless along the trottoirs !

Give me interminable eyes — give me women — give me comrades and lovers by the thousand !

Let me see new ones every day — let me
hold new ones by the hand every
day !

Give me such shows — give me the streets
of Manhattan !

Give me Broadway, with the soldiers
marching — give me the sound of
the trumpets and drums !

(The soldiers in companies or regiments —
some starting away flushed and
reckless,

Some, their time up, returning with thinned
ranks, young, yet very old, worn,
marching, noticing nothing;)

Give me the shores and wharves heavy-
fringed with black ships !

O such for me ! O an intense life, full to
repletion and varied !

The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge
hotel, for me !

The saloon of the steamer ! The crowded
excursion for me ! The torchlight
procession !

The dense brigade bound for the war, with
high-piled military wagons follow-
ing;

People, endless, streaming, with strong
voices, passions, pageants,

Manhattan streets with their powerful
throbs, with beating drums as now,

The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle
and clank of muskets (even the sight
of the wounded),

Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent
musical chorus !

Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

MANNAHATTA

I WAS asking for something specific and
perfect for my city,

Whereupon lo ! upsprang the aboriginal
name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word,
liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-
sufficient,

I see that the word of my city is that word
from of old,

Because I see that word nested in nests of
water-bays, superb,

Rich, hemmed thick all around with sail
ships and steam ships, an island six-
teen miles long, solid-founded,

Numberless crowded streets, high growths
of iron, slender, strong, light, splen-
didly uprising toward clear skies,

Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me,
towards sundown,

The flowing sea-currents, the little islands,
larger adjoining islands, the heights,
the villas,

The countless masts, the white shore-steam-
ers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the
black sea-steamers well-modelled,

The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses
of business, the houses of business
of the ship-merchants and money-
brokers, the river-streets,

Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty
thousand in a week,

The carts hauling goods, the manly race of
drivers of horses, the brown-faced
sailors,

The summer air, the bright sun shining, and
the sailing clouds aloft,

The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the
broken ice in the river, passing along
up or down with the flood-tide or
ebb-tide,

The mechanics of the city, the masters,
well-formed, beautiful-faced, look-
ing you straight in the eyes,

Trottoirs thronged, vehicles, Broadway,
the women, the shops and shows,

A million people — manners free and su-
perb — open voices — hospitality —
the most courageous and friendly
young men,

City of hurried and sparkling waters ! city
of spires and masts !

City nested in bays ! my city !

FROM "CROSSING BROOKLYN FERRY"

AH, what can ever be more stately and ad-
mirable to me than mast-hemmed
Manhattan ?

River and sunset and scallop-edged waves
of flood-tide ?

The sea-gulls oscillating their bodies, the
hay-boat in the twilight, and the
belated lighter ?

Flow on, river ! flow with the flood-tide,
and ebb with the ebb-tide !

Frolic on, crested and scallop-edged waves !

Gorgeous clouds of the sunset ! drench
 with your splendor me, or the men
 and women generations after me !
 Cross from shore to shore, countless crowds
 of passengers !
 Stand up, tall masts of Mannahatta ! Stand
 up, beautiful hills of Brooklyn !
 Throb, baffled and curious brain ! throw
 out questions and answers !
 Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float
 of solution !
 Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the house
 or street or public assembly !
 Sound out, voices of young men ! loudly
 and musically call me by my nigh-
 est name !
 Live, old life ! play the part that looks
 back on the actor or actress !
 Play the old role, the role that is great or
 small according as one makes it !
 Consider, you who peruse me, whether I
 may not in unknown ways be look-
 ing upon you ;
 Be firm, rail over the river, to support
 those who lean idly, yet haste with
 the hasting current ;
 Fly on, sea-birds ! fly sideways, or wheel
 in large circles high in the air ;
 Receive the summer sky, you water, and
 faithfully hold it till all downcast
 eyes have time to take it from you !
 Diverge, fine spokes of light, from the
 shape of my head, or any one's head,
 in the sunlit water !
 Come on, ships from the lower bay ! pass
 up or down, white-sailed schooners,
 sloops, lighters !
 Flaunt away, flags of all nations ! be duly
 lowered at sunset !
 Burn high your fires, foundry chimneys !
 cast black shadows at nightfall !
 cast red and yellow light over the
 tops of the houses !
 Appearances, now or henceforth, indicate
 what you are,
 You necessary film, continue to envelop
 the soul,
 About my body for me, and your body for
 you, be hung our divinest aromas,
 Thrive, cities — bring your freight, bring
 your shows, ample and sufficient
 rivers,
 Expand, being than which none else is per-
 haps more spiritual,
 Keep your places, objects than which none
 else is more lasting.

OUT OF THE CRADLE END- LESSLY ROCKING

OUT of the cradle endlessly rocking,
 Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the mu-
 sical shuttle,
 Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
 Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond,
 where the child leaving his bed
 wandered alone, bareheaded, bare-
 foot,
 Down from the showered halo,
 Up from the mystic play of shadows twin-
 ing and twisting as if they were
 alive,
 Out from the patches of briers and black-
 berries,
 From the memories of the bird that chanted
 to me,
 From your memories, sad brother, from the
 fitful risings and fallings I heard,
 From under that yellow half-moon late-
 risen and swollen as if with tears,
 From those beginning notes of yearning
 and love there in the mist,
 From the thousand responses of my heart
 never to cease,
 From the myriad thence-aroused words,
 From the word stronger and more delicious
 than any,
 From such as now they start the scene re-
 visiting,
 As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead
 passing,
 Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
 A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
 Throwing myself on the sand, confronting
 the waves,
 I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here
 and hereafter,
 Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly
 leaping beyond them,
 A reminiscence sing.

 Once Paumanok,
 When the lilac-scent was in the air and
 Fifth-month grass was growing,
 Up this seashore in some briers,
 Two feathered guests from Alabama, two
 together,
 And their nest, and four light-green eggs
 spotted with brown,
 And every day the he-bird to and fro near
 at hand,
 And every day the she-bird crouched on
 her nest, silent, with bright eyes,

And every day I, a curious boy, never too
close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

*Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.*

*Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.*

Till of a sudden,
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on
the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound
of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in
calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining
one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

*Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to
me.*

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scal-
loped stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of
all men know.

Yes, my brother, I know,—
The rest might not, but I have treasured
every note,
For more than once dimly down to the
beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending
myself with the shadows,

Recalling now the obscure shapes, the
echoes, the sounds and sights after
their sorts,

The white arms out in the breakers tire-
lessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting
my hair,
Listened long and long.

Listened to keep, to sing, now translating
the notes,
Following you, my brother.

*Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and
lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.*

*Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love,
with love.*

*O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.*

*O night! do I not see my love fluttering out
among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in
the white?*

*Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!*

*High and clear I shoot my voice over the
waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.*

*Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.*

*Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O, I think you could
give me my mate back again if you
only would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly which-
ever way I look.*

*O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will
rise with some of you.*

*O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the
one I want.*

*Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning
moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost
down into the sea!
O reckless despairing carols!*

*But soft! sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised
sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate re-
sponding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not
come immediately to me.*

*Hither, my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustained note I announce my-
self to you,
This gentle call is for you my love, for
you.*

*Do not be decoyed elsewhere:
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my
voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the
spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.*

*O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.*

*O brown halo in the sky near the moon, droop-
ing upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the
night.*

*O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.*

*The aria sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird
continuous echoing,
With angry moans the fierce old mother
incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray
and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging
down, drooping, the face of the sea
almost touching,
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the
waves, with his hair the atmosphere
dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose,
now at last tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul,
swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,
The undertone, the savage old mother in-
cessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing,
some drown'd secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.*

*Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul)
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing?
or is it really to me?
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use
sleeping, now I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for, I
awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand
songs, clearer, louder and more sor-
rowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to
life within me, never to die.*

*O you singers solitary, singing by yourself,
projecting me,
O solitary me listening, never more shall I
cease perpetuating you,
Never more shall I escape, never more
the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be
absent from me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful
child I was before what there in
the night,
By the sea under the yellow and sagging
moon,
The messenger there aroused, the fire, the
sweet hell within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me.*

O give me the clew ! (it lurks in the night
here somewhere)
O if I am to have so much, let me have
more !

A word then, (for I will conquer it)
The word final, superior to all,
Subtle, sent up — what is it ? — I listen;
Are you whispering it, and have been all
the time, you sea-waves ?
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet
sands ?

Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whispered me through the night, and very
plainly before daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word
death,
And again death, death, death, death,
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird
nor like my aroused child's heart,
But edging near as privately for me, rus-
tling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and
laving me softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and
brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on
Paumanok's gray beach,
With the thousand responsive songs at
random,
My own songs awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from
the waves,
The word of the sweetest song and all
songs,
That strong and delicious word which,
creeping to my feet,
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle,
swathed in sweet garments, bending
aside)
The sea whispered me.

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR-BIRD

THOU who hast slept all night upon the
storm,
Waking renewed on thy prodigious pinions,
(Burst the wild storm ? above it thou as-
cendedst,

And rested on the sky, thy slave that
cradled thee)
Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating,
As to the light emerging here on deck I
watch thee,
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's
floating vast.)

Far, far at sea,
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn
the shore with wrecks,
With re-appearing day as now so happy
and serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also re-appearest.

Thou born to match the gale, (thou art all
wings)
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and
hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward,
through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn
America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and
thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, hadst thou my
soul,
What joys ! what joys were thine !

THE DALLIANCE OF THE EAGLES

SKIRTING the river road (my forenoon
walk, my rest),
Skyward in air a sudden muffled sound,
the dalliance of the eagles,
The rushing amorous contact high in space
together,
The clinching interlocking claws, a living,
fierce, gyrating wheel,
Four beating wings, two beaks, a swirling
mass tight grappling,
In tumbling turning clustering loops,
straight downward falling,
Till o'er the river poised, the twain yet one,
a moment's lull,
A motionless still balance in the air, then
parting, talons loosing,
Upward again on slow-firm pinions slanting,
their separate diverse flight,
She here, he his, pursuing.

CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD

A LINE in long array where they wind be-
twixt green islands,
They take a serpentine course, their arms
flash in the sun, — hark to the mu-
sical clank,
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing
horses loitering stop to drink,
Behold the brown-faced men, each group,
each person, a picture, the negligent
rest on the saddles,
Some emerge on the opposite bank, others
are just entering the ford — while,
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

BIVOUAC ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE

I SEE before me now a travelling army
halting,
Below a fertile valley spread, with barns
and the orchards of summer,
Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain,
abrupt, in places rising high,
Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars,
with tall shapes dingily seen,
The numerous camp-fires scattered near
and far, some away up on the moun-
tain,
The shadowy forms of men and horses,
looming, large-sized, flickering,
And over all the sky — the sky ! far, far
out of reach, studded, breaking out,
the eternal stars.

A SIGHT IN CAMP IN THE DAY-
BREAK GRAY AND DIM

A SIGHT in camp in the daybreak gray and
dim,
As from my tent I emerge so early sleep-
less,
As slow I walk in the cool fresh air the
path near by the hospital tent,
Three forms I see on stretchers lying,
brought out there untended lying,
Over each the blanket spread, ample brown-
ish woolen blanket,
Gray and heavy blanket, folding, covering
all.

Curious I halt and silent stand,
Then with light fingers I from the face of
the nearest, the first, just lift the
blanket;

Who are you, elderly man so gaunt and
grim, with well-grayed hair, and
flesh all sunken about the eyes ?

Who are you, my dear comrade ?

Then to the second I stepped — and who
are you, my child and darling ?

Who are you, sweet boy with cheeks yet
blooming ?

Then to the third — a face nor child nor
old, very calm, as of beautiful yel-
low-white ivory;

Young man, I think I know you — I think
this face is the face of the Christ
himself,

Dead and divine and brother of all, and
here again he lies.

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip
is done,

The ship has weathered every rack, the
prize we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the
people all exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the ves-
sel grim and daring;

But O heart ! heart ! heart !

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain
lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear
the bells;

Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for
you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths —
for you the shores acrowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their
eager faces turning;

Here Captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are
pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has
no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its
voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells !
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

AFTER AN INTERVAL

(NOVEMBER 22, 1875, MIDNIGHT—SAT-
URN AND MARS IN CONJUNCTION)

AFTER an interval, reading, here in the
midnight,
With the great stars looking on—all the
stars of Orion looking,
And the silent Pleiades—and the duo
looking of Saturn and ruddy Mars;
Pondering, reading my own songs, after a
long interval, (sorrow and death fam-
iliar now)
Ere closing the book, what pride! what
joy! to find them
Standing so well the test of death and
night,
And the duo of Saturn and Mars!

DAREST THOU NOW O SOUL

DAREST thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown
region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor
any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human
hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor
eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O soul!
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,—
All waits undreamed of in that region, that
inaccessible land.

Till when the tie is loosened,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any
bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul! prepared for
them,
Equal, equipped at last, (O joy! O fruit of
all!) them to fulfil, O soul!

Thomas Dunn English

SONGS

THE OLD MILL

HERE from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel
roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.
I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,

And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door;
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop or the wheel might
go,
It was all the same to me.

'T is twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes, and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

BEN BOLT

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, —

Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her
a smile,

And trembled with fear at your frown ?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,

In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so
gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.

The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,

The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls
as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,

At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley
limbs,

Which nigh by the doorstep stood ?

The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest
waved

Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,

With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running
brook

Where the children went to swim ?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,

The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates
then

There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,

They have changed from the old to the
new;

But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the
truth,

There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I
hail

Your presence a blessing, your friendship a
truth,

Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

Josiah Gilbert Holland¹

DANIEL GRAY

IF I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and
pray,

In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him
better;

For my young eyes oft read for him the
Word,

And saw how meekly from the crystal let-
ter

He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,

Nor was he called as one among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and
phrases,

Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday
rhymes;

And I suppose that in his prayers and
graces

I've heard them all at least a thousand
times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his
motions,

His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,

Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen
chair.

¹ See, also, p. 588.

I can remember how the sentence sounded —
 "Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to
 faint!"

And how the "conquering and to conquer"
 rounded
 The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve
 him:

He never kissed his children — so they say;
 And finest scenes and fairest flowers would
 move him

Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the
 way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
 And righteous words for sin of every kind;
 Alas, that the transgressor and transgres-
 sion

Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
 And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
 And pitied men whose views of Christian
 duty

Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within
 him;

And I am told that when his Charley died,
 Nor nature's need nor gentle words could
 win him

From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley
 They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in
 his hair,

And on his breast a rose-bud gathered
 early,

And guessed, but did not know, who placed
 it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
 Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
 Instant in prayer, and fearful most of fall-
 ing,

Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
 He thought that in some strange, unlooked-
 for way

His mighty Friend in Heaven, the great
 Redeemer,

Would honor him with wealth some golden
 day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
 Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
 And his Redeemer called him to inherit
 The heaven of wealth long garnered up for
 him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
 For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and
 pray,

In the great company of the forgiven
 I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

BABYHOOD

WHAT is the little one thinking about?

Very wonderful things, no doubt!

Unwritten history!

Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and
 drinks,

And chuckles and crows, and nods and
 winks,

As if his head were as full of kinks

And curious riddles as any sphinx!

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,

Punctured by pins, and tortured by
 fears,

Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know

Where the summers go;—

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the manikin feels his way

Out from the shore of the great unknown,

Blind, and wailing, and alone,

Into the light of day?—

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony,—

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Specked with the barks of little souls—

Barks that were launched on the other side,

And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's
 eyes?

What does he think of his mother's hair?

What of the cradle-roof that flies

Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think of his mother's
 breast—

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,

Seeking it ever with fresh delight—

Cup of his life and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her quick embrace
 Presses his hand and buries his face
 Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
 With a tenderness she can never tell,
 Though she murmur the words
 Of all the birds —
 Words she has learned to murmur well ?
 Now he thinks he 'll go to sleep !
 I can see the shadow creep
 Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
 Over his brow, and over his lips,
 Out to his little finger-tips !
 Softly sinking, down he goes !
 Down he goes ! Down he goes !
 See ! He is hushed in sweet repose !

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THERE 's a song in the air !
 There 's a star in the sky !
 There 's a mother's deep prayer
 And a baby's low cry !
 And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There 's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the virgin's sweet boy
 Is the Lord of the earth.
 Ay ! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star
 Lie the ages impearled;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept over the world.
 Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
 In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.
 Ay ! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
 And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

Herman Melville

THE COLLEGE COLONEL ¹

HE rides at their head;
 A crutch by his saddle just slants in view,
 One slung arm is in splints you see,
 Yet he guides his strong steed — how coldly too.

He brings his regiment home,
 Not as they filed two years before;
 But a remnant half-tattered, and battered,
 and worn,
 Like castaway sailors, who, stunned
 By the surf's loud roar,
 Their mates dragged back and seen no more, —
 Again and again breast the surge,
 And at last crawl, spent, to shore.

A still rigidity and pale,
 An Indian aloofness, lones his brow;

He has lived a thousand years
 Compressed in battle's pains and prayers,
 Marches and watches slow.

There are welcoming shouts and flags;
 Old men off hat to the Boy,
 Wreaths from gay balconies fall at his feet,
 But to him — there comes alloy.

It is not that a leg is lost,
 It is not that an arm is maimed,
 It is not that the fever has racked, —
 Self he has long disclaimed.

But all through the Seven Days' Fight,
 And deep in the Wilderness grim,
 And in the field-hospital tent,
 And Petersburg crater, and dim
 Lean brooding in Libby, there came —
 Ah heaven ! — what *truth* to him !

¹ Copyright, 1866, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE EAGLE OF THE BLUE¹

ALOFT he guards the starry folds
Who is the brother of the star;
The bird whose joy is in the wind
Exulteth in the war.

No painted plume—a sober hue,
His beauty is his power;
That eager calm of gaze intent
Foresees the Sibyl's hour.

Austere, he crowns the swaying perch,
Flapped by the angry flag;
The hurricane from the battery sings,
But his claw has known the crag.

Amid the scream of shells, his scream
Runs shrilling; and the glare
Of eyes that brave the blinding sun
The volleyed flame can bear.

The pride of quenchless strength is his—
Strength which, though chained, avails;
The very rebel looks and thrills—
The anchored Emblem hails.

Though scarred in many a furious fray,
No deadly hurt he knew;
Well may we think his years are charmed—
The Eagle of the Blue.

MEMORIALS

ON THE SLAIN AT CHICKAMAUGA¹

HAPPY are they and charmed in life
Who through long wars arrive un-
scarred
At peace. To such the wreath be given,
If they unfalteringly have striven—
In honor, as in limb, unmarred.
Let cheerful praise be rife,
And let them live their years at ease,
Musing on brothers who victorious died—
Loved mates whose memory shall ever
please.

And yet mischance is honorable too—
Seeming defeat in conflict justified,
Whose end to closing eyes is hid from
view.
The will, that never can relent—

The aim, survivor of the bafflement,
Make this memorial due.

AN UNINSCRIBED MONUMENT ON ONE
OF THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE WIL-
DERNESS¹

SILENCE and Solitude may hint
(Whose home is in yon piny wood)
What I, though tableted, could never tell—
The din which here befell,
And striving of the multitude.
The iron cones and spheres of death
Set round me in their rust,—
These, too, if just,
Shall speak with more than animated
breath.

Thou who beholdest, if thy thought,
Not narrowed down to personal cheer,
Take in the import of the quiet here—
The after-quiet—the calm full fraught;
Thou too wilt silent stand,—
Silent as I, and lonesome as the land.

CROSSING THE TROPICS

WHILE now the Pole Star sinks from
sight
The Southern Cross it climbs the sky;
But losing thee, my love, my light,
O bride but for one bridal night,
The loss no rising joys supply.

Love, love, the Trade Winds urge abaft,
And thee, from thee, they steadfast waft.

By day the blue and silver sea
And chime of waters blandly fanned,—
Nor these, nor Gama's stars to me
May yield delight, since still for thee
I long as Gama longed for land.

I yearn, I yearn, reverting turn,
My heart it streams in wake astern.

When, cut by slanting sleet, we swoop
Where raves the world's inverted year,
If roses all your porch shall loop,
Not less your heart for me will droop,
Doubling the world's last outpost drear.

O love, O love, these oceans vast:
Love, love, it is as death were past!

¹ Copyright, 1866, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE ENVIABLE ISLES

THROUGH storms you reach them and from
storms are free.

Afar descried, the foremost drear in
hue,

But, nearer, green; and, on the marge, the
sea

Makes thunder low and mist of rain-
bowed dew.

But, inland, — where the sleep that folds
the hills

A dreamier sleep, the trance of God, in-
stils, —

On uplands hazed, in wandering airs
aswoon,

Slow-swaying palms salute love's cypress
tree

Adown in vale where pebbly runlets croon
A song to lull all sorrow and all glee.

Sweet-fern and moss in many a glade are
here,

Where, strown in flocks, what cheek-
flushed myriads lie

Dimpling in dream, unconscious slumberers
mere,

While billows endless round the beaches
die.

Thomas William Parsons

ON A BUST OF DANTE

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,

How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:

There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, — but a fight !

Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite ?

To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame ?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unswayed still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;

Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the convent's guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.

Peace dwells not here, — this rugged
face

Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
Dread scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time ! whose verdicts mock our
own,

The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now:
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

DIRGE

FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE

Room for a soldier ! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his
cover ;

Make his mound with hers who called him
once her lover:

Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city
churches;

Take him to the fragrant fields, by the sil-
ver birches,

Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn,
where the oriole perches:

Make his mound with sunshine on it.
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the bee was he, and his rest should
be the clover;

Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern
should be his cover;

Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's
pillow over:

Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come
full often

Out of those tender eyes which evermore
did soften:

He never could look cold till we saw him
in his coffin.

Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Plant the lordly pine upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel," — whatever invoca-
tion

Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy
station, —

On thy grave the rain shall fall from the
eyes of a mighty nation !

Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,

Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

MARY BOOTH

WHAT shall we do now, Mary being dead,
Or say or write that shall express the
half ?

What can we do but pillow that fair head,
And let the Spring-time write her epi-
taph ! —

As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,
Wind-flower and columbine and maiden's
tear;

Each letter of that pretty alphabet,
That spells in flowers the pageant of the
year.

She was a maiden for a man to love;
She was a woman for a husband's life;
One that has learned to value, far above
The name of love, the sacred name of
wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,
Had all there is of life, except gray
hairs, —

Hope, love, trust, passion, and devotion
deep;
And that mysterious tie a mother bears.

She hath fulfilled her promise and hath
passed;

Set her down gently at the iron door !
Eyes look on that loved image for the last:
Now cover it in earth, — her earth no
more.

HER EPITAPH

THE handful here, that once was Mary's
earth,

Held, while it breathed, so beautiful a
soul,

That, when she died, all recognized her
birth,

And had their sorrow in serene control.

"Not here ! not here !" to every mourner's
heart

The wintry wind seemed whispering
round her bier;

And when the tomb-door opened, with a
start
We heard it echoed from within, —
“Not here !”

Shouldst thou, sad pilgrim, who mayst
hither pass,
Note in these flowers a delicater hue,
Should spring come earlier to this hallowed
grass,
Or the bee later linger on the dew, —

Know that her spirit to her body lent
Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness
can;
That even her dust, and this her monument,
Have yet a spell to stay one lonely
man, —

Lonely through life, but looking for the
day
When what is mortal of himself shall
sleep,
When human passion shall have passed
away,
And Love no longer be a thing to weep.

TO A YOUNG GIRL DYING

WITH A GIFT OF FRESH PALM-LEAVES

THIS is Palm Sunday: mindful of the day,
I bring palm branches, found upon my
way:

But these will wither; thine shall never
die, —

The sacred palms thou bearest to the
sky !

Dear little saint, though but a child in
years,

Older in wisdom than my gray compeers !
We doubt and tremble, — *we*, with bated
breath,

Talk of this mystery of life and death:
Thou, strong in faith, art gifted to con-
ceive

Beyond thy years, and teach us to believe !

Then take my palms, triumphal, to thy
home,

Gentle white palmer, never more to roam !
Only, sweet sister, give me, ere thou go'st,
Thy benediction, — for my love thou
know'st !

We, too, are pilgrims, travelling towards
the shrine:
Pray that our pilgrimage may end like
thine !

INTO THE NOISELESS COUNTRY

INTO the noiseless country Annie went,
Among the silent people where no sound
Of wheel or voice or implement — no roar
Of wind or billow moves the tranquil
air:

And oft at midnight when my strength is
spent

And day's delirium in the lull is drowned
Of deepening darkness, as I kneel before
Her palm and cross, comes to my soul this
prayer,

That partly brings me back to my content,
“Oh, that hushed forest ! — soon may I
be there !”

ANDREW

ERMINE or blazonry, he knew them not,
Nor cloth of gold, for Duty was his
Queen;
But this he knew, — a soul without a spot,
Judgment untarnished, and a conscience
clean.

In peace, in war, a worker day and night,
Laborious chieftain ! toiling at his lamp;
The children had the splendor of the
fight, —

Home was his battle-field, his room the
camp.

Without a wound, without a stain he fell,
But with life rounded, all his acts com-
plete;

And seldom History will have to tell
Of one whom Cato could more gladly
greet.

Among the just his welcome should be
warm,

Nor will New England let his memory
cease;

He was our peacemaker, who mid the storm
Of the great conflict, served the Prince
of Peace.

OBITUARY

FINDING Francesca full of tears, I said,
 "Tell me thy trouble." "Oh, my dog is
 dead!

Murdered by poison!—no one knows for
 what—

Was ever dog born capable of that?"

"Child,"—I began to say, but checked
 my thought,—

"A better dog can easily be bought."

For no—what animal could him replace?

Those loving eyes! That fond, confiding
 face!

Those dear, dumb touches! Therefore I
 was dumb.

From word of mine could any comfort
 come?

A bitter sorrow 't is to lose a brute

Friend, dog or horse, for grief must then
 be mute,—

So many smile to see the rivers shed

Of tears for one poor, speechless creature
 dead.

When parents die there's many a word to
 say,—

Kind words, consoling—one can always
 pray;

When children die 't is natural to tell

Their mother, "Certainly, with them 't is
 well!"

But for a dog, 't was all the life he had,
 Since death is end of dogs, or good or bad.

This was his world; he was contented here;
 Imagined nothing better, naught more

dear,

Than his young mistress; sought no brighter
 sphere;

Having no sin, asked not to be forgiven;

Ne'er guessed at God nor ever dreamed of
 heaven.

Now he has passed away, so much of love

Goes from our life, without one hope above!

When a dog dies there's nothing to be said

But—kiss me, darling!—dear old Smil-
 er's dead.

TO A LADY

WITH A HEAD OF DIANA

My Christmas gifts were few: to one

A fan, to keep love's flame alive,

Since even to the constant sun

Twilight and setting must arrive;

And to another—she who sent

That splendid toy, an empty purse—

I gave, though not for satire meant,

An emptier thing—a scrap of verse;

For thee I chose Diana's head,

Graved by a cunning hand in Rome,

To whose dim shop my feet were led

By sweet remembrances of home.

'T was with a kind of pagan feeling

That I my little treasure bought,—

My mood I care not for concealing,—

"Great is Diana!" was my thought.

Methought, howe'er we change our creeds,

Whether to Jove or God we bend,

By various paths religion leads

All spirits to a single end.

The goddess of the woods and fields,

The healthful huntress, undefiled,

Now with her fabled brother yields

To sinless Mary and her Child.

But chastity and truth remain

Still the same virtues as of yore,

Whether we kneel in Christian fane

Or old mythologies adore.

What though the symbol were a lie,—

Since the ripe world hath wiser grown,—

If any goodness grew thereby,

I will not scorn it for mine own.

So I selected Dian's head

From out the artist's glittering show;

And this shall be my gift, I said,

To one that bears the silver bow;

To her whose quiet life has been

The mirror of as calm a heart,

Above temptation from the din

Of cities, and the pomp of art;

Who still hath spent her active days

Cloistered amid her happy hills,

Not ignorant of worldly ways,

But loving more the woods and rills.

And thou art she to whom I give

This image of the virgin queen,

Praying that thou, like her, mayst live

Thrice blest! in being seldom seen.

"LIKE AS THE LARK"

Quale allodetta che in aere si spazia
Prima cantando, e poi tace, contenta,
Dell' ultima dolcezza che la sazia.

DANTE: *Paradiso*, XX.

LIKE as the lark that, soaring higher and higher,
Singeth awhile, then stops as 't were content
With his last sweetness, having filled desire,
So paused our bard; not for his force was spent,
Nor that a string was loosened in his lyre,
But, having said his best and done his best,
He could not better what was given before,
And threescore years and ten, demanding rest,
Whispered, *They want thee on the other shore!*
And now he walks amid the learned throng,
Haply with him who was the sixth of those
Who towered above the multitude in song,
Or by the side of Geoffrey Chaucer goes,
Who shall remember with his wonted smile
How James found music in his antique style.
But we'll not mingle fancies with our sorrow
Nor from his own imagination borrow;
Holmes, who is left us, best could speak his praise
Who knew his heart so well and loved his lays,
And whom Heaven crowns with greater length of days.

O YE SWEET HEAVENS!

O YE sweet heavens! your silence is to me
More than all music. With what full delight

I come down to my dwelling by the sea
And look from out the lattice on the night!
There the same glories burn serene and bright

As in my boyhood; and if I am old
Are they not also? Thus my spirit is bold

To think perhaps we are coeval. Who
Can tell when first my faculty began
Of thought? Who knows but I was there with you

When first your Maker's mind, celestial spheres,

Contrived your motion ere I was a man?
Else, wherefore do mine eyes thus fill with tears

As I, O Pleiades! your beauty scan?

PARADISI GLORIA

"O frate moi! ciascuna e cittadina
D'una vera città" . . .

THERE is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things

Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold

Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few

Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,
Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

William Wilberforce Lord

FROM "WORSHIP"

FOR them, O God, who only worship Thee
In fanes whose fretted roofs shut out the
heavens,
Let organs breathe, and chorded psalteries
sound :

But let my voice rise with the mingled
noise

Of winds and waters;—winds that in the
sedge,

And grass, and ripening grain, while na-
ture sleeps,

Practise, in whispered music, soft and low,
Their sweet inventions, and then sing them
loud

In caves, and on the hills, and in the woods,
— A moving anthem, that along the air
Dying, then swelling forth in fitful gusts,
Like a full choir of bodiless voices,
sweeps, —

Yea, of the great earth that make an in-
strument,

Awakening with their touch, itself not mute,
Each different thing to difference of tone,
Long, harp-like shrillings, or soft gush of
sounds; —

Waters, — to earth, as to the air the winds,
Motion and utterance, and that begin

Even at their source the gently murmured
hymn,

Rise with the river, with the torrent swell,
And at the cataract's dizzy, headlong leap,
Break forth in solemn and deep bursts of
song.

Yet what is all this deep, perpetual sound, —
These voices of the earth, and sea, and
air,

That make it seem to us, as if our Earth,
Into the silent and unruffled deep
Led forth, with thunder-step, the choir of
worlds ?

All these, — what are they ? — in the
boundless void,

An insect's whisper in the ear of night,
A voice in that of death, — in thine, O God,
A faint symphony to Heaven ascending
Amid ten thousand, thousand songs of
praise.

Break forth, ye Winds !

That in the impalpable deep caves of
air,

Moving your silent plumes, in dreams of
flight,

Tumultuous lie, and from your half-
stretched wings

Beat the faint zephyrs that disturb the
air; —

Break forth, ye fiercer harmonies, ye
Storms

That in the cavernous and unquiet sea

Lie pent, and like imprisoned thunders
beat

Your azure confines, making endless
moan; —

All sounds, all harmonies, break forth ! and
be

To these my thoughts and aspirations,
voice; —

Rise, rise, not bearing, but upborne by
them, —

Rise through the golden gates uplift and
wide !

In, through the everlasting doors ! and join
The multitude of multitudes whose praise

With mighty burst of full accordant sound
Moves Heaven's whole fabric vast, as
move the clouds

That from their swinging censers upward
pour,

By wings of hovering seraphim disturbed, —
A sound so deep and loud, that at its
might

The pillared heavens would fail, and all
their frame

Of ancient strength and grandeur sink at
once,

But for its soul of sweetness that sup-
ports,

And mightier harmony that builds them
still: —

Ye Winds ! ye Storms ! all sounds and
harmonies,

O thither rise ! be heard amidst the throng;
Let them that dwell within the gates of
light,

And them that sit on thrones — let seraphs
hear, —

Let laurelled saints, and let all angels
hear, —

A human soul knows and adores its God !

FROM AN "ODE TO ENGLAND"

KEATS

O GOLD Hyperion, love-lorn Porphyro,
 Ill-fated! from thine orb'd fire struck
 back
 Just as the parting clouds began to glow,
 And stars, like sparks, to bicker in thy
 track!
 Alas! throw down, throw down, ye
 mighty dead,
 The leaves of oak and asphodel
 That ye were weaving for that honored
 head,—
 In vain, in vain, your lips would seek a
 spell
 In the few charm'd words the poet sung,
 To lure him upward in your seats to
 dwell,—
 As vain your grief! Oh! why should one
 so young
 Sit crowned midst hoary heads with
 wreaths divine?
 Though to his lips Hymettus' bees had
 clung,
 His lips shall never taste the immortal
 wine,
 Who sought to drain the glowing cup too
 soon,
 For he hath perished, and the moon
 Hath lost Endymion — but too well
 The shaft that pierced him in her arms
 was sped:
 Into that gulf of dark and nameless
 dread,
 Star-like he fell, but a wide splendor
 shed
 Through its deep night, that kindled as he
 fell.

WORDSWORTH

And Thou! whom earth still holds, and
 will not yield
 To join the mighty brotherhood of
 ghosts,—
 Who, when their lips upon the earth are
 sealed,
 Sing in the presence of the Lord of
 Hosts:—
 Thou that, when first my quickened ear
 Thy deeper harmonies might hear,
 I imaged to myself as old and blind,
 For so were Milton and Mæonides!

And worthy art thou — whether like the
 wind
 Rousing its might among the forest
 trees,
 Thou sing of mountain and of flood,
 The voiceful thunder of the seas,
 With all their inland symphonies,
 Their thousand brooks and rills;
 The vale's deep voice, the roaring wood,
 The ancient silence of the hills,
 Sublimar still than these;
 Or in devotion's loftier mood,
 Like a solemn organ tone
 In some vast minster heard alone,
 Feelings that are thoughts inspire;
 Or, with thy hand upon the lyre
 High victories to celebrate,
 Summon from its strings the throng
 Of stately numbers imprecate
 That swell the impetuous tide of song.
 O Bard, of soul assured and high,
 And god-like calm! we look on thee
 With like serene and awful eye,
 As when, — of such divinity
 Still credulous, — the multitude
 One in the concourse might behold,
 Whose statue in his life-time stood
 Among the gods. O Poet, old
 In all the years of future time!
 But young in the perpetual youth
 And bloom of love, and might of truth, —
 To these thy least ambitious rhyme
 Is faithful, and partakes their worth;
 Yea, true as is the starry chime
 To the great strains the sun gives
 forth.
 Bard of our Time! thy name we see,
 By golden-haired Mnemosyne,
 First graved upon its full-writ page, —
 Thee — last relinquished, whom the
 Age
 Doth yield to Immortality.

THE BROOK

A LITTLE blind girl wandering,
 While daylight pales beneath the moon,
 And with a brook meandering,
 To hear its gentle tune.

The little blind girl by the brook,
 It told her something — you might guess,
 To see her smile, to see her look
 Of listening eagerness.

Though blind, a never silent guide
 Flowed with her timid feet along;
 And down she wandered by its side
 To hear the running song.

And sometimes it was soft and low,
 A creeping music in the ground;
 And then, if something checked its flow,
 A gurgling swell of sound.

And now, upon the other side,
 She seeks her mother's cot;
 And still the noise shall be her guide,
 And lead her to the spot.

For to the blind, so little free
 To move about beneath the sun,
 Small things like this seem liberty, —
 Something from darkness won.

But soon she heard a meeting stream,
 And on the bank she followed still,
 It murmured on, nor could she tell
 It was another rill.

"Ah! whither, whither, my little maid?
 And wherefore dost thou wander here?"
 "I seek my mother's cot," she said,
 "And surely it is near."

"There is no cot upon this brook,
 In yonder mountains dark and drear,
 Where sinks the sun, its source it took,
 Ah, wherefore art thou here?"

"O sir, thou art not true nor kind!
 It is the brook, I know its sound.
 Ah! why would you deceive the blind?
 I hear it in the ground."

And on she stepped, but grew more sad,
 And weary were her tender feet,
 The brook's small voice seemed not so
 glad,
 Its song was not so sweet.

"Ah! whither, whither, my little maid?
 And wherefore dost thou wander here?"
 "I seek my mother's cot," she said,
 "And surely it is near."

"There is no cot upon this brook."
 "I hear its sound," the maid replied,
 With dreamlike and bewildered look,
 "I have not left its side."

"O go with me, the darkness nears,
 The first pale stars begin to gleam."
 The maid replied with bursting tears,
 "It is the stream! it is the stream!"

ON THE DEFEAT OF A GREAT MAN

FALLEN? How fallen? States and em-
 pires fall;
 O'er towers and rock-built walls,
 And perished nations, floods to tempests
 call

With hollow sound along the sea of time:
 The great man never falls.
 He lives, he towers aloft, he stands sub-
 lime:

They fall who give him not
 The honor here that suits his future name, —
 They die and are forgot.

O Giant loud and blind! the great man's
 fame

Is his own shadow, and not cast by thee, —
 A shadow that shall grow
 As down the heaven of time the sun de-
 scends,

And on the world shall throw
 His god-like image, till it sinks where
 blends
 Time's dim horizon with Eternity.

TO ROSINA PICO

REGENT of song! who bringest to our shore
 Strains from the passionate land, where
 shapes of art

Make music of the wind that passes o'er,
 Thou even here hast found the human
 heart;

And in a thousand hearts thy songs re-
 peat
 Their echoes, like remembered poesy sweet,
 Witching the soul to warble evermore.

First seen, it seemed as if thy sweetest
 strain

Had taken shape, and stood before our
 sight;

Thy aspect filled the silence with sweet
 pain

That made it long for death. O creature
 bright!

Or ere the trembling silence had ta'en flight
We listened to thy looks, in hushed delight,
And from thy motions sought a sound to gain.

Then on all hearts at once did pour a flood
Of golden sound, in many an eddying tone,

As pours the wind into a breathless wood,
Awakening in it music not its own;
Thy voice controlled all spirits to one mood,
Before all eyes one breathing image stood
Beheld, as if to thee all eyes had grown.

Yet did I seem to be with thee alone,
With thee to stand upon enchanted ground,
And gazed on thee, as if the sculptured stone
Should live before me, (so thy magic bound
My soul, bewildered) while a cloud of sound,
Rising in wreaths, upon the air around
Lingered like incense from a censer thrown.

Henry Howard Brownell

FROM "THE RIVER-FIGHT"

WOULD you hear of the River-Fight?
It was two of a soft spring night;—
God's stars looked down on all,
And all was clear and bright
But the low fog's chilling breath—
Up the River of Death
Sailed the Great Admiral.

On our high poop-deck he stood,
And round him ranged the men
Who have made their birthright good
Of manhood, once and again,—
Lords of helm and of sail,
Tried in tempest and gale,
Bronzed in battle and wreck:
Bell and Bailey grandly led
Each his Line of the Blue and Red,
Wainwright stood by our starboard rail,
Thornton fought the deck.

And I mind me of more than they,
Of the youthful, steadfast ones,
That have shown them worthy sons
Of the Seamen passed away—
Tyson conned our helm that day,
Watson stood by his guns.

What thought our Admiral then,
Looking down on his men?
Since the terrible day,
(Day of renown and tears!)
When at anchor the Essex lay,
Holding her foes at bay,

When, a boy, by Porter's side he stood
Till deck and plank-sheer were dyed with blood,
'Tis half a hundred years—
Half a hundred years to-day!

Who could fail with him?
Who reckon of life or limb?
Not a pulse but beat the higher!
There had you seen, by the starlight dim,
Five hundred faces strong and grim—
The Flag is going under fire!
Right up by the fort, with her helm hard-a-port,
The Hartford is going under fire!

The way to our work was plain,
Caldwell had broken the chain
(Two hulks swung down amain,
Soon as 't was sundered).
Under the night's dark blue,
Steering steady and true,
Ship after ship went through,
Till, as we hove in view,
Jackson out-thundered.

Back echoed Philip! ah, then
Could you have seen our men,
How they sprung, in the dim night haze,
To their work of toil and of clamor!
How the loaders, with sponge and rammer,
And their captains, with cord and hammer,
Kept every muscle ablaze!

How the guns, as with cheer and shout
Our tackle-men hurled them out,
Brought up on the water-ways !

First, as we fired at their flash,
'T was lightning and black eclipse,
With a bellowing roll and crash;
But soon, upon either bow,
What with forts, and fire-rafts, and
ships,
(The whole fleet was hard at it now,
All pounding away !) and Porter
Still thundering with shell and mortar,
'T was the mighty sound and form
Of an equatorial storm !

(Such you see in the Far South,
After long heat and drouth,
As day draws nigh to even:
Arching from North to South,
Blinding the tropic sun,
The great black bow comes on,
Till the thunder-veil is risen,
When all is crash and levin,
And the cannonade of heaven
Rolls down the Amazon !)

But, as we worked along higher,
Just where the river enlarges,
Down came a pyramid of fire —
It was one of your long coal barges
(We had often had the like before).
'T was coming down on us to larboard,
Well in with the eastern shore,
And our pilot, to let it pass round,
(You may guess we never stopped to
sound)

Giving us a rank sheer to starboard,
Ran the Flag hard and fast aground !

'T was nigh abreast of the Upper Fort,
And straightway a rascal Ram
(She was shaped like the devil's dam)
Puffed away for us with a snort,
And shoved it with spiteful strength
Right alongside of us, to port.
(It was all of our ship's length,
A huge crackling Cradle of the Pit,
Pitch-pine knots to the brim,
Belching flame red and grim)
What a roar came up from it !

Well, for a little it looked bad;
But these things are, somehow, shorter

In the acting than the telling.
There was no singing-out nor yelling,
Nor any fussing and fretting,
No stampede, in short;
But there we were, my lad,
All afire on our port quarter,
Hammocks ablaze in the netting,
Flames spouting in at every port,
Our Fourth Cutter burning at the davit,
No chance to lower away and save it.

In a twinkling the flames had risen
Halfway to maintop and mizzen,
Darting up the shrouds like snakes.
Ah, how we clanked at the brakes !
And the deep steam-pumps throbbled
under,
Sending a ceaseless flow.
Our topmen, a dauntless crowd,
Swarmed in rigging and shroud —
There, ('t was a wonder !)
The burning ratlines and strands
They quenched with their bare hard hands;
But the great guns below
Never silenced their thunder !

At last, by backing and sounding,
When we were clear of grounding,
And under headway once more,
The whole rebel fleet came rounding
The point. If we had it hot before,
'T was now, from shore to shore,
One long, loud thundering roar —
Such crashing, splintering, and pounding,
And smashing as you never heard be-
fore !

But that we fought foul wrong to wreck,
And to save the Land we loved so
well,
You might have deemed our long gun
deck
Two hundred feet of hell !

For all above was battle,
Broadside, and blaze, and rattle,
Smoke and thunder alone;
But, down in the sick-bay,
Where our wounded and dying lay,
There was scarce a sob or a moan.

And at last, when the dim day broke,
And the sullen sun awoke,
Drearly blinking

O'er the haze and the cannon-smoke,
That ever such morning dulls,
There were thirteen traitor hulls
On fire and sinking !

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE

BLUE gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead —
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead !

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form;
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from
We know, and there 's nothing more !
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
" 'T is my watch," he would mutter,
" I must go upon deck ! "

Aye, on deck, by the foremast !
But watch and lookout are done;
The Union Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun !

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft;
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft;
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft !

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer !
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare —
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
(A little spray on his cheeks)
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks : —
" We therefore commit his body
To the deep " — and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark !

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin;
But, silence to doubt and dole : —
There 's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor awearry soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft,
Loose to 'gallant and topsail,
The breeze is fair abaft !

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead —
Every man to his duty,
We have buried our dead !

THE SPHINX

THEY glare — those stony eyes !
That in the fierce sun-rays
Showered from these burning skies,
Through untold centuries
Have kept their sleepless and unwinking
gaze.

Since what unnumbered year
Hast thou kept watch and ward,
And o'er the buried Land of Fear
So grimly held thy guard ?
No faithless slumber snatching,
Still couched in silence brave,
Like some fierce hound long watching
Above her master's grave.

No fabled Shape art thou !
On that thought-freighted brow
And in those smooth weird lineaments we
find,
Though traced all darkly, even now,
The relics of a Mind :
And gather dimly thence
A vague, half-human sense —
The strange and sad Intelligence
That sorrow leaves behind.

Dost thou in anguish thus
 Still brood o'er Œdipus ?
 And weave enigmas to mislead anew,
 And stultify the blind
 Dull heads of human kind,
 And inly make thy moan
 That mid the hated crew,
 Whom thou so long couldst vex,
 Bewilder, and perplex,
 Thou yet couldst find a subtler than thine
 own ?

Even now, methinks that those
 Dark, heavy lips, which close
 In such a stern repose,
 Seem burdened with some Thought unsaid,
 And hoard within their portals dread
 Some fearful Secret there, —
 Which to the listening earth
 She may not whisper forth,
 Not even to the air, —

Of awful wonders hid
 In yon dread pyramid,
 The home of magic Fears,
 Of chambers vast and lonely,
 Watched by the Genii only,
 Who tend their Masters' long-forgotten
 biers;
 And treasures that have shone
 On cavern walls alone
 Four thousand, thousand years.

Those sullen orbs wouldst thou eclipse,
 And ope those massy, tomb-like lips,
 Many a riddle thou couldst solve
 Which all blindly men revolve.

Would She but tell ! She knows
 Of the old Pharaohs,
 Could count the Ptolemies' long line;
 Each mighty Myth's original hath seen,
 Apis, Anubis — Ghosts that haunt between
 The Bestial and Divine —
 (Such, He that sleeps in Philæ — He that
 stands
 In gloom, unworshipped, 'neath his rock-
 hewn fane —
 And They who, sitting on Memnonian
 sands,
 Cast their long shadows o'er the desert
 plain:)
 Hath marked Nitocris pass,
 And Ozymandias
 Deep-versed in many a dark Egyptian
 wile;
 The Hebrew Boy hath eyed
 Cold to the master's bride:
 And that Medusan stare hath frozen the
 smile
 Of Her all love and guile,
 For whom the Cæsar sighed,
 And the World-Loser died —
 The Darling of the Nile.

Theodore O'Hara

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on Life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind;
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind;
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms;

No braying horn nor screaming fife
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
 Their plumed heads are bowed;
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
 Is now their martial shroud.
 And plenteous funeral tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow,
 And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
 Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout, are past;

Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that nevermore may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
 Came down the serried foe.
 Who heard the thunder of the fray
 Break o'er the field beneath,
 Knew well the watchword of that day
 Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
 O'er all that stricken plain,
 For never fiercer fight had waged
 The vengeful blood of Spain;
 And still the storm of battle blew,
 Still swelled the gory tide;
 Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
 Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
 Called to a martyr's grave
 The flower of his beloved land,
 The nation's flag to save.
 By rivers of their fathers' gore
 His first-born laurels grew,
 And well he deemed the sons would pour
 Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
 O'er Angostura's plain,
 And long the pitying sky has wept
 Above its mouldered slain.
 The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,

Alone awakes each sullen height
 That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound
 Along the heedless air.
 Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave:
 She claims from war his richest spoil —
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field,
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield;
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them here,
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
 The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
 Dear as the blood ye gave;
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanished age hath flown,
 The story how ye fell;
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,
 Shall dim one ray of glory's light
 That gilds your deathless tomb.

Maria White Lowell

SONG

O BIRD, thou dartest to the sun,
 When morning beams first spring,
 And I, like thee, would swiftly run;
 As sweetly would I sing.
 Thy burning heart doth draw thee up
 Unto the source of fire;
 Thou drinkest from its glowing cup
 And quenchest thy desire.

O dew, thou droppest soft below,
 And pearlest all the ground,
 Yet, when the morning comes, I know
 Thou never canst be found.
 I would like thine had been my birth;
 Then I, without a sigh,
 Might sleep the night through on the
 earth
 To waken in the sky.

O clouds, ye little tender sheep,
Pastured in fields of blue,
While moon and stars your fold can keep
And gently shepherd you,
Let me, too, follow in the train
That flocks across the night,
Or lingers on the open plain
With new-shorn fleeces white.

O singing winds, that wander far,
Yet always seem at home,
And freely play 'twixt star and star
Along the bending dome,
I often listen to your song,
Yet never hear you say
One word of all the happy worlds
That sing so far away.

For they are free, ye all are free,
And bird, and dew, and light,
Can dart upon the azure sea
And leave me to my night;
Oh, would like theirs had been my birth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep this night through on the
earth
To waken in the sky.

THE MORNING-GLORY

WE wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem —
For, sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,

As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round —
We see the rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

Thomas Buchanan Read

THE CLOSING SCENE

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;

Like some tanned reaper in his hour of
ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and
bare.

The gray barns looking from their lazy hills

O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,

Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,

The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;

As in a dream the distant woodman hewed

His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,

Their banners bright with every martial hue,

Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,

Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;

The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;

And, like a star slow drowning in the light,

The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew,—

Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,

Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,

Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,

And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,

By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,

The busy swallows, circling ever near,

Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast

Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,

To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—

All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,

And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;

Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,

Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;

The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;

The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,

And where the woodbine shed upon the porch

Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there

Firing the floor with his inverted torch;

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,

The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,

Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,

Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,

Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;

And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir

Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,

Her country summoned and she gave her all;

And twice War bowed to her his sable plume,—

Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords, — but not the hand
that drew

And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading
foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went
on,

Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and
tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped — her head
was bowed;

Life dropped the distaff through his
hands serene, —

And loving neighbors smoothed her careful
shroud,

While Death and Winter closed the au-
tumn scene.

LINES TO A BLIND GIRL

BLIND as the song of birds,
Feeling its way into the heart,
Or as a thought ere it hath words, —
As blind thou art:

Or as a little stream
A dainty hand might guide apart,
Or Love — young Love's delicious dream —
As blind thou art:

Or as a slender bark,
Where summer's varying breezes start,
Or blossoms blowing in the dark, —
As blind thou art:

Or as the Hope, Desire
Leads from the bosom's crowded mart,
Deluded Hope, that soon must tire, —
As blind thou art:

The chrysalis, that folds
The wings that shall in light depart,
Is not more blind than that which holds
The wings within thy heart.

For when thy soul was given
Unto the earth, a beauteous trust,
To guard its matchless glory, Heaven
Endungeoned it in dust.

DRIFTING

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swings round the purple peaks remote: —

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies, —
O'erweiled with vines
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one, —
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar:
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

Francis Orrery Ticknor

A SONG FOR THE ASKING

A SONG! What songs have died
Upon the earth,
Voices of love and pride —
Of tears and mirth?
Fading as hearts forget,
As shadows flee!
Vain is the voice of song,
And yet —
I sing to thee!

A song! What ocean shell
Were silent long,
If in thy touch might dwell
Its all of song?
A song? Then near my heart
Thy cheek must be,
For, like the shell, it sings —
Sweet Heart —
To thee, of thee!

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

THE knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,

Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept! — the sons who
kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires;
But aye the "Golden Horseshoe" knights
Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep.

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
 Out of the hospital walls as dire;
 Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
 (Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen !)
 Spectre ! such as you seldom see,
 Little Giffen, of Tennessee !

"Take him and welcome !" the surgeons
 said;
 Little the doctor can help the dead !
 So we took him; and brought him where
 The balm was sweet in the summer air;
 And we laid him down on a wholesome
 bed, —
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head !

And we watched the war with abated
 breath, —
 Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
 Months of torture, how many such ?
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
 And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
 Told of a spirit that would n't die,

And did n't. Nay, more ! in death's despite
 The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
 "Dear mother," at first, of course; and
 then
 "Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
 Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
 Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
 Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
 Little Giffen was up and away;
 A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
 "I'll write, if spared !" There was news
 of the fight;
 But none of Giffen. — He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
 Of the princely Knights of the Golden
 Ring,
 With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
 And the tender legend that trembles here,
 I'd give the best on his bended knee,
 The whitest soul of my chivalry,
 For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

Samuel Johnson

THE CITY OF GOD

CITY of God, how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime !
 The true thy chartered freemen are,
 Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
 One working band, one harvest-song,
 One King Omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth;
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watchfires through the
 night,
 With never fainting ray;
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands;

Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
 The Eternal City stands.

INSPIRATION

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flowing in the Prophet's word
 And the People's liberty !

Never was to chosen race
 That unstinted tide confined;
 Thine is every time and place,
 Fountain sweet of heart and mind !

Secret of the morning stars,
 Motion of the oldest hours,
 Pledge through elemental wars
 Of the coming spirit's powers !

Rolling planet, flaming sun,
 Stand in nobler man complete;
 Prescient laws Thine errands run,
 Frame the shrine for Godhead meet.

Homeward led, the wondering eye
Upward yearned in joy or awe,
Found the love that waited nigh,
Guidance of Thy guardian Law.

In the touch of earth it thrilled;
Down from mystic skies it burned:
Right obeyed and passion stilled
Its eternal gladness earned.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,

Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back, —

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty !

Erastus Wolcott Ellsworth

FROM "WHAT IS THE USE?"

I SAW a man, by some accounted wise,
For some things said and done before their
eyes,
Quite overcast, and, in a restless muse,
Pacing a path about,
And often giving out:
"What is the use?"

Then I, with true respect: "What mean-
est thou
By those strange words, and that unsettled
brow;
Health, wealth, the fair esteem of ample
views?
To these things thou art born."
But he, as one forlorn,
"What is the use?"

"I have surveyed the sages and their books,
Man, and the natural world of woods and
brooks,
Seeking that perfect good that I would
choose;
But find no perfect good,
Settled, and understood.
What is the use?"

"Life, in a poise, hangs trembling on the
beam,
Even in a breath bounding to each extreme
Of joy and sorrow; therefore I refuse
All beaten ways of bliss,
And only answer this:
'What is the use?'

.

"Who 'll care for me when I am dead and
gone?
Not many now — and, surely, soon, not
one;
And should I sing like an immortal Muse,
Men, if they read the line,
Read for their good, not mine;
What is the use?"

"And song, if passable, is doomed to pass —
Common, though sweet as the new-scythéd
grass.
Of human deeds and thoughts, Time bears
no news,
That, flying, he can lack,
Else they would break his back.
What is the use?"

"Spirit of Beauty, breath of golden
lyres,
Perpetual tremble of immortal wires,
Divinely torturing rapture of the Muse,
Conspicuous wretchedness —
Thou starry, sole success —
What is the use?"

"Doth not all struggle tell, upon its brow,
That he who makes it is not easy now,
But hopes to be? Vain Hope, that dost
abuse,
Coquetting with thine eyes,
And fooling him who sighs!
What is the use?"

"Go, pry the lintels of the pyramids,
Lift the old kings' mysterious coffin lids:
This dust was theirs, whose names these
stones confuse, —

These mighty monuments
Of mighty discontents.
What is the use ?

"Did not he sum it all, whose gate of pearls
Blazed royal Ophir, Tyre, and Syrian
girls,—

The great, wise, famous monarch of the
Jews ?

Though rolled in grandeur vast,
He said of all, at last,
'What is the use ?'

"Oh, but to take of life the natural good,
Even as a hermit cavered in a wood,
More sweetly fills my sober-suited views,
Than sweating to attain
Any luxurious pain.
What is the use ?

"Give me a hermit's life, without his beads,
His lantern-jawed and moral-mouthing
creeds;

Systems and creeds the natural heart abuse.

What need of any Book,
Or spiritual crook ?
What is the use ?

"I love, and God is love. And I behold
Man, nature, God, one triple chain of gold,
Nature in all, sole Oracle and Muse.

What should I seek at all,
More than is natural ?
What is the use ?"

Seeing this man so heathenly inclined,
So wilted in the mood of a good mind,
I felt a kind of heat of earnest thought,
And studying in reply,
Answered him, eye to eye:—

"Thou dost amaze me that thou dost mis-
take

The wandering rivers for the fountain
lake:

What is the end of living ?—happiness ?—

An end that none attain
Argues a purpose vain.

"Plainly, this world is not a scope for bliss,
But duty. Yet we see not all that is,
Nor may be, some day, if we love the light:

What man is, in desires,
Whispers where man aspires.

"But what and where are we ?—what now
—to-day ?

Souls on a globe that spins our lives away,
A multitudinous world, where heaven and
hell,
Strangely in battle met,
Their gonfalons have set.

"Dust though we are, and shall return to
dust,

Yet, being born to battles, fight we must;
Under which ensign is our only choice.

We know to wage our best;
God only knows the rest.

"Then, since we see about us sin and dole,
And some things good, why not, with hand
and soul,

Wrestle and succor out of wrong and sor-
row;

Grasping the swords of strife;
Making the most of life ?

"Yea, all that we can wield is worth the
end,

If sought as God's and man's most loyal
friend;

Naked we come into the world, and take
Weapons of various skill—
Let us not use them ill."

THE MAYFLOWER

Down in the bleak December bay
The ghostly vessel stands away;
Her spars and halyards white with ice,
Under the dark December skies.

A hundred souls, in company,
Have left the vessel pensively,—
Have touched the frosty desert there,
And touched it with the knees of prayer.

And now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower

Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

Neither the desert nor the sea
Imposes rites: their prayers are free;
Danger and toil the wild imposes,
And thorns must grow before the roses.
And who are these ?—and what distress
The savage-acred wilderness
On mother, maid, and child, may bring,
Beseems them for a fearful thing;

For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

But Carver leads (in heart and health
A hero of the commonwealth)
The axes that the camp requires,
To build the lodge and heap the fires.
And Standish from his warlike store
Arrays his men along the shore,
Distributes weapons resonant,
And dons his harness militant;

For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower;

And Rose, his wife, unlocks a chest —
She sees a Book, in vellum drest,
She drops a tear and kisses the tome,
Thinking of England and of home:

Might they — the Pilgrims, there and
then

Ordained to do the work of men —
Have seen, in visions of the air,
While pillowed on the breast of prayer
(When now the day began to dip,
The night began to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower),

The Canaan of their wilderness
A boundless empire of success;
And seen the years of future nights
Jewelled with myriad household lights;
And seen the honey fill the hive;
And seen a thousand ships arrive;
And heard the wheels of travel go;
It would have cheered a thought of woe,

When now the day began to dip,
The night began to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

Elizabeth Stoddard

THE POET'S SECRET

THE poet's secret I must know,
If that will calm my restless mind.
I hail the seasons as they go,
I woo the sunshine, brave the wind.

I scan the lily and the rose,
I nod to every nodding tree,
I follow every stream that flows,
And wait beside the steadfast sea.

I question melancholy eyes,
I touch the lips of women fair:
Their lips and eyes may make me wise,
But what I seek for is not there.

In vain I watch the day and night,
In vain the world through space may
roll;

I never see the mystic light
Which fills the poet's happy soul.

Through life I hear the rhythmic flow
Whose meaning into song must turn;
Revealing all he longs to know,
The secret each alone must learn.

NOVEMBER

MUCH have I spoken of the faded leaf;
Long have I listened to the wailing wind,
And watched it ploughing through the
heavy clouds,
For autumn charms my melancholy mind.

When autumn comes, the poets sing a
dirge:

The year must perish; all the flowers
are dead;
The sheaves are gathered; and the mottled
quail
Runs in the stubble, but the lark has fled!

Still, autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,
The holly-berries and the ivy-tree:

They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's
bier,
These waiting mourners do not sing for
me!

I find sweet peace in depths of autumn
woods,
Where grow the ragged ferns and
roughened moss;

The naked, silent trees have taught me
this,—
The loss of beauty is not always loss !

UNRETURNING

Now all the flowers that ornament the
grass,
Wherever meadows are and placid brooks,
Must fall — the "glory of the grass"
must fall.
Year after year I see them sprout and
spread, —
The golden, glossy, tossing buttercups,
The tall, straight daisies and red clover
globes,
The swinging bellwort and the blue-eyed
bent,
With nameless plants as perfect in their
hues, —
Perfect in root and branch, their plan of
life,

As if the intention of a soul were there:
I see them flourish as I see them fall !

But he, who once was growing with the
grass,
And blooming with the flowers, my little
son,
Fell, withered — dead, nor has revived
again !

Perfect and lovely, needful to my sight,
Why comes he not to ornament my days ?
The barren fields forget their barrenness,
The soulless earth mates with these soul-
less things,

Why should I not obtain *my* recompense ?
The budding spring should bring, or sum-
mer's prime,

At least a vision of the vanished child,
And let his heart commune with mine
again,

Though in a dream — his life was but a
dream;

Then might I wait with patient cheerful-
ness,

That cheerfulness which keeps one's tears
unshed,

And blinds the eyes with pain — the pas-
sage slow

Of other seasons, and be still and cold
As the earth is when shrouded in the snow,
Or passive, like it, when the boughs are
stripped

In autumn, and the leaves roll everywhere.

And he should go again; for winter's
snows,

And autumn's melancholy voice, in winds,
In waters, and in woods, belong to me, —
To me, a faded soul; for, as I said,
The sense of all his beauty, sweetness,
comes

When blossoms are the sweetest; when the
sea,

Sparkling and blue, cries to the sun in
joy,

Or, silent, pale, and misty waits the
night,

Till the moon, pushing through the veiling
cloud,

Hangs naked in its heaving solitude:
When feathery pines wave up and down
the shore,

And the vast deep above holds gentle
stars,

And the vast world beneath hides him
from me !

IN THE STILL, STAR-LIT NIGHT

In the still, star-lit night,
By the full fountain and the willow-tree,
I walked, and not alone —
A spirit walked with me !

A shade fell on the grass;
Upon the water fell a deeper shade:
Something the willow stirred,
For to and fro it swayed.

The grass was in a quiver,
The water trembled, and the willow-tree
Sighed softly; I sighed loud —
The spirit taunted me.

All the night long I walked
By the full fountain, dropping icy tears;
I tore the willow leaves,
I tore the long, green spears !

I clutched the quaking grass,
And beat the rough bark of the willow-tree;
I shook the wreathéd boughs,
To make the spirit flee.

It haunted me till dawn,
By the full fountain and the willow-tree;
For with myself I walked —
How could the spirit flee ?

MERCEDES

UNDER a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,
I smoulder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies;
He knows where the red gold lies,
He knows where the diamonds shine;—
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings;
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground,
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup;
With my hand I crush it up;
I tear its flaming leaves apart;—
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate;
In the hedge I lay in wait;
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fireflies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,
Then I rose and stole away;
But left my dagger in the gate;—
Now she knows her lover's fate!

ON THE CAMPAGNA

STOP on the Appian Way,
In the Roman Campagna;
Stop at my tomb,
The tomb of Cecilia Metella.
To-day as you see it
Alaric saw it, ages ago,
When he, with his pale-visaged Goths,
Sat at the gates of Rome,
Reading his Runic shield.
Odin, thy curse remains!

Beneath these battlements
My bones were stirred with Roman pride,
Though centuries before my Romans died:
Now my bones are dust; the Goths are
dust.
The river-bed is dry where sleeps the
king,
My tomb remains!

When Rome commanded the earth
Great were the Metelli:
I was Metellus' wife;
I loved him — and I died.
Then with slow patience built he this me-
morial:
Each century marks his love.

Pass by on the Appian Way
The tomb of Cecilia Metella;
Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter,
Wild buffaloes tramp at its base.
Deep is its desolation,
Deep as the shadow of Rome!

A SUMMER NIGHT

I FEEL the breath of the summer night,
Aromatic fire:
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir
With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,
Enamoured with light;
And a thousand creatures softly sing
A song to the night!

But I am alone, and how can I sing
Praises to thee?
Come, Night! unveil the beautiful soul
That waiteth for me.

LAST DAYS

As one who follows a departing friend,
Destined to cross the great, dividing sea,
I watch and follow these departing days,
That go so grandly, lifting up their crowns
Still regal, though their victor Autumn
comes.

Gifts they bestow, which I accept, return,
As gifts exchanged between a loving pair,
Who may possess them as memorials
Of pleasures ended by the shadow — Death.
What matter which shall vanish hence, if
both

Are transitory — me, and these bright
hours —
And of the future ignorant alike?
From all our social thralls I would be free.
Let care go down the wind — as hounds
afar,
Within their kennels baying unseen foes,

Give to calm sleepers only calmer dreams.
 Here will I rest alone: the morning mist
 Conceals no form but mine; the evening
 dew
 Freshens but faded flowers and my worn
 face.
 When the noon basks among the wooded
 hills
 I too will bask, as silent as the air
 So thick with sun-motes, dyed like yellow
 gold,
 Or colored purple like an unplucked plum.
 The thrush, now lonesome, for her young
 have flown,
 May flutter her brown wings across my
 path;

And creatures of the sod with brilliant
 eyes
 May leap beside me, and familiar grow.
 The moon shall rise among her floating
 clouds,
 Black, vaporous fans, and crinkled globes
 of pearl,
 And her sweet silver light be given to
 me.
 To watch and follow these departing days
 Must be my choice; and let me mated be
 With Solitude; may memory and hope
 Unite to give me faith that nothing dies;
 To show me always, what I pray to know,
 That man alone may speak the word—
 Farewell.

Thomas Lake Harris

CALIFORNIA

THE Grecian Muse, to earth who bore
 Her goblet filled with wine of gold,
 Dispersed the frown that Ages wore
 Upon their foreheads grim and cold,
 What time the lyric thunders rolled.

O'er this new Eden of the West
 The mightier Muse enkindles now:
 Her joy-lyre fashions in my breast,
 And wreathes the song-crown for my
 brow,
 Ere yet her loftier powers avow.

Though like Tithonus old and gray,
 I serve her mid the swords and shields;
 Her being opens for my way,
 And there I find Elysian fields;
 And there I dwell while Nature yields.

My Dian of the sparkling West,
 My lady of the silver bow!
 Here, where the savage man made quest
 For golden spoils in earth that grow,
 She leads the Golden Age below.

Beneath her feet the maiden May
 Sits crowned with roses where I sing.
 My brows with frosted age are gray,
 But all my being glows for spring:
 A golden youth 't is hers to bring.

So in her, for her, I abide,
 And taste the goblets of her bliss;
 Upon the hills with morning dyed,
 All as a new acropolis,
 Her shrine shall yet arise, I wis.

And here shall greater Hellas burn,
 Irradiant for the Solar Powers;
 And men the love of strife unlearn,
 Tasting from lips that breathe of flowers,
 Made young by joys that live from ours.

FLEDGLINGS

WHY should we waste and weep?
 The Summers weave
 A nest of blossoms deep.
 Sad hearts, why grieve?
 We downy birdlings are
 Unfledged for flight:
 God's love-wind woos afar;
 Its name, Delight.

From arcades vast and dim
 What songs disthrall?
 Through Nature's endless hymn,
 Our kindred call.
 Mysterious murmurings,
 When night is lone,
 Glide, as to lift our wings
 For flights unknown.

In melody we form,
By sweetness fill:
For gladness, pure and warm,
Our bosoms thrill.
Soon shall our choiring bands,
Upborne for glee,
Find in God's garden lands
Their bridal tree.

Eternity prepares
Her gift in Time,
And flows by fragrant airs
That lead the prime.
Chill shadows touch the eyes;
Their orbs are wet;
But God shall for us rise,
When stars have set.

SEA-SLEEP

SLEEP, sleep, sleep
In thy folded waves, O Sea!
Till the quiet breathings creep,
With a low-voiced melody,
Out of the glimmering deep.
For sleep is the close of life;
'Tis the end of love, and its birth;
'Tis the quieting of strife,
And the silencing of mirth.
Hush and sleep!

Close thou thy lids, O Sea,
On palaces and towers;

Dream on deliciously
Deep in thy dreamland bowers.
Waken us not again,
Beating upon our shore,
Rousing the strife in men
With full and thunderous roar.

Drop from thy crested heights,
To still repose and rest;
Fold us in hushed delights,
With dream-flowers from thy breast:
Not as the poppies are
But lilies cool, that weep
Tears that as kisses scar
To soothe for slumbers deep.

Hush thou the little waves,
Hush with a low-voiced song,
Till the Under-Deep that laves
Thy lucid floor lifts strong;
Till the Under-Word is borne
To this weary world of ours,
And lives, for love that mourn,
Fold as the dew-dipped flowers.

Rest thou in time's unrest,
In the bloom-bell and the brain;
Then loose, all silver-tressed,
The streamings of thy mane:
Gliding, dissolving so,
That we at peace may be,
Sleep in thy silver glow,
Thy azure calm, O Sea;
Make lullaby!

George Henry Boker¹

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

O, WHITHER sail you, Sir John Franklin?
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:

Half England is wrong, if he be right;
Bear off to westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?
Cried the little Esquimaux.
Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,
The little Indian said;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too:—

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 780.

A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new.

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was
blown,
The ice gave way and fled:—

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every
side,
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho ! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea ?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled !
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 't is bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes,—
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we 'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were
manned,
And furl'd the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come,—
We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin ?—
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes,—
We cannot rule the year:
I ween we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we 'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more:
'T was ice around, behind, before—
My God ! there is no sea !

What think you of the whaler now ?
What of the Esquimau ?

A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding
storm,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice as strong as death:—
I prithee, Captain, speak !

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,—
The ice is not so strong as hope,
The heart of man is bold !

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High over the main flag-staff ?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down, with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came,—
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;
But the hard, green ice was strong as
death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark ! heard you not the noise of guns ?—
And there, and there, again ?
'T is some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra ! Hurra ! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal:
God give them grace for their charity !—
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,

And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze ?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors !
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain.

Oh ! when shall I see my orphan child ?
My Mary waits for me.
Oh ! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee ?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors !
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek:
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah ! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

O, think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We 'll ever see the land ?
'T was cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'T was cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween the lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

Oh ! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done —
The truth is founded, the secret won —
We passed the Northern Sea !

THE FERRY

THERE was a gay maiden lived down by
the mill, —

Ferry me over the ferry, —
Her hair was as bright as the waves of a
rill,
When the sun on the brink of his setting
stands still,
Her lips were as full as a cherry.

A stranger came galloping over the hill, —
Ferry me over the ferry, —

He gave her broad silver and gold for his
will:

She glanced at the stranger, she glanced
o'er the sill;
The maiden was gentle and merry.

" O ! what would you give for your virtue
again ? " —

Ferry me over the ferry, —
" O ! silver and gold on your lordship I 'd
rain,
I 'd double your pleasure, I 'd double my
pain,
This moment forever to bury."

TO ENGLAND

LEAR and Cordelia ! 't was an ancient tale
Before thy Shakespeare gave it deathless
fame:

The times have changed, the moral is the
same.

So like an outcast, dowerless, and pale,
Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale
Spread her young banner, till its sway be-
came

A wonder to the nations. Days of shame
Are close upon thee: prophets raise their
wail.

When the rude Cossack with an out-
stretched hand

Points his long spear across the narrow
sea, —

" Lo ! there is England ! " when thy destiny
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and
thou dost stand

Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the
land, —

God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be !

TO MY LADY

I

I 'LL call thy frown a headsman, passing
grim,

Walking before some wretch foredoomed
to death,

Who counts the pantings of his own hard
breath,

Wondering how heart can beat, or stead-
fast limb

Bear its sad burden to life's awful brim.
 I'll call thy smile a priest, who slowly
 sayeth
 Soft words of comfort, as the sinner stray-
 eth
 Away in thought; or sings a holy hymn,
 Full of rich promise, as he walks behind
 The fatal axe with face of goodly cheer,
 And kind inclinings of his saintly ear.
 So, love, thou seest in smiles, or looks un-
 kind,
 Some taste of sweet philosophy I find,
 That seasons all things in our little sphere.

II

Why shall I chide the hand of wilful
 Time
 When he assaults thy wondrous store of
 charms?
 Why charge the gray-beard with a wanton
 crime?
 Or strive to daunt him with my shrill
 alarms?
 Or seek to lull him with a silly rhyme:
 So he, forgetful, pause upon his arms,
 And leave thy beauties in their noble prime,
 The sole survivors of his grievous harms?
 Alas! my love, though I'll indeed be-
 moan
 The fatal ruin of thy majesty;
 Yet I'll remember that to Time alone
 I owed thy birth, thy charms' maturity,
 Thy crowning love with which he vested
 me,
 Nor can reclaim, though all the rest be
 flown.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
 What to him is friend or foe-man,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death bemoeking folly?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

John Randolph Thompson

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
 Where Rappahannock's waters
 Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
 Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
 In meads of heavenly azure;
 And each dread gun of the elements
 Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
 No forest leaf to quiver,
 And the smoke of the random cannon-
 ade
 Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked
 down
 With cannon grimly planted,
 O'er listless camp and silent town
 The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
 A strain — now rich, now tender;
 The music seemed itself aflame
 With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
 Played measures brave and nimble,
 Had just struck up, with flute and horn
 And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
 Till, margined by its pebbles,
 One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
 And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
 With movement light and tricky,
 Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
 Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
 Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
 But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
 With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
 The trumpets pealed sonorous,
 And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
 To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
 To kiss the shining pebbles;
 Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
 Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang
 Above the stormy riot;
 No shout upon the evening rang —
 There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
 Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
 All silent now the Yankees stood,
 And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
 That plaintive note's appealing,
 So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had
 stirred
 The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
 As by the wand of fairy,
 The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
 The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
 Bend in their beauty o'er him;
 Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
 His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
 In April's tearful weather,
 The vision vanished, as the strain
 And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
 Expressed in simplest numbers,
 Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
 Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
 That bright, celestial creature,
 Who still, mid war's embattled lines,
 Gave this one touch of Nature.

ASHBY

To the brave all homage render;
 Weep, ye skies of June!
 With a radiance pure and tender,
 Shine, O saddened moon;
 "Dead upon the field of glory,"
 Hero fit for song and story,
 Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have slain
 him,
 Braver, knightlier foe
 Never fought 'gainst Moor or Paynim —
 Rode at Templestowe:
 With a mien how high and joyous,
 'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
 Went he forth, we know.

Nevermore, alas! shall sabre
 Glean around his crest;
 Fought his fight, fulfilled his labor,
 Stilled his manly breast;
 All unheard sweet nature's cadence,
 Trump of fame and voice of maidens;
 Now he takes his rest.

Earth, that all too soon hath bound him,
 Gently wrap his clay!
 Linger lovingly around him,
 Light of dying day!
 Softly fall, ye summer showers;
 Birds and bees among the flowers
 Make the gloom seem gay.

Then, throughout the coming ages, —
 When his sword is rust,
 And his deeds in classic pages —
 Mindful of her trust

Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
 Still a ceaseless vigil holy
 Keep above his dust.

James Matthew Regaré

AMY

THIS is the pathway where she walked,
 The tender grass pressed by her feet.
 The laurel boughs laced overhead,
 Shut out the noonday heat.

The sunshine gladly stole between
 The softly undulating limbs.
 From every blade and leaf arose
 The myriad insect hymns.

A brook ran murmuring beneath
 The grateful twilight of the trees,
 Where from the dripping pebbles swelled
 A beech's mossy knees.

And there her robe of spotless white,
 (Pure white such purity beseeemed !)
 Her angel face, and tresses bright
 Within the basin gleamed.

The coy sweetbriars half detained
 Her light hem as we moved along !
 To hear the music of her voice
 The mockbird hushed his song.

But now her little feet are still,
 Her lips the Everlasting seal;
 The hideous secrets of the grave
 The weeping eyes reveal.

The path still winds, the brook descends,
 The skies are bright as then they were.
 My Amy is the only leaf
 In all that forest sear.

AHAB MOHAMMED

A PEASANT stood before a king and said,
 "My children starve, I come to thee for
 bread."
 On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned

The king, and looked on him that prayed
 and moaned,
 Who cried again, — "For bread I come to
 thee."

For grief, like wine, the tongue will render
 free.

Then said the prince with simple truth,
 "Behold

I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
 And wrought with skill the vessels which
 they bring

To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
 But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
 And die for food my people in the streets.
 Yet no good father hears his child com-
 plain

And gives him stones for bread, for alms
 disdain.

Come, thou and I will sup together —
 come."

The wondering courtiers saw — saw and
 were dumb:

Then followed with their eyes where Ahab
 led

With grace the humble guest, amazed, to
 share his bread.

Him half abashed the royal host with-
 drew

Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
 Silent behind the folds of purple closed,
 In marble life the statues stood disposed;
 From the high ceiling, perfume breathing,
 hung

Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and
 golden-swung.

Gorgeous the board with massive metal
 shone,

Gorgeous with gems arose in front a
 throne:

These through the Orient lattice saw the
 sun.

If gold there was, of meat and bread was
 none

Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand
and took

Ahab Mohammed, prayed to God, and
broke:

One half his yearning nature bid him crave,
The other gladly to his guest he gave.

"I have no more to give," he cheerily
said:

"With thee I share my only loaf of bread."

Humbly the stranger took the offered
crumb

Yet ate not of it, standing meek and
dumb;

Then lifts his eyes, — the wondering Ahab
saw

His rags fall from him as the snow in
thaw.

Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him
turned;

All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and
burned.

"Ahab Mohammed," spoke the vision then,
"From this thou shalt be blessed among
men.

Go forth — thy gates the Mede bewildered
flees,

And Allah thank thy people on their knees.
He who gives somewhat does a worthy
deed,

Of him the recording angel shall take heed.

But he that halves all that his house doth
hold,

His deeds are more to God, yea more than
finest gold."

TO A LILY

Go bow thy head in gentle spite,

Thou lily white,

For she who spies thee waving here,

With thee in beauty can compare

As day with night.

Soft are thy leaves and white: her arms

Boast whiter charms.

Thy stem prone bent with loveliness

Of maiden grace possesseth less:

Therein she charms.

Thou in thy lake dost see

Thyself: so she

Beholds her image in her eyes

Reflected. Thus did Venus rise

From out the sea.

Inconsolate, bloom not again.

Thou rival vain

Of her whose charms have thine outdone,

Whose purity might spot the sun,

And make thy leaf a stain.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

ODE TO A BUTTERFLY

THOU spark of life that wavest wings of
gold,

Thou songless wanderer mid the songful
birds,

With Nature's secrets in thy tints unrolled
Through gorgeous cipher, past the reach of
words,

Yet dear to every child

In glad pursuit beguiled,

Living his unspoiled days mid flowers and
flocks and herds!

Thou winged blossom, liberated thing,
What secret tie binds thee to other flowers,
Still held within the garden's fostering?

Will they too soar with the completed
hours,

Take flight, and be like thee

Irrevocably free,

Hovering at will o'er their parental bowers?

Or is thy lustre drawn from heavenly
hues, —

A sumptuous drifting fragment of the sky,
Caught when the sunset its last glance im-
bues

With sudden splendor, and the tree-tops
high

Grasp that swift blazonry,

Then lend those tints to thee,

On thee to float a few short hours, and
die?

Birds have their nests; they rear their
eager young,
And flit on errands all the livelong day;
Each fieldmouse keeps the homestead
whence it sprung;
But thou art Nature's freeman, — free to
stray
Unfettered through the wood,
Seeking thine airy food,
The sweetness spiced on every blossomed
spray.

The garden one wide banquet spreads for
thee,
O daintiest reveller of the joyous earth !
One drop of honey gives satiety;
A second draught would drug thee past all
mirth.
Thy feast no orgy shows;
Thy calm eyes never close,
Thou soberest sprite to which the sun
gives birth.

And yet the soul of man upon thy wings
Forever soars in aspiration; thou
His emblem of the new career that springs
When death's arrest bids all his spirit bow.
He seeks his hope in thee
Of immortality.
Symbol of life, me with such faith endow !

TO DUTY

LIGHT of dim mornings; shield from heat
and cold;
Balm for all ailments; substitute for praise;
Comrade of those who plod in lonely ways
(Ways that grow lonelier as the years wax
old);
Tonic for fears; check to the over-bold;
Nurse, whose calm hand its strong restric-
tion lays,
Kind but resistless, on our wayward days;
Mart, where high wisdom at vast price is
sold;
Gardener, whose touch bids the rose-petals
fall,
The thorns endure; surgeon, who human
hearts
Searchest with probes, though the death-
touch be given;
Spell that knits friends, but yearning lov-
ers parts;
Tyrant relentless o'er our blisses all; —
Oh, can it be, thine other name is Heaven ?

"THE SNOWING OF THE PINES"

SOFTER than silence, stiller than still air
Float down from high pine-boughs the
slender leaves.
The forest floor its annual boon receives
That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil,
fair.
Gently they glide, gently they clothe the
bare
Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle
weaves
Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves
Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels
wear.
Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce
their way;
High up, the crows are gathering for the
night;
The delicate needles fill the air; the jay
Takes through their golden mist his radi-
ant flight;
They fall and fall, till at November's close
The snow-flakes drop as lightly — snows on
snows.

DECORATION

"MANIBUS O DATE LILIA PLENIS"

MID the flower-wreathed tombs I stand
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades ! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave ?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast ?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine;
Garlands veil it: ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory,
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom,
And no stone, with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
 Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
 Here lie buried; here in peace
 Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
 Kneeling where a woman lies,
 I strew lilies on the grave
 Of the bravest of the brave.

"SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED"

"SINCE Cleopatra died!" Long years
 are past,
 In Antony's fancy, since the deed was
 done.
 Love counts its epochs, not from sun to
 sun,
 But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
 Time has swept onward since she looked
 her last
 On life, a queen. For him the sands have
 run
 Whole ages through their glass, and kings
 have won
 And lost their empires o'er earth's surface
 vast
 Since Cleopatra died. Ah! Love and Pain
 Make their own measure of all things that
 be.

No clock's slow ticking marks their death-
 less strain;
 The life they own is not the life we see;
 Love's single moment is eternity:
 Eternity, a thought in Shakespeare's brain.

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF"

Now all the cloudy shapes that float and
 lie
 Within this magic globe we call the brain
 Fold quite away, condense, withdraw, re-
 frain,
 And show it tenantless — an empty sky.
 Return, O parting visions, pass not by;
 Nor leave me vacant still, with strivings
 vain,
 Longing to grasp at your dim garment's
 train,
 And be drawn on to sleep's immunity.
 I lie and pray for fancies hovering near;
 Oblivion's kindly troop, illusions blest;
 Dim, trailing phantoms in a world too
 clear;
 Soft, downy, shadowy forms, my spirit's
 nest;
 The warp and woof of sleep; till, freed
 from fear,
 I drift in sweet enchantment back to rest.

Charles Godfrey Leland

EL CAPITAN-GENERAL

THERE was a captain-general who ruled in
 Vera Cruz,
 And what we used to hear of him was
 always evil news:
 He was a pirate on the sea — a robber on
 the shore,
 The Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salva-
 dor.

There was a Yankee skipper who round
 about did roam;
 His name was Stephen Folger, and Nan-
 tucket was his home:
 And having gone to Vera Cruz, he had
 been skinned full sore
 By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San
 Salvador.

But having got away alive, though all his
 cash was gone,
 He said, "If there is vengeance, I will
 surely try it on!
 And I do wish I may be damned if I don't
 clear the score
 With Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Sal-
 vador!"

He shipped a crew of seventy men — well-
 armed men were they,
 And sixty of them in the hold he darkly
 stowed away;
 And, sailing back to Vera Cruz, was sighted
 from the shore
 By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San
 Salvador.

With twenty-five soldados he came on
board so pleased,
And said, "*Maldito* Yankee — again your
ship is seized.
How many sailors have you got?" Said
Folger, "Ten — no more,"
To the Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San
Salvador.

"But come into my cabin and take a glass
of wine.
I do suppose, as usual, I'll have to pay a
fine:
I have got some old Madeira, and we'll
talk the matter o'er —
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Sal-
vador."

And as over that Madeira the captain-gen-
eral boozed,
It seemed to him as if his head was getting
quite confused;
For it happened that some morphine had
travelled from "the store"
To the glass of Don Alonzo Estabán San
Salvador.

"What is it makes the vessel roll? What
sounds are these I hear?
It seems as if the rising waves were beat-
ing on my ear!" —
"Oh, it is the breaking of the surf — just
that and nothing more,
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Sal-
vador!"

The governor was in a sleep which mud-
dled all his brains;
The seventy men had got his gang and put
them all in chains;
And when he woke the following day he
could not see the shore,
For he was out on the blue water — the
Don San Salvador.

"Now do you see that yard-arm — and
understand the thing?"
Said Captain Folger. "For all from that
yard-arm you shall swing,
Or forty thousand dollars you shall pay me
from your store,
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Sal-
vador."

The Capitano took a pen — the order he
did sign —
"O Señor Yankee! but you charge amaz-
ing high for wine!"
But 't was not till the draft was paid they
let him go ashore,
El Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salva-
dor.

The greatest sharp some day will find an-
other sharper wit;
It always makes the Devil laugh to see a
biter bit;
It takes two Spaniards any day to come a
Yankee o'er —
Even two like Don Alonzo Estabán San
Salvador.

THE TWO FRIENDS

I HAVE two friends — two glorious friends
— two better could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they
meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves — ten
years ago in Spain.
The second drowned near Alicante — while
I alive remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come
floating through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early
morning light.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land
is leading a lordly life,
The second has married a mermaid, a
beautiful water-wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth
and Sea — with a few, I trust, on
high,
'Tis a matter of small account to me —
the way that I may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood,
or swing on the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, is
all the same to me.

Bapard Tapor

ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE

Now the frosty stars are gone:
 I have watched them one by one,
 Fading on the shores of Dawn.
 Round and full the glorious sun
 Walks with level step the spray,
 Through this vestibule of Day,
 While the wolves that late did howl
 Slink to dens and coverts foul,
 Guarded by the demon owl,
 Who, last night, with mocking croon,
 Wheeled athwart the chilly moon,
 And with eyes that blankly glared
 On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light;
 Still the nightingale doth sing; —
 All the isle, alive with Spring,
 Lies, a jewel of delight,
 On the blue sea's heaving breast:
 Not a breath from out the west,
 But some balmy smell doth bring
 From the sprouting myrtle buds,
 Or from meadowy vales that lie
 Like a green inverted sky,
 Which the yellow cowslip stars,
 And the bloomy almond woods,
 Cloud-like, cross with roseate bars.
 All is life that I can spy,
 To the farthest sea and sky,
 And my own the only pain
 Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnarled and cloven Pine
 Where that hell-born hag did chain me,
 All this orb of cloudless shine,
 All this youth in Nature's veins
 Tingling with the season's wine,
 With a sharper torment pain me.
 Pansies in soft April rains
 Fill their stalks with honeyed sap
 Drawn from Earth's prolific lap;
 But the sluggish blood she brings
 To the tough Pine's hundred rings,
 Closer locks their cruel hold,
 Closer draws the scaly bark
 Round the crevice, damp and cold,
 Where my useless wings I fold, —
 Sealing me in iron dark.

By this coarse and alien state
 Is my dainty essence wronged;
 Finer senses, that belonged
 To my freedom, chafe at Fate,
 Till the happier elves I hate,
 Who in moonlight dances turn
 Underneath the palmy fern,
 Or in light and twinkling bands
 Follow on with linked hands
 To the ocean's yellow sands.

Primrose-eyes each morning ope
 In their cool, deep beds of grass;
 Violets make the airs that pass
 Telltales of their fragrant slope.
 I can see them where they spring
 Never brushed by fairy wing.
 All those corners I can spy
 In the island's solitude,
 Where the dew is never dry,
 Nor the miser bees intrude.
 Cups of rarest hue are there,
 Full of perfumed wine undrained, —
 Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned,
 Conquered by maiden-hair.
 Pearls I see upon the sands,
 Never touched by other hands,
 And the rainbow bubbles shine
 On the ridged and frothy brine,
 Tenantless of voyager
 Till they burst in vacant air.
 Oh, the songs that sung might be,
 And the mazy dances woven,
 Had that witch ne'er crossed the sea
 And the Pine been never cloven!

Many years my direst pain
 Has made the wave-rocked isle complain.
 Winds that from the Cyclades
 Came to blow in wanton riot
 Round its shore's enchanted quiet,
 Bore my wailings on the seas:
 Sorrowing birds in autumn went
 Through the world with my lament.
 Still the bitter fate is mine,
 All delight unshared to see,
 Smarting in the cloven Pine,
 While I wait the tardy axe
 Which, perchance, shall set me free
 From the damned witch Sycorax.

SONG

DAUGHTER of Egypt, veil thine eyes !
 I cannot bear their fire;
 Nor will I touch with sacrifice
 Those altars of desire.
 For they are flames that shun the day,
 And their unholy light
 Is fed from natures gone astray
 In passion and in night.

The stars of Beauty and of Sin,
 They burn amid the dark,
 Like beacons that to ruin win
 The fascinated bark.
 Then veil their glow, lest I forswear
 The hopes thou canst not crown,
 And in the black waves of thy hair
 My struggling manhood drown !

BEDOUIN SONG

FROM the Desert I come to thee
 On a stallion shod with fire;
 And the winds are left behind
 In the speed of my desire.
 Under thy window I stand,
 And the midnight hears my cry:
 I love thee, I love but thee,
 With a love that shall not die
 *Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold !*

Look from thy window and see
 My passion and my pain;
 I lie on the sands below,
 And I faint in thy disdain.
 Let the night-winds touch thy brow
 With the heat of my burning sigh,
 And melt thee to hear the vow
 Of a love that shall not die
 *Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold !*

My steps are nightly driven,
 By the fever in my breast,
 To hear from thy lattice breathed
 The word that shall give me rest.
 Open the door of thy heart,
 And open thy chamber door,

And my kisses shall teach thy lips
 The love that shall fade no more
 *Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold !*

AMERICA

FROM THE NATIONAL ODE, JULY 4, 1876

FORESEEN in the vision of sages,
 Foretold when martyrs bled,
 She was born of the longing of ages,
 By the truth of the noble dead
 And the faith of the living fed !
 No blood in her lightest veins
 Frets at remembered chains,
 Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
 In her form and features still
 The unblenching Puritan will,
 Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
 The Quaker truth and sweetness,
 And the strength of the danger-girdled
 race
 Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
 From the homes of all, where her being
 began,
 She took what she gave to Man;
 Justice, that knew no station,
 Belief, as soul decreed,
 Free air for aspiration,
 Free force for independent deed !
 She takes, but to give again,
 As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
 And gathers the chosen of her seed
 From the hunted of every crown and creed.
 Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
 Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
 Her France pursues some dream divine;
 Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
 Her Italy waits by the western brine;
 And, broad-based under all,
 Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
 As rich in fortitude
 As e'er went worldward from the island-
 wall !
 Fused in her candid light,
 To one strong race all races here unite;
 Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
 Forget their sword and slogan, kith and
 clan.
 'T was glory, once, to be a Roman:
 She makes it glory, now, to be a man !

THE QUAKER WIDOW

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah, —
come in! 'Tis kind of thee

To wait until the Friends were gone, who
came to comfort me.

The still and quiet company a peace may
give, indeed,

But blessed is the single heart that comes
to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench
where Benjamin would sit

On First-day afternoons in spring, and
watch the swallows flit:

He loved to smell the sprouting box, and
hear the pleasant bees

Go humming round the lilacs and through
the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he
cared for flowers: most men

Think such things foolishness, — but we
were first acquainted then,

One spring: the next he spoke his mind;
the third I was his wife,

And in the spring (it happened so) our
children entered life.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think
to lay him yet

In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly
Meeting first we met.

The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis
better I should be

Picked out to bear the heavy cross — alone
in age — than he.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems
but one long day,

One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was
called away;

And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet
contentment home,

So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all
the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard
it was to know

If I had heard the spirit right, that told
me I should go;

For father had a deep concern upon his
mind that day,

But mother spoke for Benjamin, — she
knew what best to say.

Then she was still: they sat awhile: at
last she spoke again,

"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and
"Thou shalt have him, Jane!"

My father said. I cried. Indeed, 't was
not the least of shocks,

For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father
Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when
daughter Ruth we lost:

Her husband's of the world, and yet I could
not see her crossed.

She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns,
she hears a hireling priest —

Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's
a happy one, at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when
she's as old as I, —

Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I
felt temptation nigh!

My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too sim-
ple for my taste;

I wanted lace around the neck, and a rib-
bon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him
upon the women's side!

I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more
fear than pride,

Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said,
and then there came

A holy strength upon my heart, and I
could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but
then I showed no sign;

With all the meeting looking on, I held his
hand in mine.

It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I
was his for life:

Thee knows the feeling, Hannah, — thee,
too, hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half
so green as ours;

The woods were coming into leaf, the mea-
dows full of flowers;

The neighbors met us in the lane, and every
face was kind, —

'Tis strange how lively everything comes
back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread:

At our own table we were guests, with father at the head;

And Dinah Passmore helped us both, — 't was she stood up with me,

And Abner Jones with Benjamin, — and now they're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.

His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;

And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:

For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm, — 't was not his call, in truth,

And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.

Thee'll say her ways are not like mine, — young people now-a-days

Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,

The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;

And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,

That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,

And pure almost as angels are, may have a homely face.

And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look within:

The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,

And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.

'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned:

The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

FROM "THE SUNSHINE OF
THE GODS"

Ah, moment not to be purchased,
Not to be won by prayer,
Not by toil to be conquered,
But given, lest one despair,
By the Gods in wayward kindness,
Stay — thou art all too fair!
Hour of the dancing measures,
Sylph of the dew and rainbow,
Let us clutch thy shining hair!

For the mist is blown from the mind,
For the impotent yearning is over,
And the wings of the thoughts have power:
In the warmth and the glow creative
Existence mellows and ripens,
And a crowd of swift surprises
Sweetens the fortunate hour;
Till a shudder of rapture loosens
The tears that hang on the eyelids
Like a breeze-suspended shower,
With a sense of heavenly freshness
Blown from beyond the sunshine,
And the blood, like the sap of the roses,
Breaks into bud and flower.

'Tis the Sunshine of the Gods,
The sudden light that quickens,
Unites the nimble forces,
And yokes the shy expression
To the thoughts that waited long, —
Waiting and wooing vainly:
But now they meet like lovers
In the time of willing increase,
Each warming each, and giving
The kiss that maketh strong:
And the mind feels fairest May-time
In the marriage of its passions,
For Thought is one with Speech,
In the Sunshine of the Gods,
And Speech is one with Song!

Then a rhythmic pulse makes order
In the troops of wandering fancies:
Held in soft subordination,
Lo! they follow, lead, or fly.
The fields of their feet are endless,
And the heights and the deeps are open
To the glance of the equal sky;
And the Masters sit no longer
In inaccessible distance,
But give to the haughtiest question,
Smiling, a sweet reply.

TO M. T.

THOUGH thy constant love I share,
Yet its gift is rarer;
In my youth I thought thee fair:
Thou art older and fairer!

Full of more than young delight
Now day and night are;
For the presence, then so bright,
Is closer, brighter.

In the haste of youth we miss
Its best of blisses:
Sweeter than the stolen kiss
Are the granted kisses.

Dearer than the words that hide
The love abiding,
Are the words that fondly chide,
When love needs chiding.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong,
That never wrongeth.

She whom youth alone makes dear
May awhile seem nearer:
Thou art mine so many a year,
The older, the dearer!

Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr

THE FALLOW FIELD

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down;
The night mist shroudeth the sleeping
town;
But if it be dark or if it be day,
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,

Still here on this upland slope I lie,
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;
Never a crop my acres yield.
Over the wall at my right hand
Stately and green the corn-blades stand,

And I hear at my left the flying feet
Of the winds that rustle the bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red
I list for our master's eager tread.
He smiles at the young corn's towering
height,
He knows the wheat is a goodly sight,
But he glances not at the fallow field
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,
And as one in a dream I seem to feel
The sweep and the rush of the swinging
steel,
Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain
As they heap their wains with the golden
grain.

Yet, O my neighbors, be not too proud,
Though on every tongue your praise is loud.
Our mother Nature is kind to me,
And I am beloved by bird and bee,
And never a child that passes by
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue;
I have my share of the rain and dew;
I bask like you in the summer sun
When the long bright days pass, one by
one,
And calm as yours is my sweet repose
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter
snows.

For little our loving mother cares
Which the corn or the daisy bears,
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,
Which with the violet's breath is sweet,
Which is red with the clover bloom,
Or which for the wild sweet-fern makes
room.

Useless under the summer sky
Year after year men say I lie.
Little they know what strength of mine
I give to the trailing blackberry vine;
Little they know how the wild grape grows,
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill
For the mosses creeping under the hill;
Little they think of the feast I spread
For the wild wee creatures that must be fed:

Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,
And the creeping things that no eye may see.

Lord of the harvest, thou dost know
How the summers and winters go.
Never a ship sails east or west
Laden with treasures at my behest,
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God
When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

O EARTH! ART THOU NOT WEARY?

O EARTH! art thou not weary of thy
graves?
Dear, patient mother Earth, upon thy
breast
How are they heaped from farthest east to
west!
From the dim north, where the wild storm-
wind raves
O'er the cold surge that chills the shore it
laves,
To sunlit isles by softest seas caressed,
Where roses bloom alway and song-birds
nest,
How thick they lie—like flecks upon the
waves!
There is no mountain-top so far and high,
No desert so remote, no vale so deep,
No spot by man so long untenanted,
But the pale moon, slow marching up the
sky,
Sees over some lone grave the shadows
creep!
O Earth! art thou not weary of thy dead?

WITH A ROSE FROM CONWAY CASTLE

On hoary Conway's battlemented height,
O poet-heart, I pluck for thee a rose!
Through arch and court the sweet wind
wandering goes;
Round each high tower the rooks in airy
flight
Circle and wheel, all bathed in amber light;
Low at my feet the winding river flows;
Valley and town, entranced in deep repose,
War doth no more appall, nor foes affright.
Thou knowest how softly on the castle
walls,
Where mosses creep, and ivies far and free

Fling forth their pennants to the freshen-
ing breeze,
Like God's own benison this sunshine falls.
Therefore, O friend, across the sundering
seas,
Fair Conway sends this sweet wild rose to
thee !

TWO PATHS

A PATH across a meadow fair and sweet,
Where clover-blooms the lithesome grasses
greet,
A path worn smooth by his impetuous feet.

A straight, swift path — and at its end, a
star
Gleaming behind the lilac's fragrant bar,
And her soft eyes, more luminous by far !

A path across the meadow fair and sweet,
Still sweet and fair where blooms and
grasses meet —
A path worn smooth by his reluctant feet.

A long, straight path — and, at its end, a
gate
Behind whose bars she doth in silence wait
To keep the tryst, if he come soon or late !

John Williamson Palmer

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

COME, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fire bright !
No growling if the canteen fails:
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the Brigade's rousing song,
Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

We see him now — the queer slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well:
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of
shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him — ;"
Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps
off!
Old Massa's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff:
Attention! — it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy
rod:
Amen!" — That's Stonewall's Way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade.

Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn:
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and — By George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen! — whipped be-
fore.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall
roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Ah, Maiden! wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah, Widow! read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, Wife! sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born,
That gets in Stonewall's Way.

THE FIGHT AT THE SAN JACINTO

"Now for a brisk and cheerful fight!"
Said Harman, big and droll,
As he coaxed his flint and steel for a light,
And puffed at his cold clay bowl;

"For we are a skulking lot," says he,
 "Of land-thieves hereabout,
 And these bold señores, two to one,
 Have come to smoke us out."

Santa Anna and Castillon,
 Almonte brave and gay,
 Portilla red from Goliad,
 And Cos with his smart array.
 Dulces and cigaritos,
 And the light guitar, ting-tum !
 Sant' Anna courts siesta,
 And Sam Houston taps his drum.

The buck stands still in the timber —
 "Is it patter of nuts that fall ?"
 The foal of the wild mare whinnies —
 Did he hear the Comanche call ?
 In the brake by the crawling bayou
 The slinking she-wolves howl;
 And the mustang's snort in the river
 sedge
 Has startled the paddling fowl.

A soft, low tap, and a muffled tap,
 And a roll not loud nor long —
 We would not break Sant' Anna's nap,
 Nor spoil Almonte's song.
 Saddles and knives and rifles !
 Lord ! but the men were glad
 When Deaf Smith muttered "Alamo !"
 And Karnes hissed "Goliad !"

The drummer tucked his sticks in his
 belt,
 And the fifer gripped his gun.
 Oh, for one free, wild, Texan yell,
 As we took the slope in a run !
 But never a shout nor a shot we spent,
 Nor an oath nor a prayer, that day,
 Till we faced the bravos, eye to eye,
 And then we blazed away.

Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam,
 And the glory that Travis made,
 With Bowie's lunge, and Crockett's shot,
 And Fannin's dancing blade;
 And the heart of the fighter, bounding
 free
 In his joy so hot and mad —
 When Millard charged for Alamo,
 Lamar for Goliad.

Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking
 spur,
 Into the shock and rout:
 "I've hacked and burned the bayou bridge;
 There's no sneak's back-way out !"
 Muzzle or butt for Goliad,
 Pistol and blade and fist !
 Oh, for the knife that never glanced,
 And the gun that never missed !

Dulces and cigaritos,
 Song and the mandolin !
 That gory swamp is a gruesome grove
 To dance fandangoes in.
 We bridged the bog with the sprawling
 herd
 That fell in that frantic rout;
 We slew and slew till the sun set red,
 And the Texan star flashed out.

THE MARYLAND BATTALION

SPRUCE Macaronis, and pretty to see,
 Tidy and dapper and gallant were we;
 Blooded, fine gentlemen, proper and tall,
 Bold in a fox-hunt and gay at a ball;
 Prancing soldados so martial and bluff,
 Billets for bullets, in scarlet and buff —
 But our cockades were clasped with a
 mother's low prayer,
 And the sweethearts that braided the
 sword-knots were fair.

There was grummer of drums humming
 hoarse in the hills,
 And the bugle sang fanfaron down by the
 mills;
 By Flatbush the bagpipes were droning
 amain,
 And keen cracked the rifles in Martense's
 lane;
 For the Hessians were flocking the hedges
 with red,
 And the grenadiers' tramp marked the
 roll of the dead.

Three to one, flank and rear, flashed the
 files of St. George,
 The fierce gleam of their steel as the glow
 of a forge.
 The brutal boom-boom of their swart can-
 noneers

Was sweet music compared with the taunt
of their cheers —

For the brunt of their onset, our crippled
array,

And the light of God's leading gone out
in the fray !

Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the
right !

The mad plunge of the charge and the
wreck of the flight !

When the cohorts of Grant held stout
Stirling at strain,

And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing
the slain;

When at Freeke's Mill the flumes and the
sluices ran red,

And the dead choked the dyke and the
marsh choked the dead !

" O Stirling, good Stirling ! how long must
we wait ?

Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us
too late ?

Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai
Gist,

With his heart in his throat, and his blade
in his fist ?

Are we good for no more than to prance in
a ball,

When the drums beat the charge and the
clarions call ? "

Tralara ! Tralara ! Now praise we the
Lord

For the clang of His call and the flash of
His sword !

Tralara ! Tralara ! Now forward to die;
For the banner, hurrah ! and for sweet-
hearts, good-bye !

" Four hundred wild lads ! " Maybe so.
I 'll be bound

' T will be easy to count us, face up, on the
ground.

If we hold the road open, tho' Death take
the toll,

We 'll be missed on parade when the
States call the roll —

When the flags meet in peace and the guns
are at rest,

And fair Freedom is singing Sweet Home
in the West.

Richard Henry Stoddard

THE WITCH'S WHELP¹

ALONG the shore the slimy brine-pits yawn,
Covered with thick green scum; the billows
rise,

And fill them to the brim with clouded
foam,

And then subside, and leave the scum
again.

The ribbed sand is full of hollow gulfs,
Where monsters from the waters come and
lie.

Great serpents bask at noon along the rocks,
To me no terror; coil on coil they roll
Back to their holes before my flying feet.

The Dragon of the Sea, my mother's god,
Enormous Setebos, comes here to sleep;
Him I molest not; when he flaps his wing
A whirlwind rises, when he swims the
deep

It threatens to engulf the trembling isle.
Sometimes when winds do blow, and
clouds are dark,

I seek the blasted wood whose barkless
trunks

Are bleached with summer suns; the creak-
ing trees

Stoop down to me, and swing me right and
left

Through crashing limbs, but not a jot care I.
The thunder breaks above, and in their lairs
The panthers roar; from out the stormy
clouds

Whose hearts are fire, sharp lightnings rain
around

And split the oaks; not faster lizards run
Before the snake up the slant trunks than I,
Not faster down, sliding with hands and
feet.

I stamp upon the ground, and adders rouse,
Sharp-eyed, with poisonous fangs; beneath
the leaves

They couch, or under rocks, and roots of
trees

Felled by the winds; through briery under-
growth

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 824.

They slide with hissing tongues, beneath
my feet

To writhe, or in my fingers squeezed to
death.

There is a wild and solitary pine,
Deep in the meadows; all the island birds
From far and near fly there, and learn new
songs.

Something imprisoned in its wrinkled bark
Wails for its freedom; when the bigger
light

Burns in mid-heaven, and dew elsewhere is
dried,

There it still falls; the quivering leaves
are tongues,

And load the air with syllables of woe.

One day I thrust my spear within a cleft
No wider than its point, and something
shrieked,

And falling cones did pelt me sharp as
hail:

I picked the seeds that grew between their
plates,

And strung them round my neck with sea-
mew eggs.

Hard by are swamps and marshes, reedy
fens

Knee-deep in water; monsters wade therein
Thick-set with plated scales; sometimes in
troops

They crawl on slippery banks; sometimes
they lash

The sluggish waves among themselves at
war.

Often I heave great rocks from off the
crag,

And crush their bones; often I push my
spear

Deep in their drowsy eyes, at which they
howl

And chase me inland; then I mount their
humps

And prick them back again, unwieldy, slow.
At night the wolves are howling round the
place,

And bats sail there athwart the silver light,
Flapping their wings; by day in hollow
trees

They hide, and slink into the gloom of
dens.

We live, my mother Sycorax and I,
In caves with bloated toads and crested
snakes.

She can make charms, and philters, and
brew storms,

And call the great Sea Dragon from his
depths:

Nothing of this know I, nor care to know.
Give me the milk of goats in gourds or
shells,

The flesh of birds and fish, berries and
fruit,

Nor want I more, save all day long to lie,
And hear, as now, the voices of the sea.

MELODIES AND CATCHES

SONGS

How are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?
From the heart, or from the head?
Happy Poet, let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune,
The harper, he, of June.

None may answer, none may know,
Winds and flowers come and go,
And the selfsame canons bind
Nature and the Poet's mind.

THE SEA

THROUGH the night, through the night,
In the saddest unrest,
Wrapt in white, all in white,
With her babe on her breast,
Walks the mother so pale,
Staring out on the gale,
Through the night.

Through the night, through the night,
Where the sea lifts the wreck,
Land in sight, close in sight,
On the surf-flooded deck,
Stands the father so brave,
Driving on to his grave,
Through the night.

BIRDS

BIRDS are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long:
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of Song!

THE SKY

THE sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

THE SHADOW

THERE is but one great sorrow,
All over the wide, wide world;
But that in turn must come to all —
The Shadow that moves behind the pall,
A flag that never is furled.

Till he in his marching crosses
The threshold of the door,
Usurps a place in the inner room,
Where he broods in the awful hush and
gloom,
Till he goes, and comes no more —

Save this there is no sorrow,
Whatever we think we feel;
But when Death comes all's over:
'T is a blow that we never recover,
A wound that never will heal.

A CATCH

ONCE the head is gray,
And the heart is dead,
There's no more to do:
Make the man a bed
Six foot under ground,
There he'll slumber sound.

Golden was my hair,
And my heart did beat
To the viol's voice
Like the dancers' feet.
Not colder now his blood
Who died before the flood.

Fair, and fond, and false,
Mother, wife, and maid,

Never lived a man
They have not betrayed.
None shall 'scape my mirth
But old Mother Earth.

Safely housed with her,
With no company
But my brother Worm,
Who will feed on me,
I shall slumber sound,
Deep down under ground.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

ORIENTAL SONGS

THE DIVAN

A LITTLE maid of Astrakan,
An idol on a silk divan;
She sits so still, and never speaks,
She holds a cup of mine;
'T is full of wine, and on her cheeks
Are stains and smears of wine.

Thou little girl of Astrakan,
I join thee on the silk divan:
There is no need to seek the land,
The rich bazaars where rubies shine;
For mines are in that little hand,
And on those little cheeks of thine.

WINE AND DEW

YOU may drink to your leman in gold,
In a great golden goblet of wine;

She 's as ripe as the wine, and as bold
 As the glare of the gold:
 But this little lady of mine,
 I will not profane her in wine.
 I go where the garden so still is
 (The moon raining through),
 To pluck the white bowls of the lilies,
 And drink her in dew !

THE JAR

DAY and night my thoughts incline
 To the blandishments of wine:
 Jars were made to drain, I think,
 Wine, I know, was made to drink.

When I die, (the day be far !)
 Should the potters make a jar
 Out of this poor clay of mine,
 Let the jar be filled with wine !

THE FALCON

I AM a white falcon, hurrah !
 My home is the mountains so high;
 But away o'er the lands and the waters,
 Wherever I please, I can fly.

I wander from city to city,
 I dart from the wave to the cloud,
 And when I am dead I shall slumber
 With my own white wings for a shroud.

ARAB SONG

BREAK thou my heart, ah, break it,
 If such thy pleasure be;
 Thy will is mine, what say I ?
 'Tis more than mine to me.

And if my life offend thee,
 My passion and my pain,
 Take thou my life, ah, take it,
 But spare me thy disdain !

THE LOVER

(JAPAN)

It is dark and lonesome here,
 Beneath the windy eaves: —
 The cold, cold ground my bed,
 My coverlet dead leaves,
 My only bedfellow
 The rain that wets my sleeves !

If it be day, or night,
 I know not, cannot say,
 For I am like a child
 Who has lost his troubled way,
 Till I see the white of the hoar-frost —
 Then I know it is day !

I touch the silent strings,
 The broken lute complains;
 The sweets of love are gone,
 The bitterness remains,
 Like the memory of summer
 In the time of the long rains !

A few more days and nights,
 My tears will cease to flow;
 For I hear a voice within,
 Which tells me I shall go,
 Before the morning hoar-frost
 Becomes the night of snow !

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NOR as when some great Captain falls
 In battle, where his Country calls,
 Beyond the struggling lines
 That push his dread designs

To doom, by some stray ball struck dead:
 Or, in the last charge, at the head
 Of his determined men,
 Who *must* be victors then.

Nor as when sink the civic great,
 The safer pillars of the State,
 Whose calm, mature, wise words
 Suppress the need of swords.

With no such tears as e'er were shed
 Above the noblest of our dead
 Do we to-day deplore
 The Man that is no more.

Our sorrow hath a wider scope,
 Too strange for fear, too vast for hope,
 A wonder, blind and dumb,
 That waits — what is to come !

Not more astounded had we been
 If Madness, that dark night, unseen,
 Had in our chambers crept,
 And murdered while we slept !

We woke to find a mourning earth,
Our Lares shivered on the hearth,
The roof-tree fallen, all
That could affright, appall !

Such thunderbolts, in other lands,
Have smitten the rod from royal hands,
But spared, with us, till now,
Each laurelled Cæsar's brow.

No Cæsar he whom we lament,
A Man without a precedent,
Sent, it would seem, to do
His work, and perish, too.

Not by the weary cares of State,
The endless tasks, which will not wait,
Which, often done in vain,
Must yet be done again:

Not in the dark, wild tide of war,
Which rose so high, and rolled so far,
Sweeping from sea to sea
In awful anarchy:

Four fateful years of mortal strife,
Which slowly drained the nation's life,
(Yet for each drop that ran
There sprang an armed man !)

Not then; but when, by measures meet,
By victory, and by defeat,
By courage, patience, skill,
The people's fixed "*We will !*"

Had pierced, had crushed Rebellion dead,
Without a hand, without a head,
At last, when all was well,
He fell, O how he fell !

The time, the place, the stealing shape,
The coward shot, the swift escape,
The wife — the widow's scream, —
It is a hideous Dream !

A dream ? What means this pageant,
then ?

These multitudes of solemn men,
Who speak not when they meet,
But throng the silent street ?

The flags half-mast that late so high
Flaunted at each new victory ?
(The stars no brightness shed,
But bloody looks the red !)

The black festoons that stretch for miles,
And turn the streets to funeral aisles ?
(No house too poor to show
The nation's badge of woe.)

The cannon's sudden, sullen boom,
The bells that toll of death and doom,
The rolling of the drums,
The dreadful car that comes ?

Cursed be the hand that fired the shot,
The frenzied brain that hatched the plot,
Thy country's Father slain
By thee, thou worse than Cain !

Tyrants have fallen by such as thou,
And good hath followed — may it now !
(God lets bad instruments
Produce the best events.)

But he, the man we mourn to-day,
No tyrant was: so mild a sway
In one such weight who bore
Was never known before.

Cool should he be, of balanced powers,
The ruler of a race like ours,
Impatient, headstrong, wild,
The Man to guide the Child.

And this *he* was, who most unfit
(So hard the sense of God to hit,)
Did seem to fill his place;
With such a homely face,

Such rustic manners, speech uncouth,
(That somehow blundered out the truth,)
Untried, untrained to bear
The more than kingly care.

Ah ! And his genius put to scorn
The proudest in the purple born,
Whose wisdom never grew
To what, untaught, he knew,

The People, of whom he was one:
No gentleman, like Washington,
(Whose bones, methinks, make room,
To have him in their tomb !)

A laboring man, with horny hands,
Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands,
Who shrank from nothing new,
But did as poor men do.

One of the People ! Born to be
 Their curious epitome;
 To share yet rise above
 Their shifting hate and love.

Common his mind, (it seemed so then,)
 His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
 Plain were his words, and poor,
 But now they will endure !

No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
 But prudent, cautious, pliant still;
 Who since his work was good
 Would do it as he could.

Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
 And, lacking prescience, went without:
 Often appeared to halt,
 And was, of course, at fault;

Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
 And, loving both sides, angered both:
 Was — *not* like Justice, blind,
 But watchful, clement, kind.

No hero this of Roman mould,
 Nor like our stately sires of old:
 Perhaps he was not great,
 But he preserved the State !

O honest face, which all men knew !
 O tender heart, but known to few !
 O wonder of the age,
 Cut off by tragic rage !

Peace ! Let the long procession come,
 For hark, the mournful, muffled drum,
 The trumpet's wail afar,
 And see, the awful car !

Peace ! Let the sad procession go,
 While cannon boom and bells toll slow.
 And go, thou sacred car,
 Bearing our woe afar !

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
 Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait
 To honor all they can
 The dust of that good man.

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
 As greatest kings might die to gain.

The just, the wise, the brave,
 Attend thee to the grave.

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
 Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
 Salute him once again,
 Your late commander — slain !

Yes, let your tears indignant fall,
 But leave your muskets on the wall;
 Your country needs you now
 Beside the forge — the plough.

(When Justice shall unsheathe her brand, —
 If Mercy may not stay her hand,
 Nor would we have it so, —
She must direct the blow.)

And you, amid the master-race,
 Who seem so strangely out of place,
 Know ye who cometh ? He
 Who hath declared ye free.

Bow while the body passes — nay,
 Fall on your knees, and weep, and pray !
 Weep, weep — I would ye might —
 Your poor black faces white !

And, children, you must come in bands,
 With garlands in your little hands,
 Of blue and white and red,
 To strew before the dead.

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
 The Fallen to his last repose.
 Beneath no mighty dome,
 But in his modest home;

The churchyard where his children rest,
 The quiet spot that suits him best,
 There shall his grave be made,
 And there his bones be laid.

And there his countrymen shall come,
 With memory proud, with pity dumb,
 And strangers far and near,
 For many and many a year.

For many a year and many an age,
 While History on her ample page
 The virtues shall enroll
 Of that Paternal Soul.

ADSUM

DECEMBER 23-24, 1863

THE Angel came by night
 (Such angels still come down),
 And like a winter cloud
 Passed over London town;
 Along its lonesome streets,
 Where Want had ceased to weep,
 Until it reached a house
 Where a great man lay asleep;
 The man of all his time
 Who knew the most of men,
 The soundest head and heart,
 The sharpest, kindest pen.
 It paused beside his bed,
 And whispered in his ear;
 He never turned his head,
 But answered, "I am here."

Into the night they went.
 At morning, side by side,
 They gained the sacred Place
 Where the greatest Dead abide.
 Where grand old Homer sits
 In godlike state benign;
 Where broods in endless thought
 The awful Florentine;
 Where sweet Cervantes walks,
 A smile on his grave face;
 Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
 The wisest of his race;
 Where Goethe looks through all
 With that calm eye of his;
 Where — little seen but Light —
 The only Shakespeare is!
 When the new Spirit came,
 They asked him, drawing near,
 "Art thou become like us?"
 He answered, "I am here."

AN OLD SONG REVERSED

"THERE are gains for all our losses."
 So I said when I was young.
 If I sang that song again,
 'T would not be with that refrain,
 Which but suits an idle tongue.

Youth has gone, and hope gone with it,
 Gone the strong desire for fame.
 Laurels are not for the old.
 Take them, lads. Give Senex gold.
 What's an everlasting name?

When my life was in its summer
 One fair woman liked my looks:
 Now that Time has driven his plough
 In deep furrows on my brow,
 I'm no more in her good books.

"There are gains for all our losses?"
 Grave beside the wintry sea,
 Where my child is, and my heart,
 For they would not live apart,
 What has been your gain to me?

No, the words I sang were idle,
 And will ever so remain:
 Death, and Age, and vanished Youth
 All declare this bitter truth,
 There's a loss for every gain!

MORS ET VITA

"UNDER the roots of the roses,
 Down in the dark, rich mould,
 The dust of my dear one reposes
 Like a spark which night incloses
 When the ashes of day are cold."

"Under the awful wings
 Which brood over land and sea,
 And whose shadows nor lift nor flee, —
 This is the order of things,
 And hath been from of old:
 First production,
 And last destruction;
 So the pendulum swings,
 While cradles are rocked and bells are
 tolled."

"Not under the roots of the roses,
 But under the luminous wings
 Of the King of kings
 The soul of my love reposes,
 With the light of morn in her eyes,
 Where the Vision of Life discloses
 Life that sleeps not nor dies."

"Under or over the skies
 What is it that never dies?
 Spirit — if such there be —
 Whom no one hath seen nor heard,
 We do not acknowledge thee;
 For, spoken or written word,
 Thou art but a dream, a breath;
 Certain is nothing but Death!"

A GAZELLE

LAST night, when my tired eyes were shut
with sleep,
I saw the one I love, and heard her speak, —
Heard, in the listening watches of the night,
The sweet words melting from her sweeter
lips:

But what she said, or seemed to say, to me
I have forgotten, though, till morning broke,
I kept repeating her melodious words.

Long, long may Jami's eyes be blest with
sleep,

Like that which last night stole him from
himself, —

That perfect rest which, closing his tired lids,
Disclosed the hidden beauty of his love,
And, filling his soul with music all the while,
Imposed forgetfulness, instructing him

That silence is more significant of love
Than all the burning words in lovers' songs!

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARROW

THE life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light,
And out of light
Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!

There must be Something,
Above, or below;
Somewhere unseen
A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless Eye
That sees the arrows
Fly, and fly;
One who knows
Why we live — and die.

Margaret Junkin Preston

THE VISION OF THE SNOW

"SHE has gone to be with the angels;"

So they had always said
To the little questioner asking
Of his fair, young mother, dead.

They had never told of the darkness
Of the sorrowful, silent tomb,
Nor scared the sensitive spirit
By linking a thought of gloom

With the girl-like, beautiful being,
Who patiently from her breast,
Had laid him in baby-sweetness,
To pass to her early rest.

And when he would lisp — "Where is
she?"

Missing the mother-kiss,
They answered — "Away in a country
That is lovelier far than this: —

"A land all a-shine with beauty
Too pure for our mortal sight,
Where the darling ones who have left us
Are walking in robes of white."

And with eagerest face he would listen,
His tremulous lips apart,
Till the thought of the Beautiful Country
Haunted his yearning heart.

One morn, as he gazed from the window,
A miracle of surprise,
A marvellous, mystic vision
Dazzled his wondering eyes.

Born where the winter's harshness
Is tempered with spring-tide glow,
The delicate Southern nursling
Never had seen the snow.

And clasping his childish fingers,
He turned with a flashing brow,
And cried — "We have got to heaven —
Show me my mother now!"

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE

"GARÇON! You — *you*
Snared along with this cursèd crew?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
Scarcely as much as ten years old!)

Do you hear ? do you know
Why the gendarmes put you there, in the
row,
You, with those Commune wretches tall,
With your face to the wall ?"

"*Know ?* To be sure I know ! why not ?

We're here to be shot;
And there, by the pillar's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell:
Ah, well !

That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,
With my back to the wall !"

("Sacré ! Fair, open fight, I say,
Is something right gallant in its way,
And fine for warming the blood ; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do ?
Bah ! 't is a butcher's business !) *How ?*
(The boy is beckoning to me now:
I knew that his poor child's heart would
fail,

. . . Yet his cheek's not pale :)
Quick ! say your say, for don't you see,
When the church-clock yonder tolls out
Three,

You're all to be shot ?
. . . *What ?*
'*Excuse you one moment ?*' O, ho, ho !
Do you think to fool a gendarme so ?"

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend,
one day
(My father's friend), just over the way,
Lent me; and if you'll let me free,
— It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*, —
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand's
done."

"Ha, ha ! No doubt of it ! Off ! Be-
gone !
(Now, good Saint Denis, speed him on !
The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
For I hardly see how I could have braved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard,
While I gave the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die.")

"In time ! Well, thanks, that my desire
Was granted; and now, I am ready:—
Fire !

One word ! — that's all !
— You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall ?"

"Parbleu ! Come out of the line, I say,
Come out ! (who said that his name was
Ney ?)
Ha ! France will hear of him yet one
day !"

A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD CEM- ETERY, RICHMOND

(J. R. T.)

I READ the marble-lettered name,
And half in bitterness I said:
"As Dante from Ravenna came,
Our poet came from exile — dead."
And yet, had it been asked of him
Where he would rather lay his head,
This spot he would have chosen. Dim
The city's hum drifts o'er his grave,
And green above the hollies wave
Their jagged leaves, as when a boy,
On blissful summer afternoons,
He came to sing the birds his runes,
And tell the river of his joy.

Who dreams that in his wanderings wide,
By stern misfortunes tossed and
driven,
His soul's electric strands were riven
From home and country ? Let betide
What might, what would, his boast, his
pride,
Was in his stricken mother-land,
That could but bless and bid him go,
Because no crust was in her hand
To stay her children's need. We know
The mystic cable sank too deep
For surface storm or stress to strain,
Or from his answering heart to keep
The spark from flashing back again !

Think of the thousand mellow rhymes,
The pure idyllic passion-flowers,
Wherewith, in far gone, happier times,
He garlanded this South of ours.
Provençal-like, he wandered long,
And sang at many a stranger's board,
Yet 't was Virginia's name that poured
The tenderest pathos through his song.
We owe the Poet praise and tears,
Whose ringing ballad sends the brave,
Bold Stuart riding down the years —
What have we given him ? Just a
grave !

Stephen Collins Foster

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;

'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,

While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,

All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,

For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,

On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,

With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part:—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,

Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.

A few more days for to tote the weary load,—

No matter, 't will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road:—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam,
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND

ROUND de meadows am a-ringing
 De darkeys' mournful song,
 While de mocking-bird am singing,
 Happy as de day am long.
 Where de ivy am a-creeping,
 O'er de grassy mound,
 Dere old massa am a-sleeping,
 Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Down in de corn-field
 Hear dat mournful sound:
 All de darkeys am a-weeping, —
 Massa 's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
 When de days were cold,
 'T was hard to hear old massa calling,
 Cayse he was so weak and old.

Now de orange tree am blooming
 On de sandy shore,
 Now de summer days am coming, —
 Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa make de darkeys love him,
 Cayse he was so kind;
 Now dey sadly weep above him,
 Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
 I cannot work before to-morrow,
 Cayse de tear-drop flow;
 I try to drive away my sorrow,
 Pickin' on de old banjo.

Down in de corn-field
 Hear dat mournful sound:
 All de darkeys am a-weeping, —
 Massa 's in de cold, cold ground.

Rose Terry Cooke

SEGOVIA AND MADRID

It sings to me in sunshine,
 It whispers all day long,
 My heartache like an echo
 Repeats the wistful song:
 Only a quaint old love-lilt,
 Wherein my life is hid, —
 "My body is in Segovia,
 But my soul is in Madrid!"

I dream, and wake, and wonder,
 For dream and day are one,
 Alight with vanished faces,
 And days forever done.
 They smile and shine around me
 As long ago they did;
 For my body is in Segovia,
 But my soul is in Madrid!

Through inland hills and forests
 I hear the ocean breeze,
 The creak of straining cordage,
 The rush of mighty seas,
 The lift of angry billows
 Through which a swift keel slid;
 For my body is in Segovia,
 But my soul is in Madrid.

O fair-haired little darlings
 Who bore my heart away!
 A wide and woful ocean
 Between us roars to-day;
 Yet am I close beside you
 Though time and space forbid;
 My body is in Segovia,
 But my soul is in Madrid.

If I were once in heaven,
 There would be no more sea;
 My heart would cease to wander,
 My sorrows cease to be;
 My sad eyes sleep forever,
 In dust and daisies hid,
 And my body leave Segovia.
 — Would my soul forget Madrid?

ARACHNE

I WATCH her in the corner there,
 As, restless, bold, and unafraid,
 She slips and floats along the air
 Till all her subtle house is made.

Her home, her bed, her daily food,
 All from that hidden store she draws;

She fashions it and knows it good,
By instinct's strong and sacred laws.

No tenuous threads to weave her nest,
She seeks and gathers there or here;
But spins it from her faithful breast,
Renewing still, till leaves are sere.

Then, worn with toil, and tired of life,
In vain her shining traps are set.
Her frost hath hushed the insect strife
And gilded flies her charm forget.

But swinging in the snares she spun,
She sways to every wintry wind:
Her joy, her toil, her errand done,
Her corse the sport of storms unkind.

Poor sister of the spinster clan!
I too from out my store within
My daily life and living plan,
My home, my rest, my pleasure spin.

I know thy heart when heartless hands
Sweep all that hard-earned web away:
Destroy its pearly and glittering bands,
And leave thee homeless by the way.

I know thy peace when all is done.
Each anchored thread, each tiny knot,
Soft shining in the autumn sun;
A sheltered, silent, tranquil lot.

I know what thou hast never known,—
Sad presage to a soul allowed,—
That not for life I spin, alone,
But day by day I spin my shroud.

BLUEBEARD'S CLOSET

FASTEN the chamber!
Hide the red key;
Cover the portal,
That eyes may not see.
Get thee to market,
To wedding and prayer;
Labor or revel,
The chamber is there!

In comes a stranger—
"Thy pictures how fine,
Titian or Guido,
Whose is the sign?"

Looks he behind them?
Ah! have a care!
"Here is a finer."
The chamber is there!

Fair spreads the banquet,
Rich the array;
See the bright torches
Mimicking day;
When harp and viol
Thrill the soft air,
Comes a light whisper:
The chamber is there!

Marble and painting,
Jasper and gold,
Purple from Tyrus,
Fold upon fold,
Blossoms and jewels,
Thy palace prepare:
Pale grows the monarch;
The chamber is there!

Once it was open
As shore to the sea;
White were the turrets,
Goodly to see;
All through the casements
Flowed the sweet air;
Now it is darkness;
The chamber is there!

Silence and horror
Brood on the walls;
Through every crevice
A little voice calls:
"Quicken, mad footsteps,
On pavement and stair;
Look not behind thee,
The chamber is there!"

Out of the gateway,
Through the wide world,
Into the tempest
Beaten and hurled,
Vain is thy wandering,
Sure thy despair,
Flying or staying,
The chamber is there!

LISE

If I were a cloud in heaven,
I would hang over thee;

If I were a star of even,
 I'd rise and set for thee;
 For love, life, light, were given
 Thy ministers to be.

If I were a wind's low laughter,
 I'd kiss thy hair;
 Or a sunbeam coming after,
 Lie on thy forehead fair;
 For the world and its wide hereafter
 Have nought with thee to compare.

If I were a fountain leaping,
 Thy name should be
 The burden of my sweet weeping;
 If I were a bee,
 My honeyed treasures keeping,
 'T were all for thee!

There's never a tidied ocean
 Without a shore;
 Nor a leaf whose downward motion
 No dews deplore;
 And I dream that my devotion
 May move thee to sigh once more.

DONE FOR

A WEEK ago to-day, when red-haired Sally
 Down to the sugar-camp came to see me,
 I saw her checked frock coming down the
 valley,
 Far as anybody's eyes could see.
 Now I sit before the camp-fire,
 And I can't see the pine-knots blaze,
 Nor Sally's pretty face a-shining,
 Though I hear the good words she says.

A week ago to-night I was tired and lonely,
 Sally was gone back to Mason's fort,
 And the boys by the sugar-kettles left me
 only;
 They were hunting coons for sport.
 By there snaked a painted Pawnee,
 I was asleep before the fire;
 He creased my two eyes with his hatchet,
 And scalped me to his heart's desire.

There they found me on the dry tussocks
 lying,
 Bloody and cold as a live man could be;
 A hoot-owl on the branches overhead was
 crying,
 Crying murder to the red Pawnee.

They brought me to the camp-fire,
 They washed me in the sweet white
 spring;
 But my eyes were full of flashes,
 And all night my ears would sing.

I thought I was a hunter on the prairie,
 But they saved me for an old blind dog;
 When the hunting-grounds are cool and
 airy,
 I shall lie here like a helpless log.
 I can't ride the little wiry pony,
 That scrambles over hills high and low;
 I can't set my traps for the cony,
 Or bring down the black buffalo.

I'm no better than a rusty, bursted rifle,
 And I don't see signs of any other trail;
 Here by the camp-fire blaze I lie and stifle,
 And hear Jim fill the kettles with his pail.
 It's no use groaning. I like Sally,
 But a Digger squaw would n't have me!
 I wish they had n't found me in the valley,—
 It's twice dead not to see!

IN VAIN

PUT every tiny robe away!
 The stitches all were set with tears,
 Slow, tender drops of joys; to-day
 Their rain would wither hopes or fears:
 Bitter enough to daunt the moth
 That longs to fret this dainty cloth.

The filmy lace, the ribbons blue,
 The tracery deft of flower and leaf,
 The fairy shapes that bloomed and grew
 Through happy moments all too brief.
 The warm, soft wraps. O God! how cold
 It must be in that wintry mould!

Fold carefully the broidered wool:
 Its silken wreaths will ne'er grow old,
 And lay the linen soft and cool
 Above it gently, fold on fold.
 So lie the snows on that soft breast,
 Where mortal garb will never rest.

How many days in dreamed delight,
 With listless fingers, working slow,
 I fashioned them from morn till night
 And smiled to see them slowly grow.
 I thought the task too late begun;
 Alas! how soon it all was done!

Go lock them in a cedar chest,
And never bring me back the key !
Will hiding lay this ghost to rest,
Or the turned lock give peace to me ?
No matter ! — only that I dread
Lest other eyes behold my dead.

I would have laid them in that grave
To perish too, like any weed ;
But legends tell that they who save
Such garments, ne'er the like will need :
But give or burn them, — need will be ;
I want but one such memory !

Francis Miles Finch

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all :

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our
dead !
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

John Townsend Crowbridge

THE VAGABONDS

We are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog. — Come here, you
scamp !

Jump for the gentleman, — mind your eye !
Over the table, — look out for the lamp !
The rogue is growing a little old ;
Five years we've tramped through wind
and weather,

And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank — and starved — together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !
The paw he holds up there 's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the
griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, Sir, — I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —
Are n't we, Roger ? — See him wink ! —
Well, something hot, then, — we won't
quarrel.
He 's thirsty, too, — see him nod his head ?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk !
He understands every word that's said, —
And he knows good milk from water-
and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here 's to you, Sir !) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pock-
ets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his
sockets.

There is n't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every
disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master !
No, Sir ! — see him wag his tail and grin !
By George ! it makes my old eyes water !
That is, there 's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter !

We'll have some music, if you 're willing,
And Roger (hem ! what a plague a
cough is, Sir !)
Shall march a little — Start, you villain !
Paws up ! Eyes front ! Salute your
officer !
'Bout face ! Attention ! Take your rifle !
(Some dogs have arms, you see !) Now
hold your

Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel
shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps, — that's five; he's mighty
knowing !
The night's before us, fill the glasses ! —
Quick, Sir ! I'm ill, — my brain is go-
ing ! —
Some brandy, — thank you, — there ! —
it passes !

Why not reform ? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched
treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat
meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with
thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink, —
The same old story; you know how it
ends.
If you could have seen these classic fea-
tures, —
You need n't laugh, Sir; they were not
then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen *her*, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast !
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you would n't
have guessed
That ever I, Sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since, — a parson's wife:
'T was better for her that we should
part, —
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her ? Once: I was weak and spent

On the dusty road: a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers
dropped !

You 've set me talking, Sir; I 'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change !
What do you care for a beggar's story ?
Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?

I had a mother so proud of me !
'T was well she died before. — Do you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart ?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if
he could,
Nodoubtremembering things that were, —
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I 'm better now; that glass was warming. —
You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the
street. —

Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are
free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor
drink: —

The sooner, the better for Roger and me !

MIDWINTER

THE speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;

Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple-boughs, and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden-walk;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow;
And the old door-slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows: the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree:
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird;
And heavenly thoughts as soft and white
As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

MIDSUMMER

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.

O, softly on yon banks of haze,
Her rosy face the Summer lays !

Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet, —
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved
row.

With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humblebee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;

Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats its throbbing drum.
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and, look !
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
O, this is peace ! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read:
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His Voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

Jeremiah Eames Rankin

THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME

THE word of God to Leyden came,
Dutch town by Zuyder-Zee ;
Rise up, my children of no name,
My kings and priests to be.
There is an empire in the West,
Which I will soon unfold ;
A thousand harvests in her breast,
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe !
Old things are passed away.
Bishops and kings from earth I wipe:
Too long they've had their day.
A little ship have I prepared
To bear you o'er the seas;
And in your souls, my will declared,
Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry:
I hear their voice, How long ?
It mingles with their praises high,
And with their victor song.
The thing they longed and waited for,
But died without the sight;

So, this shall be ! I wrong abhor,
The world I'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,
You've other work to do;
For Freedom's commonwealth there's room,
And you shall build it too.
I'm tired of bishops and their pride,
I'm tired of kings as well;
Henceforth I take the people's side,
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,
And from the king, his crown;
Let all my captives be released;
Lift up, whom men cast down.
Their pastors let the people choose,
And choose their rulers too;
Whom they select, I'll not refuse,
But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims rose, at this God's word,
And sailed the wintry seas:
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,
Nor thought of wealth or ease.
They left the towers of Leyden town,
They left the Zuyder-Zee;

And where they cast their anchor down,
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

THE BABIE¹

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimplit chin,
Her puckered lips, and baumy mou',
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face:
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' of our luve,
A giftie God gied us:
We maun na luve the gift owre weel;
'T wad be nae blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae Heaven.

Additional Selections

(VARIOUS POEMS BELONGING TO THIS DIVISION)

I

TWILIGHT AT SEA

THE twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

AMELIA COPPUCK WELBY

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus for ever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preach-
ing
Thine own sphere, though humble, first
to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst
throw —

If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and
woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can bright-
en —
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's ap-
plauses,
Not by works that give thee world-re-
nown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal
crown!

Daily struggling, though unloved and
lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance
bright?

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 817.

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou
rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself, thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL

BALDER'S WIFE

HER casement like a watchful eye
From the face of the wall looks down,
Lashed round with ivy vines so dry,
And with ivy leaves so brown.
Her golden head in her lily hand
Like a star in the spray o' the sea,
And wearily rocking to and fro,
She sings so sweet and she sings so low
To the little babe on her knee.
But let her sing what tune she may,
Never so light and never so gay,
It slips and slides and dies away
To the moan of the willow water.

Like some bright honey-hearted rose
That the wild wind rudely mocks,
She blooms from the dawn to the day's
sweet close
Hemmed in with a world of rocks.
The livelong night she doth not stir,
But keeps at her casement lorn,
And the skirts of the darkness shine with her
As they shine with the light o' the morn,
And all who pass may hear her lay,
But let it be what tune it may,
It slips and slides and dies away
To the moan of the willow water.

And there, within that one-eyed tower,
Lashed round with the ivy brown,
She droops like some unpitied flower
That the rain-fall washes down:

The damp o' the dew in her golden hair,
Her cheek like the spray o' the sea,
And wearily rocking to and fro,
She sings so sweet and she sings so low
To the little babe on her knee.
But let her sing what tune she may,
Never so glad and never so gay,
It slips and slides and dies away
To the moan of the willow water.

ALICE CARY

NEARER HOME

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

PHŒBE CARY

THE MASTER'S INVITATION

DEAR Lord, thy table is outspread;
What other could such feast afford?

And thou art waiting at the head,
 But I am all unworthy, Lord;
 Yet do I hear thee say, —
 (Was ever love so free?)
Come hither, son, to-day
And sit and sup with me.

O master! I am full of doubt,
 My heart with sin and fear defiled;
 Come thou, and cast the tempter out,
 And make me as a little child;
 Methinks I hear thee say, —
 Come thou, at once, and see
 What love can take away,
 And what confer on thee.

My Lord! to thee I fain would go,
 Yet tarry now I know not why;
 Speak, if to tell what well I know,
 That none are half so vile as I.
 What do I hear thee say? —
 Look, trembling one, and see
 These tokens, which to-day
 Tell what I did for thee.

Nay, Lord! I could not here forget
 What thou didst for my ransom give;
 The garden prayer, the bloody sweat,
 All this and more, that I might live.
 I hear thee sadly say, —
 If this remembered be,
 Why linger thus to-day?
 Why doubt and question me?

Oh, love to angels all unknown!
 I turn from sin and self aside;
 Thou hast the idol self o'erthrown,
 I only see the Crucified;
 I only hear thee say, —
 A feast is spread for thee
 On this and every day,
 If thou but follow me!

ANSON DAVIES FITZ RANDOLPH

TO A YOUNG CHILD

As doth his heart who travels far from
 home
 Leap up whenever he by chance doth
 see
 One from his mother-country lately come,
 Friend from my home — thus do I welcome
 thee.

Thou art so late arrived that I the tale
 Of thy high lineage on thy brow can trace,
 And almost feel the breath of that soft
 gale
 That waited thee unto this desert place,
 And half can hear those ravishing sounds
 that flowed
 From out Heaven's gate when it was oped
 for thee,
 That thou awhile mightst leave thy bright
 abode
 Amid these lone and desolate tracks to be
 A homesick, weary wanderer, and then
 Return unto thy native land again.

ELIZA SCUDDER

THE PILGRIM

A PILGRIM am I, on my way
 To seek and find the Holy Land;
 Scarce had I started, when there lay
 And marched round me a fourfold band:
 A smiling Joy, a weeping Woe,
 A Hope, a Fear, did with me go;
 And one may come, or one be gone;
 But I am never more alone.

My little Hope, she pines and droops,
 And finds it hard to live on earth;
 But then some pitying angel stoops
 To lift her out of frost and dearth,
 And bears her on before, and up,
 To taste, out of our Saviour's cup,
 Such cheer as here she cannot find,
 While patiently I plod behind.

Thus oft I send her from below —
 Poor little Hope — for change of air.
 I miss her sorely; but I know
 That God of her is taking care.
 And when my earthly course is done,
 To heaven's gate I'll see her run
 To meet me mid the shining bands,
 With full fruition in her hands.

My Fear I give to Faith to still
 With lullabies upon her breast.
 She sings to him, "Our Father's will,
 Not ours, be done, for His is best,"
 And lays him down to sleep in bowers —
 Beneath the cross — of passion-flowers.
 But ever yet he wakes in pain,
 And finds his way to me again.

But Woe, — she scarce will lose her hold.
 She sits and walks and runs with me,
 And watches. Ere the sun with gold
 Pays to the East his entrance fee

She stirs, and stares me in the face,
 And drives me from each stopping-
 place.

A guardian angel in disguise
 Seems looking through her tearful
 eyes.

Perhaps she hath a charge from God
 To see that ne'er, through Satan's camp,
 I slumber on my dangerous way
 Too sound or long. A safety lamp
 Meantime by Joy is carried nigh,
 Somewhat aloof; for he is shy,
 Too shy within my grasp to stay,
 Though seldom is he far away.

Thus, fellow-pilgrims, fare we on;
 But, in what mortals call my death,
 My Fear is doomed to die anon;
 When Woe shall leave me safe, — so
 saith
 My sweet-voiced Hope, — and turn to
 bring
 Some other soul; while Joy shall spring
 With me through heaven's strait door,
 to be
 Forever of my company !

SARAH HAMMOND PALFREY

A STRIP OF BLUE

I DO not own an inch of land,
 But all I see is mine, —
 The orchard and the mowing-fields,
 The lawns and gardens fine.
 The winds my tax-collectors are,
 They bring me tithes divine, —
 Wild scents and subtle essences,
 A tribute rare and free;
 And, more magnificent than all,
 My window keeps for me
 A glimpse of blue immensity, —
 A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
 Great fleets and argosies;
 I have a share in every ship
 Won by the inland breeze,
 To loiter on yon airy road
 Above the apple-trees.

I freight them with my untold dreams;
 Each bears my own picked crew;
 And nobler cargoes wait for them
 Than ever India knew, —
 My ships that sail into the East
 Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes, —
 The people of the sky, —
 Guests in white raiment coming down
 From heaven, which is close by;
 I call them by familiar names,
 As one by one draws nigh.
 So white, so light, so spirit-like,
 From violet mists they bloom !
 The aching wastes of the unknown
 Are half reclaimed from gloom,
 Since on life's hospitable sea
 All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
 With nothing else in sight;
 Its east and west, its north and south,
 Spread out from morn till night;
 We miss the warm, caressing shore,
 Its brooding shade and light.
 A part is greater than the whole;
 By hints are mysteries told.
 The fringes of eternity, —
 God's sweeping garment-fold,
 In that bright shred of glittering sea,
 I reach out for and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
 Float in upon the mist;
 The waves are broken precious stones, —
 Sapphire and amethyst
 Washed from celestial basement walls,
 By suns unsetting kist.
 Out through the utmost gates of space,
 Past where the gray stars drift,
 To the widening Infinite, my soul
 Glides on, a vessel swift,
 Yet loses not her anchorage
 In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
 The threshold of God's door
 Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
 Now the vast temple floor,
 The blinding glory of the dome
 I bow my head before.
 Thy universe, O God, is home,
 In height or depth, to me;

Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is oped unto my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

LUCY LARCOM

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh, how fondly dear!
'T will bring me back one golden hour,
Through many a weary year.

I may not to the world impart
The secret of its power,
But treasured in my inmost heart,
I keep my faded flower.

Where is the heart that doth not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare—
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair?

ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH

II

OLIVIA

WHAT are the long waves singing so mourn-
fully evermore?

What are they singing so mournfully as
they weep on the sandy shore?

"Olivia, oh, Olivia!"—what else can it
seem to be?

"Olivia, lost Olivia, will never return to
thee!"

"Olivia, lost Olivia!"—what else can the
sad song be?

"Weep and mourn, she will not return,—
she cannot return, to thee!"

And strange it is when the low winds sigh,
and strange when the loud winds
blow,

In the rustle of trees, in the roar of the
storm, in the sleepest streamlet's
flow,

Forever, from ocean or river, ariseth the
same sad moan,—

"She sleeps; let her sleep; wake her not.
It were best she should rest, and
alone."

Forever the same sad requiem comes up
from the sorrowful sea,

For the lovely, the lost Olivia, who cannot
return to me.

Alas! I fear 'tis not in the air, or the
sea, or the trees,—that strain:

I fear 't is a wrung heart aching, and the
throb of a tortured brain;

And the shivering whisper of startled
leaves, and the sob of the waves as
they roll,—

I fear they are only the echo of the song
of a suffering soul,—

Are only the passionless echo of the voice
that is ever with me:

"The lovely, the lost Olivia will never re-
turn to thee!"

I stand in the dim gray morning, where
once I stood, to mark,

Gliding away along the bay, like a bird,
her white-winged bark;

And when through the Golden Gate the
sunset radiance rolled,

And the tall masts melted to thinnest
threads in the glowing haze of
gold,

I said, "To thine arms I give her, O kind
and shining sea,

And in one long moon from this June eve
you shall let her return to me."

But the wind from the far spice islands
came back, and it sang with a
sigh,—

"The ocean is rich with the treasure it has
hidden from you and the sky."

And where, amid rocks and green sea-weed,
the storm and the tide were at
war,

The nightly-sought waste was still vacant
when I looked to the cloud and the
star;

And soon the sad wind and dark ocean
unceasingly sang unto me,
"The lovely, the lost Olivia will never re-
turn to thee!"

Dim and still the landscape lies, but
shadowless as heaven,
For the growing morn and the low west
moon on everything shine even;
The ghosts of the lost have departed, that
nothing can ever redeem,
And Nature, in light, sweet slumber, is
dreaming her morning dream.
'Tis morn and our Lord has awakened, and
the souls of the blessed are free.
O, come from the caves of the ocean!
Olivia, return unto me!

What thrills me? What comes near me?
Do I stand on the sward alone?
Was that a light wind, or a whisper? a
touch, or the pulse of a tone?
Olivia! whose spells from my slumber my
broken heart sway and control,
At length bring'st thou death to me, dear-
est, or rest to my suffering soul?
No sound but the psalm of the ocean:
"Bow down to the solemn decree,—
The lovely, the lost Olivia will never re-
turn to thee!"

And still are the long waves singing so
mournfully evermore;
Still are they singing so mournfully as they
weep on the sandy shore,—
"Olivia, lost Olivia!" so ever 'tis doomed
to be,—
"Olivia, lost Olivia will never return to
thee!"
"Olivia, lost Olivia!"—what else could
the sad song be?—
"Weep and mourn, she will not return,—
she cannot return to thee!"

EDWARD POLLOCK

UNDER THE SNOW

It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,
And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell,

When Wagoner John got out his team,
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,

With the light in his eyes of a young man's
dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New
Year's Day

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown
hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and winsome, and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth, for her heart was
true.

"Thou's surely not going!" shouted mine
host,
"Thou'll be lost in the drift, as sure as
thou's born;
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas
morn.

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton toon
To Blueberg hooses 'e Washburn dale:
Thou had better turn back and sit thee
doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good
ale."

Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the vines against the sun,
Herds from rivers in the drouth,
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December
to May.

But the wind from the north brings a
deadly chill
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are
deep,
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blue-
berg hill.
He is weary and falls in a pleasant sleep,

And dreams he is walking by Washburn
side,
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now forever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should
hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom

Steal on her ear, distinct and clear
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should
 know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy
 door,
That her lover was lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead, on the great wild moor.

"Help! help!" "Lost! lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,
Ridsdale and Robinson, each with a light,
To find her there holding him white and
 still.

"He was dead in the drift, then,"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed!" the dales-
 man cried,
"By Parson Carmalt o' New Year's Day;
Bless ye! Ruth were me great-great grand-
 sire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the
 snow?"
They cried with a laughter touched with
 tears.
"Nay, lads," he said softly, "we never can
 know—
"No, not if we live a hundred years.

"There's a sight o' things gan
To the making o' man."
Then I rushed to my play
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

ROBERT COLLYER

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE

THE weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain, and the lee-shrouds
 slacken,

The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-
 cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island
 Head.
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's
 brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for
 stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened
 hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws
 near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready!
 About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down helm!
 hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I
 throw,
While heaven grows black with the
 storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging
 sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd
 a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left
 behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and
sheets!"

Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of
the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "Mainsail,
haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung:
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bul-
warks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'T is the last com-
mand,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once
more:

Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly
shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the
squall?

I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay, there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more
comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry.
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is
below.

WALTER MITCHELL

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

I AM dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,

And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'T was no foeman's arm that felled him,
'T was his own that struck the blow:
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray —
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse Octavia
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness, —
Altars, augurs, circling wings, —
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian —
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors,
With the splendor of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine:
I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming — quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee —
Cleopatra — Rome — farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE

THE SECOND MATE

"Ho, there! Fisherman, hold your hand!
Tell me, what is that far away, —
There, where over the isle of sand
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
Rising and rolling through clouds of
spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife, —
Tell me what is it, Fisherman, pray?"

"That, good sir, was a steamer stout
 As ever paddled around Cape Race ;
 And many's the wild and stormy bout
 She had with the winds, in that self-same
 place ;
 But her time was come ; and at ten o'clock
 Last night she struck on that lonesome
 shore ;
 And her sides were gnawed by the hidden
 rock,
 And at dawn this morning she was no
 more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
 The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
 Tell me about her all that you can ;
 And here's my flask to moisten your
 lip.
 Tell me how many she had aboard, —
 Wives, and husbands, and lovers true, —
 How did it fare with her human hoard ?
 Lost she many, or lost she few ?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
 Already too moist I feel my lip ;
 But I'm ready to do what else you ask,
 And spin you my yarn about the ship.
 'T was ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
 When she struck the breakers and went
 ashore ;
 And scarce had broken the morning's light
 Than she sank in twelve feet of water or
 more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,
 And the captain called all hands to
 prayer ;
 And solemnly over the ocean's boom
 Their orisons wailed on the troublous
 air.
 And round about the vessel there rose
 Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,
 Like angels in their ascension clothes,
 Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So these three hundred people clung
 As well as they could, to spar and rope ;
 With a word of prayer upon every tongue,
 Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
 But there was no blubbing weak and
 wild, —
 Of tearful faces I saw but one,
 A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
 And not for himself, but the captain's
 son.

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
 Firm but pale, with trumpet in hand ;
 Sometimes he looked at the breaking
 wreck,
 Sometimes he sadly looked to land ;
 And often he smiled to cheer the crew —
 But, Lord ! the smile was terrible grim —
 Till over the quarter a huge sea flew ;
 And that was the last they saw of
 him.

"I saw one young fellow with his bride,
 Standing amidships upon the wreck ;
 His face was white as the boiling tide,
 And she was clinging about his neck.
 And I saw them try to say good-by,
 But neither could hear the other speak ;
 So they floated away through the sea to
 die —
 Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at
 best,
 Who went his way in a sea she shipped,
 All the while holding upon his breast
 A little pet parrot whose wings were
 clipped.
 And, as the boy and the bird went by,
 Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,
 They were gripped by a man, with a drown-
 ing cry,
 And together the three went down to
 rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
 Some with gladness, and few with fear, —
 Cold and hardship such work had done
 That few seemed frightened when death
 was near.
 Thus every soul on board went down, —
 Sailor and passenger, little and great ;
 The last that sank was a man of my
 town,
 A capital swimmer, — the second mate."

"Now, lonely fisherman, who are you
 That say you saw this terrible wreck ?
 How do I know what you say is true,
 When every mortal was swept from the
 deck ?
 Where were you in that hour of death ?
 How did you learn what you relate ?"
 His answer came in an under-breath :
 "Master, I was the second mate !"

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN¹

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 812.

III

TO AN AUTUMN LEAF

THE scarlet tide of summer's life
Is ebbing toward a shoreless sea;
Late fell before the reaper's knife
The ripened grain — a type of thee.

How fresh and young the earth looked,
when
The sun first kissed thy silken head!
Now blazing grass and smouldering fen
Burn incense for an empress dead.

With gorgeous robes she lies in state,
Her trailing banners cloud the sky:
When Atropos no more will wait,
'Tis joy so gloriously to die.

Whose loss is it, if thou and I
Are dropped into the fecund earth?
A privilege it is to die
When life is of no further worth.

Some newer lives will fill the place
Of which we feel ourselves bereft;
Mayhap, though shadows for a space,
Our vital essence will be left.

The spirit of each form that grows
Survives the mould in which 't is cast:
The universe will not repose,
Though death and life each follow fast.

Whence comes, where goes the spark we
see?
Till time's last ensign is unfurled,
This miracle of life will be,
For aye, the problem of the world.

Who reads a page of Nature's book,
How clear soe'er the text may be,
Needs something of a wizard's look,
If he would probe her mystery.

Oh, for an art like palmistry,
That I might scan thy mazy veins!
I long to know thy history, —
Why blood thy transient record stains.

The symmetry of thy outline,
The curious function of each part,
Betray the work of love divine: —
Does it conceal a throbbing heart?

Dost know the mortal life of man,
Its wants and wrongs and pangs and
fears?

Does sorrow trouble thy brief span,
Although denied relief of tears?

Hast thou a soul as well as I,
To breathe and blush and live the same?
What matters if I make outcry,
And call myself a prouder name?

One made us both by His high will,
He gave alike and takes away:
We grind as small in His great mill,
"Dust unto dust," our roundelay.

ALBERT MATHEWS

EBB AND FLOW

I WALKED beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore
Said only — "Dreamer, dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach;
Loud rang their battle-cry, like speech;
But changed was the imperial strain:
It murmured — "Dreamer, dream again!"

I homeward turned from out the gloom, —
That sound I heard not in my room;
But suddenly a sound, that stirred
Within my very breast, I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly:
But like the waves along the shore,
It said — "Dream on!" and "Dream no
more!"

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

THALATTA! THALATTA!

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND

I STAND upon the summit of my life:
Behind, the camp, the court, the field, the
grove,
The battle and the burden; vast, afar,
Beyond these weary ways, Behold! the
Sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and
wings,

By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose
breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is
peace.
Palter no question of the horizon dim, —
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is
rest,
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without
care,
Eternity! — deliverance, promise, course!
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

JOSEPH BROWNLEE BROWN

INCOGNITA OF RAPHAEL

LONG has the summer sunlight shone
On the fair form, the quaint costume;
Yet, nameless still, she sits, unknown,
A lady in her youthful bloom.

Fairer for this! no shadows cast
Their blight upon her perfect lot,
Whate'er her future or her past
In this bright moment matters not.

No record of her high descent
There needs, nor memory of her name;
Enough that Raphael's colors blent
To give her features deathless fame!

'T was his anointing hand that set
The crown of beauty on her brow;
Still lives its early radiance yet,
As at the earliest, even now.

'T is not the ecstasy that glows
In all the rapt Cecilia's grace;
Nor yet the holy, calm repose
He painted on the Virgin's face.

Less of the heavens, and more of earth,
There lurk within these earnest eyes,
The passions that have had their birth
And grown beneath Italian skies.

What mortal thoughts, and cares, and
dreams,
What hopes, and fears, and longings rest
Where falls the folded veil, or gleams
The golden necklace on her breast!

What mockery of the painted glow
May shade the secret soul within;

What griefs from passion's overflow,
What shame that follows after sin!

Yet calm as heaven's serenest deeps
Are those pure eyes, those glances pure;
And queenly is the state she keeps,
In beauty's lofty trust secure.

And who has strayed, by happy chance,
Through all those grand and pictured
halls,
Nor felt the magic of her glance,
As when a voice of music calls?

Not soon shall I forget the day, —
Sweet day, in spring's unclouded time,
While on the glowing canvas lay
The light of that delicious clime, —

I marked the matchless colors wreathed
On the fair brow, the peerless cheek;
The lips, I fancied, almost breathed
The blessings that they could not speak.

Fair were the eyes with mine that bent
Upon the picture their mild gaze,
And dear the voice that gave consent
To all the utterance of my praise.

O fit companionship of thought;
O happy memories, shrined apart;
The rapture that the painter wrought,
The kindred rapture of the heart!

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

ON ONE WHO DIED IN MAY

WHY, Death, what dost thou here,
This time o' year?
Peach-blow and apple-blossom;
Clouds, white as my love's bosom;
Warm wind o' the west
Cradling the robin's nest;
Young meadows hasting their green laps to
fill

With golden dandelion and daffodil:
These are fit sights for spring;
But, oh, thou hateful thing,
What dost thou here?

Why, Death, what dost thou here,
This time o' year?
Fair, at the old oak's knee,
The young anemone;

Fair, the plash places set
 With dog-tooth violet;
 The first sloop-sail,
 The shad-flower pale;
 Sweet are all sights,
 Sweet are all sounds of spring;
 But thou, thou ugly thing,
 What dost thou here ?

Dark Death let fall a tear.
 Why am I here ?
 Oh, heart ungrateful ! Will man never
 know
 I am his friend, nor ever was his foe ?
 Whose the sweet season, if it be not mine ?
 Mine, not the bobolinks, that song divine,
 Chasing the shadows o'er the flying wheat !
 'T is a dead voice, not his, that sounds so
 sweet.
 Whose passionate heart burns in this flam-
 ing rose
 But his, whose passionate heart long since
 lay still ?
 Whose wan hope pales this snowlike lily
 tall,
 Beside the garden wall,
 But his whose radiant eyes and lily grace
 Sleep in the grave that crowns yon tufted
 hill ?

 All hope, all memory,
 Have their deep springs in me;
 And love, that else might fade,
 By me immortal made,

Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming
 skies,
 And burns a steadfast star to steadfast
 eyes.

CLARENCE CHATHAM COOK

BUT ONCE

TELL me, wide wandering soul, in all thy
 quest
 Sipping or draining deep from crystal
 rim
 Where pleasure sparkled, when did over-
 brim
 That draught its goblet with the fullest
 zest ?
 Of all thy better bliss what deemst thou
 best ?
 Then thus my soul made answer. Ecstasy
 Comes once, like birth, like death, and
 once have I
 Been, oh ! so madly happy, that the rest
 Is tame as surgeless seas. It was a night
 Sweet, beautiful as she, my love, my light;
 Fair as the memory of that keen delight.
 Through trees the moon rose steady, and it
 blessed
 Her forehead chastely. Her uplifted look,
 Calm with deep passion, I for answer
 took,
 Then sudden heart to heart was wildly
 pressed.

THEODORE WINTHROP

IV

ALMA MATER'S ROLL

I SAW her scan her sacred scroll,
 I saw her read her record roll
 Of men who wrought to win the right,
 Of men who fought and died in fight;—
 When now, a hundred years by-gone
 The day she welcomed Washington,
 She showed to him her boys and men,
 And told him of their duty then.

"Here are the beardless boys I sent,
 And whispered to them my intent
 To free a struggling continent.

"The marks upon this scroll will show
 Their words a hundred years ago.

"Otis !" "No lesser death was given
 To him than by a bolt from heaven !"
 "Quincy !" "He died before he heard
 The echo of his thunder word."
 "And these were stripling lads whom I
 Sent out to speak a nation's cry,
 In 'glittering generality'
 Of living words that cannot die :

"John Hancock !" "Here." "John Ad-
 ams !" "Here."

"Paine, Gerry, Hooper, Williams!"
 "Here."

"My Narragansett Ellery!" "Here."
 "Sam Adams, first of freemen!" "Here."
 "My beardless boys, my graybeard men,
 Summoned to take the fatal pen
 Which gave eternal rights to men,—
 All present, or accounted for."

I saw her scan again the scroll,—
 I heard her read again the roll;
 I heard her name her soldier son,
 Ward, called from home by Lexington.
 He smiled and laid his baton down,
 Proud to be next to Washington!
 He called her list of boys and men
 Who served her for her battles then.
 From North to South, from East to West,
 He named her bravest and her best,
 From distant fort, from bivouac near:
 "Brooks, Eustis, Cobb, and Thacher!"
 "Here."

Name after name, with quick reply,
 As twitched his lip and flashed his eye;
 But then he choked and bowed his head,—
 "Warren at Bunker Hill lies dead."

The roll was closed; he only said,
 "All present, or accounted for."

That scroll is stained with time and dust;
 They were not faithless to their trust.

"If those days come again,—if I
 Call on the grandsons,—what reply?
 What deed of courage new display
 These fresher parchments of to-day?"

I saw her take the newest scroll,—
 I heard her read the whiter roll;
 And as the answers came, the while
 Our mother nodded with a smile:
 "Charles Adams!" "Here." "George
 Bancroft!" "Here."
 "The Hoars!" "Both here." "Dick
 Dana!" "Here."

"Wadsworth!" "He died at duty's call."
 "Webster!" "He fell as brave men
 fall."

"Everett!" "Struck down in Faneuil
 Hall."

"Sumner!" "A nation bears his pall."
 "Shaw, Abbott, Lowell, Savage!" "All
 Died there,—to live on yonder wall!"
 "Come East, come West, come far, come
 near,—

Lee, Bartlett, Davis, Devens!" "Here."
 "All present, or accounted for."

Boys, heed the omen! Let the scroll
 Fill as it may as years unroll;
 But when again she calls her youth
 To serve her in the ranks of Truth,
 May she find all one heart, one soul,—
 At home or on some distant shore,
 "All present, or accounted for!"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Φ B K DINNER, *Harvard*, 1875

BOOKRA¹

As I lay asleep in Italy.—SHELLEY.

ONE night I lay asleep in Africa,
 In a closed garden by the city gate;
 A desert horseman, furious and late,
 Came wildly thundering at the massive bar,
 "Open in Allah's name! Wake, Mustapha!
 Slain is the Sultan,—treason, war, and
 hate

Rage from Fez to Tetuan! Open straight."
 The watchman heard as thunder from
 afar:

"Go to! In peace this city lies asleep;
 To all-knowing Allah 't is no news you
 bring;"
 Then turned in slumber still his watch to
 keep.

At once a nightingale began to sing,
 In oriental calm the garden lay,—
 Panic and war postponed another day.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

¹ *Bookra* = To-morrow.

III

SECOND LYRICAL PERIOD

(IN THREE DIVISIONS)

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR TO THE HUNDREDTH
PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

1861-1889

1

- Mitchell (S. Weir's) first book of verse, "*The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems*" (Boston) did not appear until 1882
- Hayne (Paul H.'s) "*Poems*": Boston, 1854
- Winter's "*Poems*": Boston, 1854; "*The Queen's Domain*": Boston, 1858
- Mrs. Moulton's "*This, That, and the Other*": Boston, 1854; "*Poems*": Boston, 1877
- Aldrich's "*The Bells*": New York, 1854; "*The Ballad of Babie Bell*": *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*, 1855; "*The Ballad of Babie Bell, and Other Poems*": New York, 1858
- Stedman's "*Poems Lyrical and Idyllic*": New York, 1860
- Piatt's and Howells's "*Poems of Two Friends*": Columbus, 1859
- Mr. and Mrs. Piatt's "*The Nests at Washington*": New York, 1863
- Mrs. Spofford's "*Amber Gods*," prose: Boston, 1863; "*Poems*": Boston, 1881
- Howells's "*No Love Lost*": New York, 1869; "*Poems*": Boston, 1873
- Harte's "*Luck of Roaring Camp*": *Overland Monthly*, 1868; "*Poems*": Boston, 1870
- Miller's "*Songs of the Sierras*": Boston, 1871
- Hay's "*Pike County Ballads*": Boston, 1871
- Mrs. Jackson's "*Verses by H. H.*": Boston, 1873
- Lanier's "*Corn*": Lippincott's, 1874; "*Centennial Cantata*," 1876

2

- Miss Lazarus's "*Poems and Translations*": New York, 1866; "*Admetus and Other Poems*": New York, 1871
- Sill's "*The Hermitage*": New York, 1867
- O'Reilly's "*Songs from the Southern Seas*": Boston, 1873
- Gilder's "*The New Day*": New York, 1875
- Miss Coolbrith's "*A Perfect Day, and Other Poems*": San Francisco, 1881
- Mrs. E. M. (Hutchinson) Cortissoz's "*Songs and Lyrics*": Boston, 1881
- Riley's "*The Old Swimmin'-Hole, and 'Leven More Poems*": Indianapolis, 1883
- Thompson's "*Songs of Fair Weather*": Boston, 1883
- Miss Thomas's "*A New Year's Masque*": Boston, 1884
- Bates's "*Berries of the Brier*": Boston, 1886
- Field's "*Culture's Garland*": Boston, 1887; "*A Little Book of Western Verse*": Chicago, 1889
- Tabb's "*Poems*": Baltimore, 1882; "*Poems*": Boston, 1894
- Markham's "*The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems*": New York, 1899

3

- Woodberry's "*The North Shore Watch, a Threnody*" (privately printed): Cambridge, 1883; "*The North Shore Watch, and Other Poems*": Boston, 1890
- Bunner's "*Airs from Arcady*": New York, 1884
- Miss Guiney's "*Songs at the Start*": Boston, 1884
- Miss Cone's "*Oberon and Puck*": New York, 1885
- Sherman's "*Madrigals and Catches*": New York, 1887
- Miss Reese's "*A Branch of May*": Baltimore, 1887; "*A Handful of Lavender*": Boston, 1891
- Miss Monroe's "*Valeria, and Other Poems*": Chicago, 1891; "*Commemoration Ode*": delivered, Chicago, 1892, published, Chicago, 1893
- Garland's "*Prairie Songs*": Cambridge and Chicago, 1893
- Burton's "*Dumb in June*": Boston, 1895

The dates given are those of copyright entry

SECOND LYRICAL PERIOD

(IN THREE DIVISIONS)

DIVISION I

(MITCHELL, TIMROD, HAYNE, MRS. JACKSON, MISS DICKINSON, STEDMAN, THE PIATTS, MRS. SPOFFORD, MRS. MOULTON, WINTER, ALDRICH, HOWELLS, HAY, HARTE, SILL, MILLER, LANIER, AND OTHERS)

Silas Weir Mitchell¹

ON A BOY'S FIRST READING OF "KING HENRY V"

WHEN youth was lord of my unchallenged
fate,

And time seemed but the vassal of my will,
I entertained certain guests of state —
The great of older days, who, faithful still,
Have kept with me the pact my youth had
made.

And I remember how one galleon rare
From the far distance of a time long dead
Came on the wings of a fair-fortuned air,
With sound of martial music heralded,
In blazonry of storied shields arrayed.

So the *Great Harry* with high trumpetings,
The wind of victory in her burly sails!
And all her deck with clang of armor
rings:

And under-flown the Lily standard trails,
And over-flown the royal Lions ramp.

The waves she rode are strewn with silent
wrecks,

Her proud sea-comrades once; but ever yet
Comes time - defying laughter from her
decks,

Where stands the lion-lord Plantagenet,
Large-hearted, merry, king of court and
camp.

Sail on! sail on! The fatal blasts of time
That spared so few, shall thee with joy
escort;

And with the stormy thunder of thy rhyme
Shalt thou salute full many a centuried port
With "Ho! for Harry and red Agin-
court!"

TO A MAGNOLIA FLOWER IN THE GARDEN OF THE ARME- NIAN CONVENT AT VENICE

I saw thy beauty in its high estate
Of perfect empire, where at set of sun
In the cool twilight of thy lucent leaves
The dewy freshness told that day was
done.

Hast thou no gift beyond thine ivory cone's
Surpassing loveliness? Art thou not
near —

More near than we — to nature's silent-
ness;

Is it not voiceful to thy finer ear?

Thy folded secrecy doth like a charm
Compel to thought. What spring-born
yearning lies

Within the quiet of thy stainless breast
That doth with languorous passion seem
to rise?

The soul doth truant angels entertain
Who with reluctant joy their thoughts
confess:

Low-breathing, to these sister spirits give
The virgin mysteries of thy heart to
guess.

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 810.

What whispers hast thou from yon child-
like sea

That sobs all night beside these garden
walls ?

Canst thou interpret what the lark hath
sung

When from the choir of heaven her
music falls ?

If for companionship of purity

The equal pallor of the risen moon

Disturb thy dreams, dost know to read
aright

Her silver tracery on the dark lagoon ?

The mischief-making fruitfulness of May

Stirs all the garden folk with vague de-
sires :

Doth there not reach thine apprehensive ear

The faded longing of these dark-robed
friars,

When, in the evening hour to memories
given,

Some gray-haired man amid the gather-
ing gloom

For one delirious moment sees again

The gleam of eyes and white-walled
Erzeroum ?

Hast thou not loved him for this human
dream ?

Or sighed with him who yester-evening
sat

Upon the low sea-wall, and saw through
tears

His ruined home, and snow-clad Ararat ?

If thou art dowered with some refined
sense

That shares the counsels of the nesting
bird,

Canst hear the mighty laughter of the
earth,

And all that ear of man hath never
heard,

If the abysmal stillness of the night

Be eloquent for thee, if thou canst read

The glowing rubric of the morning song,

Doth each new day no gentle warning
breed ?

Shall not the gossip of the maudlin bee,

The fragrant history of the fallen rose,

Unto the prescience of instinctive love

Some humbler prophecy of joy disclose ?

Cold vestal of the leafy convent cell,

The traitor days have thy calm trust
betrayed ;

The sea-wind boldly parts thy shining
leaves

To let the angel in. Be not afraid !

The gold-winged sun, divinely penetrant,

The pure annunciation of the morn

Breathes o'er thy chastity, and to thy soul

The tender thrill of motherhood is borne.

Set wide the glory of thy perfect bloom !

Call every wind to share thy scented
breaths !

No life is brief that doth perfection win.

To-day is thine—to-morrow thou art
death's !

OF ONE WHO SEEMED TO HAVE FAILED

DEATH's but one more to-morrow. Thou
art gray

With many a death of many a yesterday.

O yearning heart that lacked the athlete's
force

And, stumbling, fell upon the beaten course,
And looked, and saw with ever glazing eyes

Some lower soul that seemed to win the
prize !

Lo, Death, the just, who comes to all alike,
Life's sorry scales of right anew shall
strike.

Forth, through the night, on unknown
shores to win

The peace of God unstirred by sense of sin !

There love without desire shall, like a mist

At evening precious to the drooping flower,

Possess thy soul in ownership, and kissed

By viewless lips, whose touch shall be a
dower

Of genius and of winged serenity,

Thou shalt abide in realms of poesy.

There soul hath touch of soul, and there
the great

Cast wide to welcome thee joy's golden
gate.

Freeborn to untold thoughts that age on age

Caressed sweet singers in their sacred
sleep,

Thy soul shall enter on its heritage
Of God's unuttered wisdom. Thou shalt
sweep

With hand assured the ringing lyre of life,
Till the fierce anguish of its bitter strife,
Its pain, death, discord, sorrow, and despair,
Break into rhythmic music. Thou shalt
share

The prophet-joy that kept forever glad
God's poet-souls when all a world was sad.
Enter and live! Thou hast not lived be-
fore;

We were but soul-cast shadows. Ah, no
more

The heart shall bear the burdens of the
brain;

Now shall the strong heart think, nor think
in vain.

In the dear company of peace, and those
Who bore for man life's utmost agony,
Thy soul shall climb to cliffs of still repose,
And see before thee lie Time's mystery,
And that which is God's time, Eternity;
Whence sweeping over thee dim myriad
things,

The awful centuries yet to be, in hosts
That stir the vast of heaven with formless
wings,

Shall cast for thee their shrouds, and, like
to ghosts,

Unriddle all the past, till, awed and still,
Thy soul the secret hath of good and ill.

THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD

FOUR straight brick walls, severely plain,
A quiet city square surround;
A level space of nameless graves, —
The Quakers' burial-ground.

In gown of gray, or coat of drab,
They trod the common ways of life,
With passions held in sternest leash,
And hearts that knew not strife.

To yon grim meeting-house they fared,
With thoughts as sober as their speech,
To voiceless prayer, to songless praise,
To hear the elders preach.

Through quiet lengths of days they came,
With scarce a change to this repose;
Of all life's loveliness they took
The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves,
Glad rings the southward robin's glee,
And sparrows fill the autumn air
With merry mutiny;

While on the graves of drab and gray
The red and gold of autumn lie,
And wilful Nature decks the sod
In gentlest mockery.

IDLENESS

THERE is no dearer lover of lost hours
Than I.

I can be idler than the idlest flowers;
More idly lie

Than noonday lilies languidly afloat,
And water pillowed in a windless moat.

And I can be
Still than some gray stone
That hath no motion known.

It seems to me
That my still idleness doth make my own
All magic gifts of joy's simplicity.

A DECANter OF MADEIRA, AGED 86, TO GEORGE BAN- CROFT, AGED 86, GREETING

GOOD Master, you and I were born
In "Teacup days" of hoop and hood,
And when the silver cue hung down,
And toasts were drunk, and wine was good;

When kin of mine (a jolly brood)
From sideboards looked, and knew full
well

What courage they had given the beau,
How generous made the blushing belle.

Ah me! what gossip could I prate
Of days when doors were locked at din-
ners!

Believe me, I have kissed the lips
Of many pretty saints — or sinners.

Lip service have I done, alack!
I don't repent, but come what may,
What ready lips, sir, I have kissed,
Be sure at least I shall not say.

Two honest gentlemen are we, —
I Demi John, whole George are you;

When Nature grew us one in years
She meant to make a generous brew.

She bade me store for festal hours
The sun our south-side vineyard knew;
To sterner tasks she set your life,
As statesman, writer, scholar, grew.

Years eighty-six have come and gone;
At last we meet. Your health to-night.
Take from this board of friendly hearts
The memory of a proud delight.

The days that went have made you wise,
There's wisdom in my rare bouquet.
I'm rather paler than I was;
And, on my soul, you're growing gray.

I like to think, when Toper Time
Has drained the last of me and you,
Some here shall say, They both were
good,—
The wine we drank, the man we knew.
1886

Henry Timrod

THE COTTON BOLL

WHILE I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning
here

And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider
fled

Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging
bed,

Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and
miles

The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us
round,

And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,

In those blue tracts above the thunder,
where

No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many
lands,

Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their
streams

Against the Evening Star!

And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic
day!

Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands —
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale —
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,

As if, with Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down !)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all
green

With all the common gifts of God.
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of bil-
lowy gold

Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plum'd peaks
cloud-crowned;

And, save where up their sides the plough-
man creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly
round,

In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps !
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with
me gaze

Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth !
Thou Sun, that kindest all thy gentlest
rays

Above it, as to light a favorite hearth !
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the
West

See nothing brighter than its humblest flow-
ers !

And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's
breast

Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bow-
ers !

Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world
began,

No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man.

But these are charms already widely blown !
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of "The Woodlands," unto whom
Alike are known

The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's
tone,

And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O Land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,

And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own !
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea
with ships

That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English
homes,

And only bounds its blessings by mankind !
In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My Country ! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee; though thy foes be
hard

And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee
great

In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase —
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages
teach —

Revive the half-dead dream of universal
peace !

As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of
brine

Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the arch'd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each
dawn

Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I
know

The end must crown us, and a few brief
years
Dry all our tears,

I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must re-
gret.

And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's
wrong

Delay our just release!

And, if it may be, save

These sacred fields of peace

From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!

Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood

Back on its course, and, while our banners
wing

Northward, strike with us! till the Goth
shall cling

To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave

Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate

The lenient future of his fate

There, where some rotting ships and crum-
bling quays

Shall one day mark the Port which ruled
the Western seas.

QUATORZAIN

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they
rest

In the brief pauses of that daily strife,

Wherewith the world might else be not so
rife,

They draw it forth (as one draws forth a
toy

To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)

And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.

Ah me! why may not love and life be one?

Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,

Love, like a visible god, might be our
guide?

How would the marts grow noble! and the
street,

Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary feet,

Seem then a golden court-way of the Sun!

CHARLESTON

CALM as that second summer which pre-
cedes

The first fall of the snow,

In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,

The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts, stern and
proud,

Her bolted thunders sleep,—

Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,

Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or seaur

To guard the holy strand;

But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war

Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie
couched,

Unseen, beside the flood,—

Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched,

That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing
with trade,

Walk grave and thoughtful men,

Whose hands may one day wield the pa-
triot's blade

As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would
grow dim

Over a bleeding bound,

Seem each one to have caught the strength
of him

Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,

Day patient following day,

Old Charleston looks from roof and spire
and dome,

Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon
lands

And spicy Indian ports,

Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,

And summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,

The only hostile smoke

Creeps like a harmless mist above the
brine,

From some frail floating oak.

Shall the spring dawn, and she, still clad
in smiles,

And with an unscathed brow,

Rest in the strong arms of her palm-
crowned isles,

As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
 God has inscribed her doom:
 And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
 The triumph or the tomb.
April, 1863.

AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,
 Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
 Though yet no marble column craves
 The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
 The blossom of your fame is blown,
 And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
 The shaft is in the stone !

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
 Which keep in trust your storied
 tombs,
 Behold ! your sisters bring their tears,
 And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes ! but your shades will
 smile
 More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
 Than when some cannon-moulded pile
 Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies !
 There is no holier spot of ground
 Than where defeated valor lies,
 By mourning beauty crowned.
Charleston, 1867.

Paul Hamilton Hayne

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

TALL, sombre, grim, against the morning
 sky
 They rise, scarce touched by melancholy
 airs,
 Which stir the fadeless foliage dream-
 fully,
 As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky
 gleams
 Brightening to gold within the wood-
 land's core,
 Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil
 beams, —
 But the weird winds of morning sigh no
 more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
 Broods round and o'er them in the wind's
 surcease,
 And on each tinted copse and shimmering
 dell
 Rests the mute rapture of deep hearted
 peace.

Last, sunset comes — the solemn joy and
 might
 Borne from the west when cloudless day
 declines —

Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of
 light,
 And, lifting dark green tresses of the
 pines,

Till every lock is luminous, gently float,
 Fraught with hale odors up the heavens
 afar,
 To faint when twilight on her virginal
 throat
 Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper
 star.

VICKSBURG

FOR sixty days and upwards,
 A storm of shell and shot
 Rained round us in a flaming shower,
 But still we faltered not.
 "If the noble city perish,"
 Our grand young leader said,
 "Let the only walls the foe shall scale
 Be ramparts of the dead !"

For sixty days and upwards,
 The eye of heaven waxed dim;
 And even throughout God's holy morn,
 O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
 Arose a hissing tumult,
 As if the fiends in air

Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
Mid the silent thrill of hearts;
But the Lord, our shield, was with us,
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gambolled,
Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed;
Then turned with silvery laughter
To the sports which children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive
thought
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And about us, denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
Those death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with step of hope,
To the music in their hearts.

BETWEEN THE SUNKEN SUN AND THE NEW MOON

BETWEEN the sunken sun and the new
moon,
I stood in fields through which a rivulet
ran
With scarce perceptible motion, not a span
Of its smooth surface trembling to the tune
Of sunset breezes: "O delicious boon,"
I cried, "of quiet! wise is Nature's plan,
Who, in her realm, as in the soul of man,
Alternates storm with calm, and the loud
noon

With dewy evening's soft and sacred lull:
Happy the heart that keeps *its* twilight
hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace re-
clined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender
power;
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beauti-
ful,
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind."

A STORM IN THE DISTANCE

I SEE the cloud-born squadrons of the gale,
Their lines of rain like glittering spears
depress,
While all the affrighted land grows darkly
pale
In flashing charge on earth's half-
shielded breast.

Sounds like the rush of trampling columns
float
From that fierce conflict; volleyed thun-
ders peal,
Blent with the maddened wind's wild bugle-
note;
The lightnings flash, the solid woodlands
reel!

Ha! many a foliaged guardian of the
height,
Majestic pine or chestnut, riven and bare,
Falls in the rage of that aerial fight,
Led by the Prince of all the Powers of
air!

Vast boughs like shattered banners hur-
tling fly
Down the thick tumult: while, like emer-
ald snow,
Millions of orphaned leaves make wild the
sky,
Or drift in shuddering helplessness be-
low.

Still, still, the levelled lances of the
rain
At earth's half-shielded breast take glit-
tering aim;
All space is rife with fury, racked with
pain,
Earth bathed in vapor, and heaven rent
by flame!

At last the cloud-battalions through long
 rifts
 Of luminous mists retire: — the strife is
 done,
 And earth once more her wounded beauty
 lifts,
 To meet the healing kisses of the sun.

THE ROSE AND THORN

SHE 's loveliest of the festal throng
 In delicate form and Grecian face, —
 A beautiful, incarnate song,
 A marvel of harmonious grace,
 And yet I know the truth I speak:
 From those gay groups she stands apart,
 A rose upon her tender cheek,
 A thorn within her heart.

Though bright her eyes' bewildering
 gleams,
 Fair tremulous lips and shining hair,
 A something born of mournful dreams
 Breathes round her sad enchanted air;
 No blithesome thoughts at hide and seek
 From out her dimples smiling start;
 If still the rose be on her cheek,
 A thorn is in her heart.

Young lover, tossed 'twixt hope and fear,
 Your whispered vow and yearning eyes
 Yon marble Clytie pillared near
 Could move as soon to soft replies;
 Or, if she thrill at words you speak,
 Love's memory prompts the sudden
 start;
 The rose has paled upon her cheek,
 The thorn has pierced her heart.

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET

A LITTLE while (my life is almost set!)
 I fain would pause along the downward
 way,
 Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
 While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears
 are wet:
 A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
 All for love's sake, for love that cannot
 tire;

Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's
 desire,
 And hope has faded to a vague regret,
 A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
 Behold! who knows what strange, mys-
 terious bars
 'Twixt souls that love may rise in other
 stars?

Nor can love deem the face of death is
 fair:
 A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
 Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to
 heart;
 (O pitying Christ! those woeful words,
 "We part!")

So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
 A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when light and twilight
 meet, —

Behind, our broken years; before, the
 deep

Weird wonder of the last unfathomed
 sleep, —

A little while I still would clasp thee,
 Sweet,

A little while, when night and twilight
 meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
 Behold! who knows what soul-dividing
 bars

Earth's faithful loves may part in other
 stars?

Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
 A little while I still would linger here.

IN HARBOR

I THINK it is over, over,
 I think it is over at last:
 Voices of foemen and lover,
 The sweet and the bitter have passed:
 Life, like a tempest of ocean
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
 There's but a faint sobbing seaward
 While the calm of the tide deepens lee-
 ward,
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbled through the river,

Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last !

I feel it is over ! over !

For the winds and the waters sur-
cease ;

Ah, few were the days of the rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace,
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release !

From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet

Which bides in the harbor at last, —
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver
That throbs through the sanctified river,

Which girdle the harbor at last,
This heavenly harbor at last ?

I know it is over, over,

I know it is over at last !

Down sail ! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed :

Life, like a tempest of ocean,

Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast :

There 's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward ;

And behold ! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbb'd through the river,

Those lights in the harbor at last,

The heavenly harbor at last !

Emily Dickinson¹

LIFE

LIFE

Our share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards — day !

A BOOK

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust ;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings !

UTTERANCE

I FOUND the phrase to every thought
I ever had, but one ;
And that defies me, — as a hand
Did try to chalk the sun

To races nurtured in the dark : —
How would your own begin ?
Can blaze be done in cochineal,
Or noon in mazarin ?

WITH FLOWERS

If recollecting were forgetting,
Then I remember not ;
And if forgetting, recollecting,
How near I had forgot !
And if to miss were merry,
And if to mourn were gay,
How very blithe the fingers
That gathered these to-day !

PARTING

My life closed twice before its close ;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell :
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

CALLED BACK

JUST lost when I was saved !
Just felt the world go by !
Just girt me for the onset with eternity,
When breath blew back,
And on the other side
I heard recede the disappointed tide !

Therefore, as one returned, I feel,
Odd secrets of the line to tell !
Some sailor, skirting foreign shores,

¹ See, also, p. 587.

Some pale reporter from the awful doors
Before the seal !

Next time, to stay !
Next time, the things to see
By ear unheard,
Unscrutinized by eye.

Next time, to tarry,
While the ages steal, —
Slow tramp the centuries,
And the cycles wheel.

LOVE

CHOICE

Of all the souls that stand create
I have elected one.
When sense from spirit files away,
And subterfuge is done;

When that which is and that which was
Apart, intrinsic, stand,
And this brief tragedy of flesh
Is shifted like a sand;

When figures show their royal front
And mists are carved away, —
Behold the atom I preferred
To all the lists of clay !

CONSTANT

ALTER ? When the hills do.
Falter ? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit ? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew:
Even as herself, O friend !
I will of you !

HEART, WE WILL FORGET HIM

HEART, we will forget him !
You and I, to-night !
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste ! lest while you 're lagging,
I may remember him !

NATURE

THE WAKING YEAR

A LADY red upon the hill
Her annual secret keeps;
A lady white within the field
In placid lily sleeps !

The tidy breezes with their brooms
Sweep vail, and hill, and tree !
Prithee, my pretty housewives !
Who may expected be ?

The neighbors do not yet suspect !
The woods exchange a smile, —
Orchard, and buttercup, and bird,
In such a little while !

And yet how still the landscape stands,
How nonchalant the wood,
As if the resurrection
Were nothing very odd !

AUTUMN

THE morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I 'll put a trinket on.

BECLOUDED

THE sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How someone treated him:
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

FRINGED GENTIAN

GOD made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed, and all the summer laughed:
But just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;

And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.
The frosts were her condition;
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North evoked it:—
"Creator! shall I bloom?"

TIME AND ETERNITY

TOO LATE

DELAYED till she had ceased to know,
Delayed till in its vest of snow
Her loving bosom lay:
An hour behind the fleeting breath,
Later by just an hour than death,—
Oh, lagging yesterday!

Could she have guessed that it would be;
Could but a crier of the glee
Have climbed the distant hill;
Had not the bliss so slow a pace,—
Who knows but this surrendered face
Were undefeated still?

Oh, if there may departing be
Any forgot by victory
In her imperial round,
Show them this meek apparelled thing,
That could not stop to be a king,
Doubtful if it be crowned!

CHARTLESS

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

THE BATTLE-FIELD

THEY dropped like flakes, they dropped like
stars,
Like petals from a rose,
When suddenly across the June
A wind with finger goes.

They perished in the seamless grass,—
No eye could find the place;
But God on his repealless list
Can summon every face.

VANISHED

SHE died,— this was the way she died;
And when her breath was done,
Took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun.

Her little figure at the gate
The angels must have spied,
Since I could never find her
Upon the mortal side.

THAT SUCH HAVE DIED

THAT such have died enables us
The tranquillizer to die;
That such have lived, certificate
For immortality.

THE SECRET

I HAVE not told my garden yet,
Lest that should conquer me;
I have not quite the strength now
To break it to the bee.

I will not name it in the street,
For shops would stare, that I,
So shy, so very ignorant,
Should have the face to die.

The hillsides must not know it,
Where I have rambled so,
Nor tell the loving forests
The day that I shall go,

Nor lip it at the table,
Nor heedless by the way
Hint that within the riddle
One will walk to-day!

ETERNITY

ON this wondrous sea,
Sailing silently,
Ho! pilot, ho!
Knowest thou the shore
Where no breakers roar,
Where the storm is o'er?

In the silent west
Many sails at rest,
Their anchors fast;
Thither I pilot thee,—
Land, ho! Eternity!
Ashore at last!

Will Wallace Harnep

ADONAIS

SHALL we meet no more, my love, at the
binding of the sheaves,

In the happy harvest-fields, as the sun
sinks low,

When the orchard paths are dim with the
drift of fallen leaves,

And the reapers sing together, in the mel-
low, misty eves:

O, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow !

Love met us in the orchard, ere the corn
had gathered plume, —

O, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow !

Sweet as summer days that die when the
months are in the bloom,

And the peaks are ripe with sunset, like
the tassels of the broom,

In the happy harvest-fields as the sun
sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die, leaving
sweeter each to each, —

O, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow !

All the heart was full of feeling: love had
ripened into speech,

Like the sap that turns to nectar in the
velvet of the peach,

In the happy harvest-fields as the sun
sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die at the rip-
ening of the corn, —

O, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow !

Sweet as lovers' fickle oaths, sworn to
faithless maids forsworn,

When the musty orchard breathes like a
mellow drinking-horn,

Over happy harvest-fields as the sun
sinks low.

Love left us at the dying of the mellow
autumn eves, —

O, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow !

When the skies are ripe and fading, like
the colors of the leaves,

And the reapers kiss and part, at the bind-
ing of the sheaves,

In the happy harvest-fields as the sun
sinks low.

Then the reapers gather home, from the
gray and misty meres; —

O, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow !

Then the reapers gather home, and they
bear upon their spears,

One whose face is like the moon, fallen
gray among the spheres,

With the daylight's curse upon it, as the
sun sinks low.

Faint as far-off bugles blowing, soft and
low the reapers sung; —

O, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow !

Sweet as summer in the blood, when the
heart is ripe and young,

Love is sweetest in the dying, like the
sheaves he lies among,

In the happy harvest-fields as the sun
sinks low.

THE STAB

ON the road, the lonely road,

Under the cold white moon,

Under the ragged trees he strode;

He whistled and shifted his weary load —

Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step timed with his own,

A figure that stooped and bowed —

A cold, white blade that gleamed and shone,

Like a splinter of daylight downward
thrown —

And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good,
The barn-fowl woke and crowed;

Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,

And the brown owl called to his mate in
the wood,

That a dead man lay on the road.

Helen Fiske Jackson

("H. H.")

CORONATION

At the king's gate the subtle noon
 Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;
 Into the drowsy snare too soon
 The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
 A beggar went, and laughed, "This
 brings
 Me chance at last, to see if men
 Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
 Propping his face with listless hand,
 Watching the hour-glass sifting down
 Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of
 me?"

The beggar turned, and, pitying,
 Replied like one in dream, "Of thee,
 Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
 Shook off the crown and threw it by.
 "O man, thou must have known," he
 said,
 "A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
 Went king and beggar hand in hand.
 Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
 Before His throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
 Were wiping from the king's hot brow
 The crimson lines the crown had traced.
 "This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon
 Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
 Out of their sleep in terror soon
 The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man
 seen
 The king?" The cry ran to and fro;
 Beggar and king, they laughed, I wren,
 The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
 The king came not. They called him
 dead;
 And made his eldest son one day
 Slave in his father's stead.

MORN

In what a strange bewilderment do we
 Awake each morn from out the brief night's
 sleep.
 Our struggling consciousness doth grope
 and creep
 Its slow way back, as if it could not free
 Itself from bonds unseen. Then Memory,
 Like sudden light, outflashes from its deep
 The joy or grief which it had last to keep
 For us; and by the joy or grief we see
 The new day dawneth like the yesterday;
 We are unchanged; our life the same we
 knew
 Before. I wonder if this is the way
 We wake from death's short sleep, to
 struggle through
 A brief bewilderment, and in dismay
 Behold our life unto our old life true.

EMIGRAVIT

With sails full set, the ship her anchor
 weighs.
 Strange names shine out beneath her figure
 head.
 What glad farewells with eager eyes are
 said!
 What cheer for him who goes, and him who
 stays!
 Fair skies, rich lands, new homes, and un-
 tried days
 Some go to seek: the rest but wait instead,
 Watching the way wherein their comrades
 led,
 Until the next stanch ship her flag doth raise.
 Who knows what myriad colonies there are
 Of fairest fields, and rich, undreamed-of
 gains
 Thick planted in the distant shining plains
 Which we call sky because they lie so far?
 Oh, write of me, not "Died in bitter pains,"
 But "Emigrated to another star!"

POPPIES IN THE WHEAT

ALONG Ancona's hills the shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air, with ebb and flow
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green, which toss and
beat
Around the vines. The poppies lithe and
fleet
Seem running, fiery torchmen, to and fro
To mark the shore. The farmer does not
know
That they are there. He walks with heavy
feet,
Counting the bread and wine by autumn's
gain,
But I, — I smile to think that days remain
Perhaps to me in which, though bread be
sweet
No more, and red wine warm my blood in
vain,
I shall be glad remembering how the fleet,
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the
wheat.

A LAST PRAYER

FATHER, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save;
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast;
Let me repentant work for thee!

HABEAS CORPUS

My body, eh? Friend Death, how now?
Why all this tedious pomp of writ?
Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow
For half a century, bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more to-day
Than I do, where it can be found!

This shriveled lump of suffering clay,
To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace
To the good body once I bore;
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face:
Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
Thy only fault thy lagging gait,
Mistaken pity in thy heart
For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;
I shall be free when thou art through;
I grudge thee naught that thou must
take!

Stay! I have lied: I grudge thee one,
Yes, two I grudge thee at this last, —
Two members which have faithful done
My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine;
I grudge thee this quick-beating heart;
They never gave me coward sign,
Nor played me once a traitor's part.

I see now why in olden days
Men in barbaric love or hate
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,
Shrined leaders' hearts in costly state:

The symbol, sign, and instrument
Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,
Of fires in which are poured and spent
Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, mighty human hand!
O fragile, dauntless human heart!
The universe holds nothing planned
With such sublime, transcendent art!

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine
Poor little hand, so feeble now;
Its wrinkled palm, its altered line,
Its veins so pallid and so slow —

(*Unfinished here.*)

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art:
I shall be free when thou art through.
Take all there is — take hand and heart:
There must be somewhere work to do.
Her last poem: 7 August, 1885.

Franklin Benjamin Sanborn

SAMUEL HOAR

A YEAR ago how often did I meet
 Under these elms, once more in sober bloom,
 Thy tall, sad figure pacing down the
 street, —
 But now the robin sings above thy tomb.
 Thy name on other shores may ne'er be
 known,
 Though austere Rome no graver Consul
 knew;
 But Massachusetts her true son doth own:
 Out of her soil thy hardy virtues grew.
 She loves the man who chose the con-
 quered cause,
 The upright soul that bowed to God
 alone,
 The clean hand that upheld her equal
 laws,
 The old religion, never yet outgrown,
 The cold demeanor and warm heart be-
 neath,
 The simple grandeur of thy life and death.

ARIANA¹

SWEET saint! whose rising dawned upon
 the sight
 Like fair Aurora chasing mists away,
 Our ocean billows, and thy western height
 Gave back reflections of the tender ray,
 Sparkling and smiling as night turned to
 day:—
 Ah! whither vanished that celestial light?
 Suns rise and set, Monadnoc's amethyst
 Year-long above the sullen cloud appears,
 Daily the waves our summer strand have
 kissed,
 But thou returnest not with days and years:
 Or is it thine, yon clear and beckoning
 star,
 Seen o'er the hills that guarded once thy
 home?
 Dost guide thy friend's free steps that
 widely roam
 Toward that far country where his wishes
 are?

Joel Benton

AT CHAPPAQUA

His cherished woods are mute. The stream
 glides down
 The hill as when I knew it years ago;
 The dark, pine arbor with its priestly gown
 Stands hushed, as if our grief it still would
 show;
 The silver springs are cupless, and the
 flow
 Of friendly feet no more bereaves the grass,
 For he is absent who was wont to pass
 Along this wooded path. His axe's blow
 No more disturbs the impertinent bole or
 bough;
 Nor moves his pen our heedless nation
 now,
 Which, sworn to justice, stirred the people
 so.
 In some far world his much-loved face
 must glow

With rapture still. This breeze once fanned
 his brow.
 This is the peaceful Mecca all men know!

THE SCARLET TANAGER

A BALL of fire shoots through the tamarack
 In scarlet splendor, on voluptuous wings;
 Delirious joy the pyrotechnist brings,
 Who marks for us high summer's almanac.
 How instantly the red-coat hurtles back!
 No fiercer flame has flashed beneath the sky.
 Note now the rapture in his cautious eye,
 The conflagration lit along his track.
 Winged soul of beauty, tropic in desire,
 Thy love seems alien in our northern zone;
 Thou giv'st to our green lands a burst of fire
 And callest back the fables we disown.
 The hot equator thou mightst well inspire,
 Or stand above some Eastern monarch's
 throne.

¹ See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 819.

Elizabeth Akers Allen

("FLORENCE PERCY")

SEA-BIRDS

O LONESOME sea-gull, floating far
 Over the ocean's icy waste,
 Aimless and wide thy wanderings are,
 Forever vainly seeking rest:—
 Where is thy mate, and where thy
 nest?

'Twixt wintry sea and wintry sky,
 Cleaving the keen air with thy breast,
 Thou sailest slowly, solemnly;
 No fetter on thy wing is pressed:—
 Where is thy mate, and where thy
 nest?

O restless, homeless human soul,
 Following for aye thy nameless quest,
 The gulls float, and the billows roll;
 Thou watchest still, and questionest:—
 Where is thy mate, and where thy
 nest?

"MY DEARLING"

My Dearing!—thus, in days long fled,
 In spite of creed and court and queen,
 King Henry wrote to Anne Boleyn,—
 The dearest pet name ever said,
 And dearly purchased, too, I ween!

Poor child! she played a losing game:
 She won a heart,—so Henry said,—
 But ah, the price she gave instead!
 Men's hearts, at best, are but a name:
 She paid for Henry's with her head!

You count men's hearts as something
 worth?
 Not I: were I a maid unwed,
 I'd rather have my own fair head
 Than all the lovers on the earth,
 Than all the hearts that ever bled!

"My Dearing!" with a love most true,
 Having no fear of creed or queen,
 I breathe that name my prayers between;
 But it shall never bring to you
 The hapless fate of Anne Boleyn!

THE LAST LANDLORD

You who dread the cares and labors
 Of the tenant's annual quest,
 You who long for peace and rest,
 And the quietest of neighbors,
 You may find them, if you will,
 In the city on the hill.

One indulgent landlord leases
 All the pleasant dwellings there;
 He has tenants everywhere,—
 Every day the throng increases;
 None may tell their number, yet
 He has mansions still to let.

Never presses he for payment;
 Gentlest of all landlords he;
 And his numerous tenantry
 Never lack for food or raiment.
 Sculptured portal, grassy roof,
 All alike are trouble-proof.

Of the quiet town's frequenters,
 Never one is ill at ease;
 There are neither locks nor keys,
 Yet no robber breaks or enters;
 Not a dweller bolts his door,
 Fearing for his treasure-store.

Never sound of strife or clamor
 Troubles those who dwell therein;
 Never toil's distracting din,
 Stroke of axe, nor blow of hammer;
 Crimson clover sheds its sweets
 Even in the widest streets.

Never tenant old or younger
 Suffers illness or decline;
 There no suffering children pine;
 There comes never want nor hunger;
 Woe and need no longer reign;
 Poverty forgets its pain.

Turmoil and unrest and hurry
 Stay forevermore outside;
 By the hearts which there abide
 Wrong, privation, doubt, and worry
 Are forgotten quite, or seem
 Only like a long-past dream.

Never slander nor detraction
 Enters there, and never heard
 Is a sharp or cruel word;
 No unworthy thought or action,
 Purpose or intent of ill
 Knows the city on the hill.

There your mansion never waxes
 Out of date, nor needs repairs;
 There intrude no sordid cares;
 There are neither rent nor taxes;
 And no vexed and burdened brain
 Reckons either loss or gain.

Wanderers, tired with long endeavor,
 You whom, since your being's dawn,
 With the stern command "Move on!"
 Ruthless Fate has tracked forever,
 Here at last your footsteps stay
 With no dread of moving-day!

IN A GARRET

THIS realm is sacred to the silent past;
 Within its drowsy shades are treasures
 rare
 Of dust and dreams; the years are long
 since last
 A stranger's footfall pressed the creak-
 ing stair.

This room no housewife's tidy hand dis-
 turbs;
 And here, like some strange presence,
 ever clings
 A homesick smell of dry forgotten herbs, —
 A musty odor as of mouldering things.

Here stores of withered roots and leaves
 repose,
 For fancied virtues prized in days of
 yore,
 Gathered with thoughtful care, mayhap by
 those
 Whose earthly ills are healed forever
 more.

Here shy Arachne winds her endless thread,
 And weaves her silken tapestry unseen,
 Veiling the rough-hewn timbers overhead,
 And looping gossamer festoons between.

Along the low joists of the sloping roof,
 Moth-eaten garments hang, a gloomy row,

Like tall fantastic ghosts, which stand
 aloof,
 Holding grim converse with the long
 ago.

Here lie remembrancers of childish joys, —
 Old fairy-volumes, conned and conned
 again,
 A cradle, and a heap of battered toys,
 Once loved by babes who now are
 bearded men.

Here, in the summer, at a broken pane,
 The yellow wasps come in, and buzz and
 build
 Among the rafters; wind and snow and
 rain
 All enter, as the seasons are fulfilled.

This mildewed chest, behind the chimney,
 holds
 Old letters, stained and nibbled; faintly
 show

The faded phrases on the tattered folds
 Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet — who
 may know?

I turn a page like one who plans a crime,
 And lo! love's prophecies and sweet re-
 grets,
 A tress of chestnut hair, a love-lorn rhyme,
 And fragrant dust that once was violets.

I wonder if the small sleek mouse, that
 shaped
 His winter nest between these time-
 stained beams,
 Was happier that his bed was lined and
 draped
 With the bright warp and woof of youth-
 ful dreams?

Here where the gray incessant spiders
 spin,
 Shrouding from view the sunny world
 outside,
 A golden bumblebee has blundered in
 And lost the way to liberty, and died.

So the lost present drops into the past;
 So the warm living heart, that loves the
 light,
 Faints in the unresponsive darkness vast
 Which hides time's buried mysteries
 from sight.

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust?

Let the thick cobwebs hide the day once more;

Leave the dead years to silence and to dust,

And close again the long unopened door.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night !

Mother, come back from the echoless shore,

Take me again to your heart as of yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,

Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !

I am so weary of toil and of tears,—

Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—

Take them, and give me my childhood again !

I have grown weary of dust and decay,—

Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;

Weary of sowing for others to reap;—

Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,

Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you !

Many a summer the grass has grown green,

Blossomed and faded, our faces between:

Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,

Long I to-night for your presence again.

Come from the silence so long and so deep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,

No love like mother-love ever has shone;

No other worship abides and endures,—

Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:

None like a mother can charm away pain

From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.

Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old;

Let it drop over my forehead to-night,

Shading my faint eyes away from the light;

For with its sunny-edged shadows once more

Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;

Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long

Since I last listened your lullaby song:

Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem

Womanhood's years have been only a dream.

Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,

With your light lashes just sweeping my face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

Mary Ashley Townsend

SONNETS

THE DEAD SINGER

A POET's soul has sung its way to God;

Has loosed its luminous wings from earthly thongs,

And soared to join the imperishable throngs

Whose feet the immaculate valleys long have trod.

For him, the recompense; for us, the rod;

And we to whom regretfulness belongs

Crown our dead singer with his own sweet songs,

And roof his grave with love's remembering sod.

But yesterday, a beacon on the height;
 To-day, a splendor that has passed us by, —
 So, one by one into the morning light,
 Whilst yet late watchers gaze upon the
 sky
 And wonder what the heavens prophesy,
 The shining stars pass silently from sight !

VIRTUOSA

As by the instrument she took her place,
 The expectant people, breathing sigh nor
 word,
 Sat hushed, while o'er the waiting ivory
 stirred
 Her supple hands with their suggestive
 grace.
 With sweet notes they began to interlace,
 And then with lofty strains their skill to
 gird,
 Then loftier still, till all the echoes heard
 Entrancing harmonies float into space.
 She paused, and gaily trifled with the keys
 Until they laughed in wild delirium,
 Then, with rebuking fingers, from their
 glees
 She led them one by one till all grew dumb,
 And music seemed to sink upon its knees,
 A slave her touch could quicken or benumb.

AT SET OF SUN

A SCENT of guava-blossoms and the smell
 Of bruised grass beneath the tamarind-
 trees;
 The hurried humming of belated bees
 With pollen-laden thighs; far birds that
 tell
 With faint, last notes of night's approach-
 ing spell,
 While smoke of supper-fires the low sun
 sees
 Creep through the roofs of palm, and on
 the breeze
 Floats forth the message of the evening
 bell.
 Our footsteps pause, we look toward the
 west,
 And from my heart throbs out one fervent
 prayer:
 O love ! O silence ! ever to be thus, —
 A silence full of love and love its best,
 Till in our evening years we two shall
 share
 Together, side by side, life's Angelus !

DOWN THE BAYOU

THE cypress swamp around me wraps its
 spell,
 With hushing sounds in moss-hung branches
 there,
 Like congregations rustling down to prayer,
 While Solitude, like some unsounded bell,
 Hangs full of secrets that it cannot tell,
 And leafy litanies on the humid air
 Intone themselves, and on the tree-trunks
 bare
 The scarlet lichen writes her rubrics well.
 The cypress-knees take on them marvellous
 shapes
 Of pygmy nuns, gnomes, goblins, witches,
 fays,
 The vigorous vine the withered gum-tree
 drapes,
 Across the oozy ground the rabbit plays,
 The moccasin to jungle depths escapes,
 And through the gloom the wild deer shyly
 gaze.

RESERVE

THE sea tells something, but it tells not all
 That rests within its bosom broad and deep;
 The palming winds that o'er the ocean
 sweep
 From compass point to compass point may
 call,
 Nor half their music unto earth let fall;
 In far, ethereal spheres night knows to keep
 Fair stars whose rays to mortals never creep,
 And day uncounted secrets holds in thrall.
 He that is strong is stronger if he wear
 Something of self beyond all human clasp, —
 An inner self, behind unlifted folds
 Of life, which men can touch not nor lay
 bare:
 Thus great in what he gives the world to
 grasp,
 Is greater still in that which he withholds.

HER HOROSCOPE

'Tis true, one half of woman's life is hope
 And one half resignation. Between there
 lies
 Anguish of broken dreams, — doubt, dire
 surprise,
 And then is born the strength with all to
 cope.
 Unconsciously sublime, life's shadowed
 slope

She braves ; the knowledge in her patient
 eyes
 Of all that love bestows and love denies,
 As writ in every woman's horoscope !
 She lives, her heart-beats given to others'
 needs,
 Her hands, to lift for others on the way
 The burdens which their weariness forsook.
 She dies, an uncrowned doer of great deeds.
 Remembered ? Yes, as is for one brief
 day
 The rose one leaves in some forgotten book.

EMBRYO

I FEEL a poem in my heart to-night,
 A still thing growing, —
 As if the darkness to the outer light
 A song were owing:
 A something strangely vague, and sweet,
 and sad,
 Fair, fragile, slender;
 Not tearful, yet not daring to be glad,
 And oh, so tender !

It may not reach the outer world at all,
 Despite its growing;
 Upon a poem-bud such cold winds fall
 To blight its blowing.
 But, oh, whatever may the thing betide,
 Free life or fetter,
 My heart, just to have held it till it died,
 Will be the better !

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER

FAR up the lonely mountain-side
 My wandering footsteps led;
 The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
 The pine sighed overhead.
 The trace of a dismantled fort
 Lay in the forest nave,
 And in the shadow near my path
 I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
 Upon the lowly mound; —
 The simple head-board, rudely writ,
 Had rotted to the ground;
 I raised it with a reverent hand,
 From dust its words to clear,
 But time had blotted all but these —
 "A Georgia Volunteer !"

I saw the toad and scaly snake
 From tangled covert start,
 And hide themselves among the weeds
 Above the dead man's heart;
 But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
 Unheeding, there he lay;
 His coffin but the mountain soil,
 His shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
 Along the vale below,
 I saw the Alleghanies rise
 Towards the realms of snow.
 The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind —
 Its leader's name — and then
 I knew the sleeper had been one
 Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say —
 Whose tongue will ever tell
 What desolated hearths and hearts
 Have been because he fell ?
 What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair,
 Her hair which he held dear ?
 One lock of which perchance lies with
 The Georgia Volunteer !

What mother, with long watching eyes,
 And white lips cold and dumb,
 Waits with appalling patience for
 Her darling boy to come ?
 Her boy ! whose mountain grave swells
 up
 But one of many a scar,
 Cut on the face of our fair land,
 By gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he
 wore,
 Are all unknown to fame;
 Remember, on his lonely grave
 There is not e'en a name !
 That he fought well and bravely too,
 And held his country dear,
 We know, else he had never been
 A Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps — what need to question now
 If he were wrong or right ?
 He knows, ere this, whose cause was just
 In God the Father's sight.
 He yields no warlike weapons now,
 Returns no foeman's thrust —
 Who but a coward would revile
 An honest soldier's dust ?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,
 Adown thy rocky glen,
 Above thee lies the grave of one
 Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Beneath the cedar and the pine,
 In solitude austere,
 Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
 A Georgia Volunteer.

John Albee

MUSIC AND MEMORY

ENCHANTRESS, touch no more that strain !
 I know not what it may contain,
 But in my breast such mood it wakes
 My very spirit almost breaks.
 Thoughts come from out some hidden realm
 Whose dim memorials overwhelm,
 Still bring not back the things I lost, —
 Still bringing all the pain they cost.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE

BREAK not his sweet repose —
 Thou whom chance brings to this seques-
 tered ground,
 The sacred yard his ashes close,
 But go thy way in silence; here no sound
 Is ever heard but from the murmuring
 pines,
 Answering the sea's near murmur;
 Nor ever here comes rumor
 Of anxious world or war's foregathering
 signs.
 The bleaching flag, the faded wreath,
 Mark the dead soldier's dust beneath,
 And show the death he chose;
 Forgotten save by her who weeps alone,
 And wrote his fameless name on this low
 stone:
 Break not his sweet repose.

LANDOR

COME, Walter Savage Landor, come this
 way;
 Step through the lintel low, with prose or
 verse,
 Tallest of latter men; the early star
 And latest setting sun of great compeers;
 Through youth, through manhood, and ex-
 tremest age,
 Strong at the root, and at the top, blossoms

Perennial. When culled the fields around
 Still calling up the great for wisest talk,
 Or singing clear some fresh, melodious
 stave,
 Not sickly-sweet, but like ripe autumn
 fruit,
 Of which not one but all the senses taste,
 And leave uncloyed the dainty appetite.
 Great English master of poetic art,
 In these late times that dandle every
 muse,
 Here mayst thou air all day thine elo-
 quence,
 And I a never weary listener,
 If thou at eve wilt sing one witty song,
 Or chant some line of cadenced, classic
 hymn.

BOS'N HILL

THE wind blows wild on Bos'n Hill,
 Far off is heard the ocean's rote;
 Low overhead the gulls scream shrill,
 And homeward scuds each little boat.

Then the dead Bos'n wakes in glee
 To hear the storm-king's song;
 And from the top of mast-pine tree
 He blows his whistle loud and long.

The village sailors hear the call,
 Lips pale and eyes grow dim;
 Well know they, though he pipes them all,
 He means but one shall answer him.

He pipes the dead up from their graves,
 Whose bones the tansy hides;
 He pipes the dead beneath the waves,
 They hear and cleave the rising tides.

But sailors know when next they sail
 Beyond the Hilltop's view,
 There's one amongst them shall not fail
 To join the Bos'n's Crew.

DANDELIONS

Now dandelions in the short, new grass,
Through all their rapid stages daily pass;
No bee yet visits them; each has its
place,
Still near enough to see the other's face.
Unkenn'd the bud, so like the grass and
ground

In our old country yards where thickest
found;

Some morn it opes a little golden sun,
And sets in its own west when day is done.
In few days more 't is old and silvery gray,
And though so close to earth it made its
stay,

Lo ! now it findeth wings and lightly flies,
A spirit form, till on the sight it dies.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

SONG FROM A DRAMA

THOU art mine, thou hast given thy word;
Close, close in my arms thou art clinging;
Alone for my ear thou art singing
A song which no stranger hath heard:
But afar from me yet, like a bird,
Thy soul, in some region unstirred,
On its mystical circuit is winging.

Thou art mine, I have made thee mine
own;
Henceforth we are mingled forever:
But in vain, all in vain, I endeavor —
Though round thee my garlands are thrown,
And thou yieldest thy lips and thy zone —
To master the spell that alone
My hold on thy being can sever.

Thou art mine, thou hast come unto me !
But thy soul, when I strive to be near
it —

The innermost fold of thy spirit —
Is as far from my grasp, is as free,
As the stars from the mountain-tops be,
As the pearl, in the depths of the sea,
From the portionless king that would
wear it.

THE DISCOVERER

I HAVE a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together !
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen Pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.

Ay, he has travelled whither
A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower,
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:

"Henceforth thou art a rover !
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
— With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell

How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound ?
Would that he might return !
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush ! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside this severed curl,
Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl ?

Ah, no ! not so !
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back.
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand
years,

More than in the groves is taught,
 Or from furthest Indies brought;
 He knows, perchance, how spirits
 fare, —
 What shapes the angels wear,
 What is their guise and speech
 In those lands beyond our reach, —
 And his eyes behold
 Things that shall never, never be to mortal
 hearers told.

PAN IN WALL STREET

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
 Looks over Wall Street's mingled na-
 tions;
 Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
 To throng for trade and last quotations;
 Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
 Outrival, in the ears of people,
 The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
 From Trinity's undaunted steeple, —

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
 Sound high above the modern clamor,
 Above the cries of greed and gain,
 The curbstone war, the auction's ham-
 mer;
 And swift, on Music's misty ways,
 It led, from all this strife for millions,
 To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
 Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
 And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
 I saw the minstrel, where he stood
 At ease against a Doric pillar:
 One hand a droning organ played,
 The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
 Like those of old) to lips that made
 The reeds give out that strain im-
 passioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here
 A-strolling through this sordid city,
 And piping to the civic ear
 The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
 The demigod had crossed the seas, —
 From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and
 satyr,
 And Syracusan times, — to these
 Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
 But — hidden thus — there was no
 doubting
 That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
 His gnarled horns were somewhere
 sprouting;
 His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
 Were crossed, as on some frieze you see
 them,
 And trousers, patched of divers hues,
 Concealed his crooked shanks beneath
 them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
 And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
 And with his goat's-eyes looked around
 Where'er the passing current drifted;
 And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
 The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear
 him,
 Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
 With clerks and porters, crowded near
 him.

The bulls and bears together drew
 From Jauncey Court and New Street
 Alley,
 As erst, if pastorals be true,
 Came beasts from every wooded val-
 ley;
 The random passers stayed to list, —
 A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
 A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
 With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
 In tattered cloak of army pattern,
 And Galatea joined the throng, —
 A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
 While old Silenus staggered out
 From some new-fangled lunch-house
 handy,
 And bade the piper, with a shout,
 To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
 Like little Fauns began to caper:
 His hair was all in tangled curl,
 Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
 And still the gathering larger grew,
 And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
 While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
 His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught
her,—

Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water !
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
“Great Pan is dead !” — and all the
people

Went on their ways: — and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

So that soldierly legend is still on its
journey, —

That story of Kearny who knew not to
yield !

’T was the day when with Jameson, fierce
Berry, and Birney,

Against twenty thousand he rallied the
field.

Where the red volleys poured, where the
clamor rose highest,

Where the dead lay in clumps through
the dwarf oak and pine,

Where the aim from the thicket was surest
and nighest, —

No charge like Phil Kearny’s along the
whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest
were solemn,

Near the dark Seven Pines, where we
still held our ground,

He rode down the length of the withering
column,

And his heart at our war-cry leapt up
with a bound;

He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of
the powder, —

His sword waved us on and we answered
the sign:

Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his
laugh rang the louder,

“There ’s the devil’s own fun, boys, along
the whole line !”

How he strode his brown steed ! How
we saw his blade brighten

In the one hand still left, — and the reins
in his teeth !

He laughed like a boy when the holidays
heighten,

But a soldier’s glance shot from his visor
beneath.

Up came the reserves to the mellay in-
fernal,

Asking where to go in, — through the
clearing or pine ?

“O, anywhere ! Forward ! ’T is all the
same, Colonel:

You’ll find lovely fighting along the
whole line !”

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chan-
tilly,

That hid him from sight of his brave men
and tried !

Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the
white lily,

The flower of our knighthood, the whole
army’s pride !

Yet we dream that he still, — in that
shadowy region

Where the dead form their ranks at the
wan drummer’s sign, —

Rides on, as of old, down the length of his
legion,

And the word still is Forward ! along
the whole line.

THE HAND OF LINCOLN

LOOK on this cast, and know the hand

That bore a nation in its hold:

From this mute witness understand

What Lincoln was, — how large of mould

The man who sped the woodman’s team,

And deepest sunk the ploughman’s share,

And pushed the laden raft astream,

Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing

The axe — since thus would Freedom
train

Her son — and made the forest ring,

And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,

A conscious leader’s will obeyed,

And, when men sought his word and
look,
With steadfast might the gathering
swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute !

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo ! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas — and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 't is furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This moulded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out, —

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free !

SALEM

A. D. 1692

Soe, Mistress Anne, faire neighbour myne,
How rides a witche when nighte-winds
blowe ?

Folk saye that you are none too goode
To joyne the crewe in Salem woode,

When one you wot of gives the signe:
Righte well, methinks, the pathe you
knowe.

In Meetinge-time I watched you well,
Whiles godly Master Parris prayed:
Your folded hands laye on your booke;
But Richard answered to a looke
That fain would tempt him unto hell,
Where, Mistress Anne, your place is
made.

You looke into my Richard's eyes
With evill glances shamelesse growne;
I found about his wriste a hair,
And guesse what fingers tyed it there:
He shall not lightly be your prize —
Your Master firste shall take his owne.

'T is not in nature he should be
(Who loved me soe when Springe was
greene)

A childe, to hange upon your gowne !
He loved me well in Salem Towne
Until this wanton witcherie
His hearte and myne crept dark betweene.

Last Sabbath nighte, the gossips saye,
Your goodman missed you from his side.
He had no strength to move, untill
Agen, as if in slumber still,
Beside him at the dawne you laye.
Tell, now, what meanwhile did betide.

Dame Anne, mye hate goe with you fleete
As driftes the Bay fogg overhead —
Or over yonder hill-topp, where
There is a tree ripe fruite shall bear
When, neighbour myne, your wicked feet
The stones of Gallowes Hill shall tread.

FALSTAFF'S SONG

WHERE 's he that died o' Wednesday ?
What place on earth bath he ?
A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,
Where worms approaching be;
For the wight that died o' Wednesday,
Just laid the light below,
Is dead as the varlet turned to clay
A score of years ago.

Where 's he that died o' Sabba' day ?
Good Lord, I'd not be he !

The best of days is foul enough
 From this world's fare to flee;
 And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,
 With his grave turf yet to grow,
 Is dead as the sinner brought to pray
 A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died o' yesterday?
 What better chance hath he
 To clink the can and toss the pot
 When this night's junkets be?
 For the lad that died o' yesterday
 Is just as dead — ho! ho! —
 As the whoreson knave men laid away
 A thousand years ago.

THE WORLD WELL LOST

THAT year? Yes, doubtless I remember
 still, —

Though why take count of every wind
 that blows!

'T was plain, men said, that Fortune used
 me ill

That year, — the self-same year I met
 with Rose.

Crops failed; wealth took a flight; house,
 treasure, land,

Slipped from my hold — thus plenty
 comes and goes.

One friend I had, but he too loosed his
 hand

(Or was it I?) the year I met with Rose.

There was a war, I think; some rumor,
 too,

Of famine, pestilence, fire, deluge, snows;
 Things went awry. My rivals, straight in
 view,

Throve, spite of all; but I, — I met with
 Rose.

That year my white-faced Alma pined and
 died:

Some trouble vexed her quiet heart, —
 who knows?

Not I, who scarcely missed her from my
 side,

Or aught else gone, the year I met with
 Rose.

Was there no more? Yes, that year life
 began:

All life before a dream, false joys, light
 woes, —

All after-life compressed within the span
 Of that one year, — the year I met with
 Rose!

HELEN KELLER

MUTE, sightless visitant,
 From what uncharted world
 Hast voyaged into Life's rude sea,
 With guidance scant;
 As if some bark mysteriously
 Should hither glide, with spars aslant
 And sails all furled!

In what perpetual dawn,
 Child of the spotless brow,
 Hast kept thy spirit far withdrawn —
 Thy birthright undefiled?
 What views to thy sealed eyes appear?
 What voices mayst thou hear
 Speak as we know not how?
 Of grief and sin hast thou,
 O radiant child,
 Even thou, a share? Can mortal taint
 Have power on thee unfearing
 The woes our sight, our hearing,
 Learn from Earth's crime and plaint?

Not as we see
 Earth, sky, insensate forms, ourselves,
 Thou seest, — but vision-free
 Thy fancy soars and delves,
 Albeit no sounds to us relate
 The wondrous things
 Thy brave imaginings
 Within their starry night create.

Pity thy unconfined
 Clear spirit, whose enfranchised eyes
 Use not their grosser sense?
 Ah, no! thy bright intelligence
 Hath its own Paradise,
 A realm wherein to hear and see
 Things hidden from our kind.
 Not thou, not thou — 't is we
 Are deaf, are dumb, are blind!

1888.

MORGAN

Oh, what a set of Vagabundos,
 Sons of Neptune, sons of Mars,
 Raked from todos otros mundos,
 Lascars, Gascons, Portsmouth tars,
 Prison mate and dock-yard fellow,
 Blades to Meg and Molly dear,
 Off to capture Porto Bello
 Sailed with Morgan the Buccaneer !

Out they voyaged from Port Royal
 (Fathoms deep its ruins be,
 Pier and convent, fortress loyal,
 Sunk beneath the gaping sea);
 On the Spaniard's beach they landed,
 Dead to pity, void of fear, —
 Round their blood-red flag embanded,
 Led by Morgan the Buccaneer.

Dawn till dusk they stormed the castle,
 Beat the gates and gratings down;
 Then, with ruthless rout and wassail,
 Night and day they sacked the town,
 Staved the bins its cellars boasted,
 Port and Lisbon, tier on tier,
 Quaffed to heart's content, and toasted
 Harry Morgan the Buccaneer:

Stripped the church and monastery,
 Racked the prior for his gold,
 With the traders' wives made merry,
 Lipped the young and mocked the old,
 Diced for hapless señoritas
 (Sire and brother bound anear), —
 Juanas, Lolas, Manuelitas,
 Cursing Morgan the Buccaneer.

Lust and rapine, flame and slaughter,
 Forayed with the Welshman grim:
 "Take my pesos, spare my daughter!"
 "Ha! ha!" roared that devil's limb,
 "These shall jingle in our pouches,
 She with us shall find good cheer."
 "Lash the graybeard till he crouches!"
 Shouted Morgan the Buccaneer.

Out again through reef and breaker,
 While the Spaniard moaned his fate,
 Back they voyaged to Jamaica,
 Flush with doubloons, coins of eight,
 Crosses wrung from Popish varlets,
 Jewels torn from arm and ear, —
 Jesu! how the Jews and harlots
 Welcomed Morgan the Buccaneer!

ON A GREAT MAN WHOSE
MIND IS CLOUDING

THAT sovereign thought obscured? That
 vision clear
 Dimmed in the shadow of the sable wing,
 And fainter grown the fine interpreting
 Which as an oracle was ours to hear!
 Nay, but the Gods reclaim not from the seer
 Their gift, — although he ceases here to
 sing,
 And, like the antique sage, a covering
 Draws round his head, knowing what
 change is near.

SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT!

WHEN the veil from the eyes is lifted
 The seer's head is gray;
 When the sailor to shore has drifted
 The sirens are far away.
 Why must the clearer vision,
 The wisdom of Life's late hour,
 Come, as in Fate's derision,
 When the hand has lost its power?
 Is there a rarer being,
 Is there a fairer sphere
 Where the strong are not unseeing,
 And the harvests are not sere;
 Where, ere the seasons dwindle,
 They yield their due return;
 Where the lamps of knowledge kindle
 While the flames of youth still burn?
 O, for the young man's chances!
 O, for the old man's will!
 Those flee while this advances,
 And the strong years cheat us still.

MORS BENEFICA

GIVE me to die unwitting of the day,
 And stricken in Life's brave heat, with
 senses clear:
 Not swathed and couched until the lines ap-
 pear
 Of Death's wan mask upon this withering
 clay,
 But as that old man eloquent made way
 From Earth, a nation's conclave hushed
 anear;
 Or as the chief whose fates, that he may hear
 The victory, one glorious moment stay.
 Or, if not thus, then with no cry in vain,

No ministrant beside to ward and weep,
Hand upon helm I would my quittance gain
In some wild turmoil of the waters deep,
And sink content into a dreamless sleep
(Spared grave and shroud) below the an-
cient main.

QUEST

FROM "CORDA CONCORDIA"

WHERE broods the Absolute,
Or shuns our long pursuit
By fiery utmost pathways out of ken?
Fleeter than sunbeams, lo,
Our passionate spirits go,
And traverse immemorial space, and then
Look off, and look in vain, to find
The master-clew to all they left behind.

White orbs like angels pass
Before the triple glass,
That men may scan the record of each
flame,—
Of spectral line and line
The legendry divine,—
Finding their mould the same, and aye the
same,
The atoms that we knew before
Of which ourselves are made,—dust, and
no more.

So let our defter art
Probe the warm brain, and part
Each convulsion of the trembling shell:
But whither now has fled
The sense to matter wed
That murmured here? All silence, such
as fell
When to the shrine beyond the Ark
The soldiers reached, and found it void
and dark.

Seek elsewhere, and in vain
The wings of morning chain;
Their speed transmute to fire, and bring the
Light,
The co-eternal beam
Of the blind minstrel's dream;
But think not that bright heat to know
aright,
Nor how the trodden seed takes root,
Waked by its glow, and climbs to flower
and fruit.

Behind each captured law
Weird shadows give us awe;

Press with your swords, the phantoms still
evade;
Through our alertest host
Wanders at ease some ghost,
Now here, now there, by no enchantment
laid,
And works upon our souls its will,
Leading us on to subtler mazes still.

We think, we feel, we are;
And light, as of a star,
Gropes through the mist,—a little light is
given;
And aye from life and death
We strive, with indrawn breath,
To somehow wrest the truth, and long
have striven,
Nor pause, though book and star and clod
Reply, *Canst thou by searching find out God?*

As from the hollow deep
The soul's strong tide must keep
Its purpose still. We rest not, though we
hear
No voice from heaven let fall,
No chant antiphonal
Sounding through sunlit clefts that open
near;
We look not outward, but within,
And think not quite to end as we begin.

INVOCATION

THOU,—whose endearing hand once laid
in sooth
Upon thy follower, no want thenceforth,
Nor toil, nor joy and pain, nor waste of
years
Filled with all cares that deaden and sub-
due,
Can make thee less to him—can make thee
less
Than sovereign queen, his first liege, and
his last
Remembered to the unconscious dying
hour,—
Return and be thou kind, bright Spirit of
song,
Thou whom I yet loved most, loved most of
all
Even when I left thee—I, now so long
strayed
From thy beholding! And renew, renew
Thy gift to me fain clinging to thy robe!
Still be thou kind, for still thou wast most
dear.

Tracy Robinson

SONG OF THE PALM

I

WILD is its nature, as it were a token,
 Born of the sunshine, and the stars,
 and sea;
 Grand as a passion felt but never spoken,
 Lonely and proud and free.

For when the Maker set its crown of beauty,
 And for its home ordained the torrid
 ring,
 Assigning unto each its place and duty,
 He made the Palm a King.

So when in reverie I look and listen,
 Half dream-like floats, within my pas-
 sive mind,
 Why in the sun its branches gleam and
 glisten,
 And harp-wise beat the wind;

Why, when the sea-waves, heralding their
 tidings,
 Come roaring on the shore with crests
 of down,
 In grave acceptance of their sad confidings,
 It bows its stately crown;

Why, in the death-like calms of night and
 morning,
 Its quivering spears of green are never
 still,
 But ever tremble, as at solemn warning
 A human heart may thrill;

And also why it stands in lonely places,
 By the red desert or the sad sea shore,
 Or haunts the jungle, or the mountain
 graces
 Where eagles proudly soar !

It is a sense of kingly isolation,
 Of royal beauty and enchanting grace,
 Proclaiming from the earliest creation
 The power and pride of race,

That has almost imbued it with a spirit,
 And made it sentient, although still a
 tree,
 With dim perception that it might inherit
 An immortality.

The lines of kinship thus so near conver-
 ging,
 It is not strange, O heart of mine,
 that I,
 While stars were shining and old ocean sur-
 ging,
 Should intercept a sigh.

It fell a-sighing when the faint wind, dying,
 Had kissed the tropic night a fond
 adieu—
 The starry cross on her warm bosom lying,
 Within the southern view.

And when the crescent moon, the west de-
 scending,
 Drew o'er her face the curtain of the
 sea,
 In the rapt silence, eager senses lending,
 Low came the sigh to me.

God of my life ! how can I ever render
 The full sweet meaning sadly thus con-
 veyed—
 The full sad meaning, heart-breakingly
 tender,
 That through the cadence strayed.

II

When the wild North-wind by the sun en-
 charmed,
 Seeks the fair South, as lover beauty's
 shrine,
 It bears the moaning of the sorrow-haunted,
 Gloomy, storm-beaten Pine.

The waves of ocean catch the miserere,
 Far wafted seaward from the wintry
 main,
 They roll it on o'er reaches vast and dreary
 With infinite refrain,

Until on coral shores, where endless Sum-
 mer
 Waves golden banners round her
 queenly throne,
 The Palm enfolds the weary spirit roamer
 With low responsive moan.

The sea-grape hears it, and the lush banana,
 In the sweet indolence of their repose;

The frangipanni, like a crowned Sultana,
The passion flower, and rose;

And the fierce tiger in his darksome lair,
Deep hid away beneath the bamboo-
tree;

All the wild habitants of earth and air,
And of the sleeping sea.

It throws a spell of silence so enthralling,
So breathless and intense and mystical,
Not the deep hush of skies when stars are
falling
Can fill the soul so full.

A death in life! A calm so deep and
brooding
It floods the heart with an ecstatic pain,
Brimming with joy, yet fearfully fore-
boding
The dreadful hurricane.

Fail love, fly happiness, yield all things
mortal!
Fate, with the living, hath my small
lot cast

To dwell beside thee, Palm! Beyond death's
portal,
Guard well my sleep at last.

For I do love thee with a lover's pas-
sion.
Morn, noon, and night thou art forever
grand, —
Type of a glory God alone may fashion
Within the Summer Land.

Sigh not, O Palm! Dread not the final
hour;
For oft I've seen within thy gracious
shade,
Amid rose-garlands fair, from Love's own
bower,
Lithe, dusky forms displayed,

Clad with the magic of their beauty
only;
And it were strange if Paradise should
be
Despoiled and made forever sad and
lonely,
Bereft of these and thee!

Charles Henry Webb

WITH A NANTUCKET SHELL

I SEND thee a shell from the ocean beach;
But listen thou well, for my shell hath
speech.

Hold to thine ear,
And plain thou'lt hear
Tales of ships
That were lost in the rips,
Or that sunk on shoals
Where the bell-buoy tolls,

And ever and ever its iron tongue rolls
In a ceaseless lament for the poor lost
souls.

And a song of the sea
Has my shell for thee;
The melody in it
Was hummed at Wauwinet,
And caught at Coatsue
By the gull that flew

Outside to the ship with its perishing
crew.

But the white wings wave
Where none may save,
And there's never a stone to mark a grave.

See, its sad heart bleeds
For the sailors' needs;
But it bleeds again
For more mortal pain,
More sorrow and woe,
Than is theirs who go
With shuddering eyes and whitening lips
Down in the sea on their shattered ships.

Thou fearest the sea?
And a tyrant is he, —
A tyrant as cruel as tyrant may be;
But though winds fierce blow,
And the rocks lie low,
And the coast be lee,
This I say to thee:
Of Christian souls more have been wrecked
on shore
Than ever were lost at sea!

MARCH

THE earth seems a desolate mother, —
 Betrayed like the princess of old,
 The ermine stripped from her shoulders,
 And her bosom all naked and cold.

But a joy looks out from her sadness,
 For she feels with a glad unrest
 The throb of the unborn summer
 Under her bare, brown breast.

GIL, THE TOREADOR

THE Queen sat in her balcony,
 The Loveliest of Spain;
 Beneath rode all the chivalry,
 And roses fell like rain
 To crown the gallant gentlemen
 The gonfalon who bore:
 A woman's favor fell for one, —
 Gil, the Toreador.

Beneath the royal canopy,
 To see the red bull slain,
 They sat, like loyal lovers,
 The King and Queen of Spain.
 Came marshal, noble, knight and squire,
 Chulo and picador:
 Of all a woman saw but one, —
 Gil, the Toreador.

The trumpets clanged, the sport was on,
 The royal sport of Spain;
 Maddened by shouts and thrust of lance
 The bull now charged amain:
 Down to their death went chulos then,
 And many a matador: —
 A woman only knew there fell
 Gil, the Toreador.

When through the streets of proud Ma-
 drid
 Swept next the courtly train,
 Sat not upon her balcony
 The Loveliest of Spain.

Long live the King and his fair Queen,
 Still loyal thousands roar: —
 None know what woman died when fell
 Gil, the Toreador.

DUM VIVIMUS VIGILAMUS

TURN out more ale, turn up the light;
 I will not go to bed to-night.
 Of all the foes that man should dread
 The first and worst one is a bed.
 Friends I have had both old and young,
 And ale we drank and songs we sung:
 Enough you know when this is said,
 That, one and all, — they died in bed.
 In bed they died and I'll not go
 Where all my friends have perished so.
 Go you who glad would buried be,
 But not to-night a bed for me.

For me to-night no bed prepare,
 But set me out my oaken chair.
 And bid no other guests beside
 The ghosts that shall around me glide;
 In curling smoke-wreaths I shall see
 A fair and gentle company.
 Though silent all, rare revellers they,
 Who leave you not till break of day.
 Go you who would not daylight see,
 But not to-night a bed for me:
 For I've been born and I've been wed —
 All of man's peril comes of bed.

And I'll not seek — whate'er befall —
 Him who unbidden comes to all.
 A grewsome guest, a lean-jawed wight —
 God send he do not come to-night!
 But if he do, to claim his own,
 He shall not find me lying prone;
 But blithely, bravely, sitting up,
 And raising high the stirrup-cup.
 Then if you find a pipe unfilled,
 An empty chair, the brown ale spilled;
 Well may you know, though naught be
 said,
 That I've been borne away to bed.

Richard Healf

INDIRECTION

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but
 their subtle suggestion is fairer;
 Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret
 that-clasps it is rarer;
 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain
 that precedes it is sweeter;
 And never was poem yet writ, but the mean-
 ing outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery
 guideth the growing;
 Never a river that flows, but a majesty
 sceptres the flowing;
 Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a
 stronger than he did enfold him,
 Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier
 seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter
 is hinted and hidden;
 Into the statue that breathes the soul of
 the sculptor is bidden;
 Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite
 issues of feeling;
 Crowning the glory revealed is the glory
 that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that
 which is symbolized is greater;
 Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the
 inward creator;
 Back of the sound broods the silence, back
 of the gift stands the giving;
 Back of the hand that receives thrill the
 sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is
 outdone by the doing;
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer
 the heart of the wooing;
 And up from the pits where these shiver,
 and up from the heights where
 those shine,
 Twin voices and shadows swim starward,
 and the essence of life is divine.

THE WORD

O EARTH! thou hast not any wind that
 blows
 Which is not music; every weed of thine

Pressed rightly flows in aromatic wine;
 And every humble hedgerow flower that
 grows,
 And every little brown bird that doth sing,
 Hath something greater than itself, and
 bears
 A living Word to every living thing,
 Albeit it hold the Message unawares.
 All shapes and sounds have something
 which is not
 Of them: a Spirit broods amid the grass;
 Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
 Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
 The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
 The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL

By the waters of Life we sat together,
 Hand in hand in the golden days
 Of the beautiful early summer weather,
 When skies were purple and breath was
 praise,
 When the heart kept tune to the carol of
 birds,
 And the birds kept tune to the songs
 which ran
 Through shimmer of flowers on grassy
 swards,
 And trees with voices æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
 I and my darling, unafraid;
 And lighter than any linnet's feather
 The burdens of being on us weighed.
 And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
 Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
 And up from the rosy morrows grew
 A sound that seemed like a marriage
 chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;
 And the luscious apples were ripe and
 red,
 And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
 Swooned with the fragrance which they
 shed.
 And under the trees the angels walked,
 And up in the air a sense of wings
 Awed us tenderly while we talked
 Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
 Watching the waving harvests grow;
 And under the benison of the Father
 Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to
 and fro.

And the crowslip, hearing our low replies,
 Broidered fairer the emerald banks,
 And glad tears shone in the daisy's eyes,
 And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
 Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
 Only we knew that something crowned us
 Out from the heavens with crowns of
 rest;

Only we knew that something bright
 Lingered lovingly where we stood,
 Clothed with the incandescent light
 Of something higher than humanhood.

O the riches Love doth inherit!
 Ah, the alchemy which doth change
 Dross of body and dregs of spirit
 Into sanctities rare and strange!

My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
 My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
 But our elixir and precious gold
 Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
 Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
 But we have a secret which doth show us
 Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
 And we hear the tread of the years move
 by,
 And the sun is setting behind the hills;
 But my darling does not fear to die,
 And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
 Dreaming the dreams of long ago:
 Then it was balmy summer weather,
 And now the valleys are laid in snow.
 Icicles hang from the slippery eaves;
 The wind blows cold,—'t is growing late;
 Well, well! we have garnered all our
 sheaves,
 I and my darling, and we wait.

George Arnold

FAREWELL TO SUMMER

SUMMER is fading; the broad leaves that
 grew
 So freshly green, when June was young,
 are falling;
 And, all the whisper-haunted forest through,
 The restless birds in saddened tones are
 calling,
 From rustling hazel copse and tangled dell,
 "Farewell, sweet Summer,
 Fragrant, fruity Summer,
 Sweet, farewell!"

Upon the windy hills, in many a field,
 The honey-bees hum slow, above the
 clover,
 Gleaning the latest sweets its blooms may
 yield,
 And, knowing that their harvest-time is
 over,
 Sing, half a lullaby and half a knell,
 "Farewell, sweet Summer,
 Honey-laden Summer,
 Sweet, farewell!"

The little brook that babbles mid the
 ferns,
 O'er twisted roots and sandy shallows
 playing,
 Seems fain to linger in its eddied turns,
 And with a plaintive, purling voice is
 saying
 (Sadder and sweeter than my song can
 tell),
 "Farewell, sweet Summer,
 Warm and dreamy Summer,
 Sweet, farewell!"

The fitful breeze sweeps down the winding
 lane
 With gold and crimson leaves before it
 flying;
 Its gusty laughter has no sound of pain,
 But in the lulls it sinks to gentle sigh-
 ing,
 And mourns the Summer's early broken
 spell,—
 "Farewell, sweet Summer,
 Rosy, blooming Summer,
 Sweet, farewell!"

So bird and bee and brook and breeze make
 moan,
 With melancholy song their loss com-
 plaining.
 I too must join them, as I walk alone
 Among the sights and sounds of Sum-
 mer's waning. . . .
 I too have loved the season passing
 well. . . .
 So, farewell, Summer,
 Fair but faded Summer,
 Sweet, farewell !

BEER

HERE,
 With my beer
 I sit,
 While golden moments flit:
 Alas !
 They pass
 Unheeded by:
 And, as they fly,
 I,
 Being dry,
 Sit, idly sipping here
 My beer.

O, finer far
 Than fame, or riches, are
 The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free
 cigar !

Why
 Should I
 Weep, wail, or sigh ?
 What if luck has passed me by ?
 What if my hopes are dead, —
 My pleasures fled ?
 Have I not still
 My fill
 Of right good cheer, —
 Cigars and beer ?

Go, whining youth,
 Forsooth !
 Go, weep and wail,
 Sigh and grow pale,
 Weave melancholy rhymes
 On the old times,
 Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear,
 But leave to me my beer !
 Gold is dross, —
 Love is loss, —
 So, if I gulp my sorrows down,
 Or see them drown
 In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
 Then do I wear the crown,
 Without the cross !

Frances Louisa Bushnell

WORLD MUSIC

JUBILANT the music through the fields
 a-ringing, —
 Carol, warble, whistle, pipe, — endless ways
 of singing,
 Oriole, bobolink, melody of thrushes,
 Rustling trees, hum of bees, sudden little
 hushes,
 Broken suddenly again —
 Carol, whistle, rustle, humming,
 In reiterate refrain,
 Thither, hither, going, coming,
 While the streamlets' softer voices mingle
 murmuringly together;
 Gurggle, whisper, lapses, splashes, — praise
 of love and summer weather.
 Hark ! A music finer on the air is blow-
 ing, —

Throbs of infinite content, sounds of things
 a-growing,
 Secret sounds, flit of bird under leafy
 cover,
 Odors shy floating by, clouds blown
 swiftly over,
 Kisses of the crimson roses,
 Crosses of the lily-lances,
 Stirrings when a bud uncloses,
 Tripping sun and shadow dances,
 Murmur of aerial tides, stealthy zephyrs
 gliding,
 And a thousand nameless things sweeter
 for their hiding.

Ah ! a music more than these floweth on
 forever,
 In and out, yet all beyond our tracing or
 endeavor,

Far yet clear, strange yet near, sweet
 with a profounder sweetness,
 Mystical, rhythmical, weaving all into
 completeness;
 For its wide, harmonious measures
 Not one earthly note let fall;
 Sorrows, raptures, pains and pleasures,
 All in it, and it in all.
 Of earth's music the ennobler, of its discord
 the refiner,
 Pipe of Pan was once its naming, now it
 hath a name diviner.

UNFULFILMENT

AH, June is here, but where is May? —
 That lovely, shadowy thing,
 Fair promiser of fairer day,
 That made my fancy stretch her wing,
 In hope-begetting spring.

The spaces vague, the luminous veil,
 The drift of bloom and scent,
 Those dreamy longings setting sail,
 That knew not, asked not, where they
 went, —
 Ah! was this all they meant, —

This day that lets me dream no more,
 This bright, unshadowed round?
 On some illimitable shore,
 The harbor whither those were bound
 Lieth, nor yet is found.

IN THE DARK

RESTLESS, to-night, and ill at ease,
 And finding every place too strait,
 I leave the porch shut in with trees,
 And wander through the garden-gate.

So dark at first, I have to feel
 My way before me with my hands;
 But soul-like fragrances reveal
 My virgin Daphne, where she stands.

Her stars of blossom breathe aloft
 Her worship to the stars above;
 In wavering pulsations soft,
 Climbs the sweet incense of her love;

Those far, celestial eyes can dart
 Their glances down through leafy
 bars;
 The spark that burns within her heart
 Was dropped, in answer, from the
 stars.

She does not find the space too small,
 The night too dark, for sweetest
 bloom;
 Content within the garden wall,
 Since upward there is always room.

Her spotless heart, through all the night,
 Holds safe its little vestal spark.
 O blessed, if the soul be white,
 To breathe and blossom in the dark!

Annie Fields

ON WAKING FROM A DREAM- LESS SLEEP

I WAKED; the sun was in the sky,
 The face of heaven was fair;
 The silence all about me lay,
 Of morning in the air.

I said, Where hast thou been, my soul,
 Since the moon set in the west?
 I know not where thy feet have trod,
 Nor what has been thy quest.

Where wast thou when Orion past
 Below the dark-blue sea?

His glittering, silent stars are gone, —
 Didst follow them for me?

Where wast thou in that awful hour
 When first the night-wind heard
 The faint breath of the coming dawn,
 And fled before the word?

Where hast thou been, my spirit,
 Since the long wave on the shore
 Tenderly rocked my sense asleep,
 And I heard thee no more?

My limbs like breathing marble
 Have lain in the warm down;

No heavenly chant, no earthly care,
Have stirred a smile or frown.

I wake; thy kiss is on my lips;
Thou art my day, my sun!
But where, O spirit, where wast thou
While the sands of night have run?

THEOCRITUS

AY! Unto thee belong
The pipe and song,
Theocritus, —
Loved by the satyr and the faun!
To thee the olive and the vine,
To thee the Mediterranean pine,
And the soft lapping sea!
Thine, Bacchus,
Thine, the blood-red revels,
Thine, the bearded goat!
Soft valleys unto thee,
And Aphrodite's shrine,
And maidens veiled in falling robes of lawn!
But unto us, to us,
The stalwart glories of the North;
Ours is the sounding main,
And ours the voices uttering forth
By midnight round these cliffs a mighty
strain;
A tale of viewless islands in the deep
Washed by the waves' white fire;
Of mariners rocked asleep,
In the great cradle, far from Grecian ire
Of Neptune and his train;
To us, to us,
The dark-leaved shadow and the shining
birch,
The flight of gold through hollow wood-
lands driven,
Soft dying of the year with many a sigh,
These, all, to us are given!
And eyes that eager evermore shall search
The hidden seed, and searching find again
Unfading blossoms of a fadeless spring;
These, these, to us!
The sacred youth and maid,
Coy and half afraid;
The sorrowful earthly pall,
Winter and wintry rain,
And autumn's gathered grain,
With whispering music in their fall;
These unto us!
And unto thee, Theocritus,
To thee,

The immortal childhood of the world,
The laughing waters of an inland sea,
And beckoning signal of a sail unfurled!

LITTLE GUINEVER

"When Queen Guinever of Britain was a little
wench."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SWIFT across the palace floor
Flashed her tiny wilful feet;
"Playfellow, I will no more,
Now I must my task complete."

Arthur kissed her childish hand,
Sighed to think her task severe,
Walked forth in the garden land,
Lonely till she reappear.

She has sought her latticed room,
Overlooking faery seas,
Called Launcelot from a bowery gloom
To feast of milk and honey of bees.

"Had we bid Prince Arthur too,
He had shaken his grave head,
Saying, 'My holidays are few!' —
May queens not have their will?" she said.

Thus she passed the merry day,
Thus her women spake and smiled:
"All we see we need not say,
For Guinever is but a child."

THE RETURN

THE bright sea washed beneath her feet,
As it had done of yore,
The well-remembered odor sweet
Came through her opening door.

Again the grass his ripened head
Bowed where her raiment swept;
Again the fog-bell told of dread,
And all the landscape wept.

Again beside the woodland bars
She found the wilding rose,
With petals fine and heart of stars, —
The flower our childhood knows.

And there, before that blossom small,
By its young face beguiled,

The woman saw her burden fall,
And stood a little child.

She knew no more the weight of love,
No more the weight of grief;
So could the simple wild-rose move
And bring her heart relief.

She asked not where her love was gone,
Nor where her grief was fled,
But stood as at the great white throne,
Unmindful of things dead.

"SONG, TO THE GODS, IS
SWEETEST SACRIFICE"

"BEHOLD another singer!" Criton said,
And sneered, and in his sneering turned
the leaf:

"Who reads the poets now? They are
past and dead:

Give me for their vain work unrhymed re-
lief."

A laugh went round. Meanwhile the last
ripe sheaf

Of corn was garnered, and the summer
birds

Stilled their dear notes, while autumn's
voice of grief

Rang through the fields, and wept the
gathered herds.

Then in despair men murmured: "Is this
all, —

To fade and die within this narrow ring?
Where are the singers, with their hearts
afame,

To tell again what those of old let
fall, —

How to decaying worlds fresh promise
came,

And how our angels in the night-time
sing?"

Harriet McEwen Kimball

THE GUEST

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily;
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark I heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp:
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp,
Light the fire, and cheer thy face,
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock: —
"Enter, I have turned the key;
Enter, Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door he came,
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face.
When my cheerful fire was beaming,

When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo, my MASTER
Was the Guest that supped with me!

ALL'S WELL

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine.
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my
bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-
feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head;
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord,
and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can
shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for
me
The morning light may break.

WHITE AZALEAS

AZALEAS — whitest of white !

White as the drifted snow
Fresh-fallen out of the night,
Before the coming glow
Tinges the morning light;
When the light is like the snow,
White,
And the silence is like the light:
Light, and silence, and snow, —
All — white !

White ! not a hint
Of the creamy tint
A rose will hold,
The whitest rose, in its inmost fold;
Not a possible blush;
White as an embodied hush;
A very rapture of white;
A wedlock of silence and light:
White, white as the wonder undefiled
Of Eve just wakened in Paradise;
Nay, white as the angel of a child
That looks into God's own eyes !

John James Piatt

THE MOWER IN OHIO

THE bees in the clover are making honey,
and I am making my hay:
The air is fresh, I seem to draw a young
man's breath to-day.

The bees and I are alone in the grass: the
air is so very still
I hear the dam, so loud, that shines beyond
the sullen mill.

Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost
the sounds I cannot hear —
That, when no other sound is plain, ring in
my empty ear:

The chime of striking scythes, the fall of
the heavy swaths they sweep —
They ring about me, resting, when I waver
half asleep;

So still, I am not sure if a cloud, low down,
unseen there be,
Or if something brings a rumor home of
the cannon so far from me:

Far away in Virginia, where Joseph and
Grant, I know,
Will tell them what I meant when first
I had my mowers go !

Joseph, he is my eldest one, the only boy
of my three
Whose shadow can darken my door again,
and lighten my heart for me.

Joseph, he is my eldest — how his scythe
was striking ahead !
William was better at shorter heats, but
Jo in the long run led.

William, he was my youngest; John, be-
tween them I somehow see,
When my eyes are shut, with a little board
at his head in Tennessee.

But William came home one morning early,
from Gettysburg, last July,
(The mowing was over already, although
the only mower was I):

William, my captain, came home for
good to his mother ; and I'll be
bound
We were proud and cried to see the flag
that wrapt his coffin around;

For a company from the town came up ten
miles with music and gun:
It seemed his country claimed him then —
as well as his mother — her son.

But Joseph is yonder with Grant to-day, a
thousand miles or near,
And only the bees are broad at work with
me in the clover here.

Was it a murmur of thunder I heard that
hummed again in the air ?
Yet, may be, the cannon are sounding
now their Onward to Richmond
there.

But under the beech by the orchard, at
noon, I sat an hour it would seem —
It may be I slept a minute, too, or wavered
into a dream.

For I saw my boys, across the field, by the
flashes as they went,
Tramping a steady tramp as of old, with
the strength in their arms unspent;

Tramping a steady tramp, they moved like
soldiers that march to the beat
Of music that seems, a part of themselves,
to rise and fall with their feet;

Tramping a steady tramp, they came with
flashes of silver that shone,
Every step, from their scythes that rang as
if they needed the stone —

(The field is wide, and heavy with grass)
— and, coming toward me, they
beamed

With a shine of light in their faces at once,
and — surely I must have dreamed!

For I sat alone in the clover-field, the bees
were working ahead.

There were three in my vision — remember,
old man: and what if Joseph were
dead!

But I hope that he and Grant (the flag
above them both, to boot)

Will go into Richmond together, no matter
which is ahead or afoot!

Meantime, alone at the mowing here — an
old man somewhat gray —

I must stay at home as long as I can,
making, myself, the hay.

And so another round — the quail in the
orchard whistles blithe; —

But first I'll drink at the spring below, and
whet again my scythe.

ROSE AND ROOT

A FABLE OF TWO LIVES

THE Rose aloft in sunny air,
Beloved alike by bird and bee,
Takes for the dark Root little care
That toils below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower:
"Pride of the Summer, garden queen,
Why livest thou thy little hour?"
And the Rose answered, "I am seen."

I put my question to the Root.
"I mine the earth content," it said,
"A hidden miner underfoot:
I know a Rose is overhead."

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

STERN be the pilot in the dreadful hour
When a great nation, like a ship at sea
With the wroth breakers whitening at her
lee,

Feels her last shudder if her helmsman
cower;

A godlike manhood be his mighty dower!
Such and so gifted, Lincoln, mayst thou be,
With thy high wisdom's low simplicity
And awful tenderness of voted power.

From our hot records then thy name shall
stand

On Time's calm ledger out of passionate
days —

With the pure debt of gratitude begun,
And only paid in never-ending praise —
One of the many of a mighty Land,
Made by God's providence the Anointed
One.

1862.

FARTHER

(THE SUGGESTED DEVICE OF A NEW
WESTERN STATE)

FAR-OFF a young State rises, full of might:
I paint its brave escutcheon. Near at hand
See the log-cabin in the rough clearing
stand;

A woman by its door, with steadfast sight,
Trustful, looks Westward, where, uplifted
bright,

Some city's Apparition, weird and grand,
In dazzling quiet fronts the lonely land,
With vast and marvellous structures
wrought of light,

Motionless on the burning cloud afar:
The haunting vision of a time to be,
After the heroic age is ended here,
Built on the boundless, still horizon's bar
By the low sun, his gorgeous prophecy
Lighting the doorway of the pioneer!

THE CHILD IN THE STREET

FOR A VOLUME OF DOUBLE AUTHORSHIP

EVEN as tender parents lovingly
Send a dear child in some true servant's care
Forth in the street, for larger light and air,
Feeling the sun her guardian will be,
And dreaming with a blushful pride that
she

Will earn sweet smiles and glances every-
where,

From loving faces; and that passers fair
Will bend, and bless, and kiss her, when
they see,

And ask her name, and if her home is near,
And think, "O gentle child, how blessed
are they

Whose twofold love bears up a single
flower!"

And so with softer musing move away, —
We send thee forth, O Book, thy little hour —
The world may pardon us to hold thee dear.

TO A LADY

ON HER ART OF GROWING OLD GRACE-
FULLY

YOU ask a verse, to sing (ah, laughing face!)
Your happy art of growing old with grace?
O Muse, begin, and let the truth — but hold!
First let me see that you are growing old.

THE GUERDON

TO the quick brow Fame grudges her best
wreath

While the quick heart to enjoy it throbs
beneath:

ON the dead forehead's sculptured marble
shown,

LO, her choice crown — its flowers are also
stone.

TORCH-LIGHT IN AUTUMN

I LIFT this sumach-bough with crimson
flare,

And, touched with subtle pangs of dreamy
pain,

Through the dark wood a torch I seem to
bear

In Autumn's funeral train.

IRELAND

A SEASIDE PORTRAIT

A GREAT, still Shape, alone,
She sits (her harp has fallen) on the sand,
And sees her children, one by one, depart: —
Her cloak (that hides what sins beside her
own!)

Wrapped fold on fold about her. Lo,

She comforts her fierce heart,

As wailing some, and some gay-singing go,
With the far vision of that Greater Land

Deep in the Atlantic skies,

St. Brandon's Paradise!

Another Woman there,

Mighty and wondrous fair,

Stands on her shore-rock: — one uplifted
hand

Holds a quick-piercing light

That keeps long sea-ways bright;

She beckons with the other, saying "Come,
O landless, shelterless,

Sharp-faced with hunger, worn with long
distress: —

Come hither, finding home!

Lo, my new fields of harvest, open, free,

By winds of blessing blown,

Whose golden corn-blades shake from sea
to sea —

Fields without walls that all the people
own!"

LEAVES AT MY WINDOW

I WATCH the leaves that flutter in the wind,
Bathing my eyes with coolness and my heart
Filling with springs of grateful sense anew,
Before my window — in wind and rain and
sun.

And now the wind is gone and now the rain,
And all a motionless moment breathe; and
now

Playful the wind comes back — again the
shower,

Again the sunshine! Like a golden swarm

Of butterflies the leaves are fluttering,

The leaves are dancing, singing — all alive

(For Fancy gives her breath to every leaf)

For the blithe moment. Beautiful to me,

Of all inanimate things most beautiful,

And dear as flowers their kindred, are the
leaves

In their glad summer life; and, when a
child,

I loved to lie through sunny afternoons
With half-shut eyes (familiar then with things

Long unfamiliar, knowing Fairyland
And all the unhidden mysteries of the Earth)

Using my kinship in those earlier days
With Nature and the humbler people, dear
To her green life, in every shade and sun.
The leaves had myriad voices, and their joy
One with the birds' that sang among them
seemed;

And, oftentimes, I lay in breezy shade
Till, creeping with the loving stealth he takes
In healthy temperaments, the blessed Sleep
(Thrice blessed and thrice blessing now,
because

Of sleepless things that will not give us
rest !)

Came with his weird processions — dreams
that wore

All happy masks — blithe fairies number-
less,

Forever passing, never more to pass,
The Spirits of the Leaves. Awakening then,
Behold the sun was swimming in my face
Through mists of his creation, swarming
gold,

And all the leaves in sultry languor lay
Above me, for I wakened when they dropped
Asleep, unmoving. Now, when Time has
ceased

His holiday, and I am prisoned close
In his harsh service, mastered by his Hours,
The leaves have not forgotten me: behold,
They play with me like children who,
awake,

Find one most dear asleep and waken him
To their own gladness from his sultry
dream;

But nothing sweeter do they give to me
Than thoughts of one who, far away, per-
chance

Watches like me the leaves and thinks of
me, —

While o'er her window sunnily the shower
Touches all boughs to music, and the rose
Beneath swings lovingly toward the drip-
ping pane,

And she, whom Nature gave the freshest
sense

Of all her delicate life, rejoices in
The joy of birds that use the hour to sing
With breasts o'erfull of music. "Little
Birds,"

She sings, "sing to my little Bird below !"
And with her child-like fancy, half-belief,
She hears them sing and makes believe
they obey,
And the child, wakening, listens motionless.

THE LOST GENIUS

A GIANT came to me when I was young,
My instant will to ask —
My earthly Servant, from the earth he
sprung
Eager for any task !

"What wilt thou, O my Master?" he began,
"Whatever can be," I.

"Say thy first wish — whate'er thou wilt I
can,"

The Strong Slave made reply.

"Enter the earth and bring its riches forth,
For pearls explore the sea."

He brought, from East and West and
South and North,
All treasures back to me !

"Build me a palace wherein I may dwell."

"Awake and see it done,"
Spake his great voice at dawn. Oh, miracle
That glittered in the sun !

"Find me the princess fit for my embrace,
The vision of my breast;

For her search every clime and every race."
My yearning arms were blessed !

"Get me all knowledge." Sages with
their lore,

And poets with their songs,
Crowded my palace halls at every door,
In still, obedient throngs !

"Now bring me wisdom." Long ago he
went;

(The cold task harder seems:)
He did not hasten with the last content —
The rest, meanwhile, were dreams !

Houseless and poor, on many a trackless
road,

Without a guide, I found
A white-haired phantom with the world his
load,

Bending him to the ground !

"I bring thee wisdom, Master." Is it he,
I marvelled then, in sooth?
"Thy palace-builder, beauty-seeker, see!"
I saw the Ghost of Youth!

PURPOSE

STRONG in thy steadfast purpose, be
Like some brave master of the sea,
Whose keel, by Titan pulses quickened,
knows
His will where'er he goes.

Some isle, palm-roofed, in spiced Pacific air
He seeks — though solitary zones apart,
Its place long fixed on his deep-studied
chart.

Fierce winds, your wild confusion make!
Waves, wroth with tide and tempest,
shake

His iron-wrought hull aside!
However driven, to that far island fair
(His compass not more faithful than his
heart)

He makes his path the ocean wide —
His prow is always there!

Harriet Prescott Spofford

PHANTOMS ALL

COME, all you sailors of the southern waters,
You apparitions of the Spanish main,
Who dyed the jewelled depths blood-red
with slaughters,
You things of crime and gain!

Come, caravel and pinnace, on whose daring
Rose the low purple of a new world's
shore;
Come from your dreams of desperate sea-
faring
And sun your sails once more.

Build up again your stately height, storm-
harried
Santa Maria, crusted with salt stains;
Come quick, you black and treacherous
craft that carried
Columbus home in chains!

And out of all your angry flames and flashes,
Proud with a pride that only homeward
yearned,
Swim darkly up and gather from your ashes,
You ships that Cortes burned!

Come, prows, whence climbing into light
deific
Undazzled Balboa planted o'er the plain,
The lonely plain of the unguessed Pacific,
The standard of great Spain.

In Caribbean coves, dark vanished vessels,
Lurking and hiding thrice a hundred
years,

Figure again your mad and merry wrestles,
Beaks of the buccaneers!

Come, you that bore through boughs of
dripping blossom,
Ogeron with his headsman and his priest,
Where Limousin with treasure in his bosom
Dreamed, and in dreaming ceased.

Barks at whose name to-day the nursling
shivers,
Come, with the bubble-rafts where men
swept down
Along the foam and fall of mighty rivers
To sack the isthmian town!

Through dusky bayous known in old ro-
mances
In one great furtive squadron move, you
host
That took to death and drowning those
free-lances,
The Brethren of the Coast!

Come, Drake, come, Hawkins, to your sad
employer,
Come, L'Olonnois and Davila, again,
Come, you great ships of Montbar the De-
stroyer,
Of Morgan and his men!

Dipping and slipping under shadowy high-
lands,
Dashing in haste the swifter fate to meet,
Come from your wrecks on haunted keys
and islands,
Cervera's valiant fleet!

Galleons, and merchantmen, and sloops of story,

O silent escort, follow in full train
This passing phantom of an ancient glory,
The Navy of Old Spain!

EVANESCENCE

WHAT'S the brightness of a brow?
What's a mouth of pearls and corals?
Beauty vanishes like a vapor,
Preach the men of musty morals!

Should the crowd then, ages since,
Have shut their ears to singing Homer,
Because the music fled as soon
As fleets the violets' aroma?

Ah, for me, I thrill to see
The bloom a velvet cheek discloses,
Made of dust—I well believe it!
So are lilies, so are roses!

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT

WHEN stars pursue their solemn flight,
Oft in the middle of the night,
A strain of music visits me,
Hushed in a moment silverly,—
Such rich and rapturous strains as make
The very soul of silence ache
With longing for the melody;

Or lovers in the distant dusk
Of summer gardens, sweet as musk,
Pouring the blissful burden out,
The breaking joy, the dying doubt;
Or revellers, all flown with wine,
And in a madness half divine,
Beating the broken tune about;

Or else the rude and rolling notes
That leave some strolling sailors' throats,
Hoarse with the salt sprays, it may be,
Of many a mile of rushing sea;
Or some high-minded dreamer strays
Late through the solitary ways,
Nor heeds the listening night, nor me.

Or how or whence those tones be heard,
Hearing, the slumbering soul is stirred,
As when a swiftly passing light
Startles the shadows into flight;

While one remembrance suddenly
Thrills through the melting melody,—
A strain of music in the night.

Out of the darkness burst the song,
Into the darkness moves along:
Only a chord of memory jars,
Only an old wound burns its scars,
As the wild sweetness of the strain
Smites the heart with passionate pain,
And vanishes among the stars.

A SIGH

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,—
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
With a hand as chill,—
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the
pages,
Crumpled fold on fold,—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!

THE PINES

COULDEST thou, Great Fairy, give to me
The instant's wish, that I might see
Of all the earth's that one dear sight
Known only in a dream's delight,
I would, beneath some island steep,
In some remote and sun-bright deep,
See high in heaven above me now
A palm-tree wave its rhythmic bough!

And yet this old pine's haughty crown,
Shaking its clouds of silver down,
Whispers me snatches of strange tunes
And murmur of those awful runes
Which tell by subtle spell, and power
Of secret sympathies, the hour
When far in the dark North the snow
Among great bergs begins to blow.

Nay, thou sweet South of heats and
balms,
Keep all thy proud and plummy palms,

Keep all thy fragrant flowery ease,
Thy purple skies, thy purple seas !
These boughs of blessing shall not fail,
These voices singing in the gale,
The vigor of these mighty lines:
I will content me with my pines !

VOICE

SAID the archangels, moving in their glory,
Seeing the suns bend out along their
courses,
Seeing the earth swim up in vernal
light,
Seeing the year renew her ancient story, —
Ask we here the Lord of all the finer
forces
To make us now a poet whose song
shall reach our height !

Fain would we know the impulse ever flee-
ing,
Fleeing in light o'er the battlements of
even,
Fleeing in love that lifts the universe
like wings;
Fain would we know the secret of our
being,
Blush for a moment with the inmost joy
of heaven —
Make us then a poet whose song shall
tell these things !

From his rosy cloud, a Voice, — O won-
der !
All my harp-strings tremble to sweet
singing !
Life, O lovely life, is at the flood !
Hear the torrents' far melodious thunder,

Hear the winds' long sweep, the joyous
thickets ringing,
Forests bow and murmur, and blossoms
burst their bud !

Israfil, the Voice, was warbling, — Follow
Where the wild swift music winds and
doubles !
Follow ! When the sap whirls longing
for the light,
When the first thrush thrills the dusky
hollow,
Every heart on earth with jocund spirit
bubbles,
And every soul's a poet whose song
surmounts our height !

THE HUNT

WILD stream the clouds, and the fresh wind
is singing,
Red is the dawn, and the world white with
rime, —
Music, O music ! The hunter's horn ringing !
Over the hilltop the mounted men climb.

Flashing of scarlet, and glitter, and jingle,
The deep bay, the rhythm of hoof and of
cry, —
Echo, O echo ! The winds rush and mingle !
Halloo, view halloo ! And the Hunt has
swept by.

Stay ! All the morning is hushed and is
sober,
Bare is the hilltop and sad as its wont, —
Out of the ghost of a long-dead October
Blows as the dust blows the ghost of the
Hunt !

Louise Chandler Moulton¹

TO-NIGHT

BEND low, O dusky Night,
And give my spirit rest.
Hold me to your deep breast,
And put old cares to flight.
Give back the lost delight
That once my soul possest,
When Love was loveliest.
Bend low, O dusky Night !

Enfold me in your arms —
The sole embrace I crave
Until the embracing grave
Shield me from life's alarms.
I dare your subtlest charms;
Your deepest spell I brave, —
O, strong to slay or save,
Enfold me in your arms !

¹ See, also, Sonnet on p. 811.

A PAINTED FAN

ROSES and butterflies snared on a fan,
 All that is left of a summer gone by;
 Of swift, bright wings that flashed in the
 sun,
 And loveliest blossoms that bloomed to
 die!

By what subtle spell did you lure them
 here,
 Fixing a beauty that will not change, —
 Roses whose petals never will fall,
 Bright, swift wings that never will range?

Had you owned but the skill to snare as
 well
 The swift-winged hours that came and
 went,
 To prison the words that in music died,
 And fix with a spell the heart's content,

Then had you been of magicians the chief;
 And loved and lovers should bless your
 art,
 If you could but have painted the soul of
 the thing, —
 Not the rose alone, but the rose's heart!

Flown are those days with their winged de-
 lights,
 As the odor is gone from the summer
 rose;

Yet still, whenever I wave my fan,
 The soft, south wind of memory blows.

THE SHADOW DANCE

SHE sees her image in the glass, —
 How fair a thing to gaze upon!
 She lingers while the moments run,
 With happy thoughts that come and pass,

Like winds across the meadow grass
 When the young June is just begun:
 She sees her image in the glass, —
 How fair a thing to gaze upon!

What wealth of gold the skies amass!
 How glad are all things 'neath the
 sun!

How true the love her love has won!
 She recks not that this hour will pass, —
 She sees her image in the glass.

LAUS VENERIS

A PICTURE BY BURNE JONES

PALLID with too much longing,
 White with passion and prayer,
 Goddess of love and beauty,
 She sits in the picture there, —

Sits with her dark eyes seeking
 Something more subtle still
 Than the old delights of loving
 Her measureless days to fill.

She has loved and been loved so often
 In her long, immortal years,
 That she tires of the worn-out rapture,
 Sickens of hopes and fears.

No joys or sorrows move her,
 Done with her ancient pride;
 For her head she found too heavy
 The crown she has cast aside.

Clothed in her scarlet splendor,
 Bright with her glory of hair,
 Sad that she is not mortal, —
 Eternally sad and fair,

Longing for joys she knows not,
 Athirst with a vain desire,
 There she sits in the picture,
 Daughter of foam and fire.

LAURA SLEEPING

COME hither and behold this lady's face,
 Who lies asleep, as if strong Death had
 kissed

Upon her eyes the kiss none can resist,
 And held her fast in his prolonged embrace!
 See the still lips, which grant no answering
 grace

To Love's fond prayers, and the sweet,
 carven smile,
 Sign of some dream-born joy which did
 beguile

The dreaming soul from its fair resting-
 place!

So will she look when Death indeed has sway
 O'er her dear loveliness, and holds her fast
 In that last sleep which knows nor night
 nor day,

Which hopes no future, contemplates no
 past;

So *will* she look; but now, behold! she
wakes —
Thus, from the Night, Dawn's sunlit beauty
breaks.

HIC JACET

So Love is dead that has been quick so
long!
Close, then, his eyes, and bear him to his
rest,
With eglantine and myrtle on his breast,
And leave him there, their pleasant scents
among;
And chant a sweet and melancholy song
About the charms whereof he was possessed,
And how of all things he was loveliest,
And to compare with aught were him to
wrong.
Leave him beneath the still and solemn
stars,
That gather and look down from their far
place
With their long calm our brief woes to
deride,
Until the Sun the Morning's gate unbars
And mocks, in turn, our sorrows with his
face; —
And yet, had Love been Love, he had not
died.

THE LAST GOOD-BY

How shall we know it is the last good-by?
The skies will not be darkened in that
hour,
No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hands, and smile or
sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden
tears
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
But there will come no voice of prophecy, —
No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
Space for last words, last kisses, and last
prayer,
For all the wild, unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with de-
spair:" —
"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and
fear remain,
Would any *choose* to part thus unaware?

WERE BUT MY SPIRIT LOOSED
UPON THE AIR

WERE but my spirit loosed upon the air, —
By some High Power who could Life's
chains unbind,
Set free to seek what most it longs to find, —
To no proud Court of Kings would I repair:
I would but climb, once more, a narrow
stair,
When day was wearing late, and dusk was
kind;
And one should greet me to my failings
blind,
Content so I but shared his twilight there.
Nay! well I know he waits not as of old, —
I could not find him in the old-time place, —
I must pursue him, made by sorrow bold,
Through worlds unknown, in strange Ce-
lestial race,
Whose mystic round no traveller has told,
From star to star, until I see his face.

WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP

We lay us down to sleep,
And leave to God the rest:
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more be best.

Why vex our souls with care?
The grave is cool and low, —
Have we found life so fair
That we should dread to go?

We've kissed love's sweet, red lips,
And left them sweet and red:
The rose the wild bee sips
Blooms on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we've found;
But they who love us best,
When we are under ground,
Will laugh on with the rest.

No task have we begun
But other hands can take;
No work beneath the sun
For which we need to wake.

Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
If so it seemeth best
To Him who gave us breath
That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep;
 Our weary eyes we close:
 Whether to wake and weep,
 Or wake no more, He knows.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

IN MEMORIAM

As the wind at play with a spark
 Of fire that glows through the night,
 As the speed of the soaring lark
 That wings to the sky his flight,
 So swiftly thy soul has sped
 On its upward, wonderful way,
 Like the lark, when the dawn is red,
 In search of the shining day.

Thou art not with the frozen dead
 Whom earth in the earth we lay,
 While the bearers softly tread,
 And the mourners kneel and pray;

From thy semblance, dumb and stark,
 The soul has taken its flight—
 Out of the finite dark,
 Into the Infinite Light.

LOVE'S RESURRECTION DAY

ROUND among the quiet graves,
 When the sun was low,
 Love went grieving, — Love who saves:
 Did the sleepers know?

At his touch the flowers awoke,
 At his tender call
 Birds into sweet singing broke,
 And it did befall

From the blooming, bursting sod
 All Love's dead arose,
 And went flying up to God
 By a way Love knows.

William Hayes Ward

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ON THE DEATH OF LOWELL

DEAR singer of our fathers' day,
 Who lingerest in the sunset glow,
 Our grateful hearts all bid thee stay;
 Bend hitherward and do not go.
 Gracious thine age, thy youth was strong,
 For Freedom touched thy tongue with
 fire:
 To sing the right and fight the wrong
 Thine equal hand held bow or lyre.
 O linger, linger long,
 Singer of song.

We beg thee stay; thy comrade star
 Which later rose is earlier set;
 What music and what battle-scar
 When side by side the fray ye met!
 Thy trumpet and his drum and fife
 Gave saucy challenge to the foe
 In Liberty's heroic strife;
 We mourn for him, thou must not go!
 Yet linger, linger long,
 Singer of song.

We cannot yield thee; only thou
 Art left to us, and one beside
 Whose silvered wisdom still can show
 How smiles and tears together bide.
 And we would bring our boys to thee,
 And bid them hold in memory crowned
 That they our saintliest bard did see,
 The Galahad of our table round.
 Then linger, linger long,
 Singer of song.

The night is dark; three radiant beams
 Are gone that crossed the zenith sky;
 For one the water-fowl, meseems,
 For two the Elmwood herons cry.
 Ye twain that early rose and still
 Skirt low the level west along,
 Sink when ye must, to rise and fill
 The morrow's east with light and song.
 But linger, linger long,
 Singers of song.

THE NEW CASTALIA

OUT of a cavern on Parnassus' side,
 Flows Castaly; and with the flood outblown

From its deep heart of ice, the mountain's
breath

Tempers the ardor of the Delphian vale.
Beside the stream from the black mould
upsprings

Narcissus, robed in snow, with ruby
crowned.

Long ranks of crocus, humble servitors,
But clad in purple, mark his downcast face.
The sward, moist from the flood, is pied
with flowers,

Lily and vetch, lupine and melilot,
The hyacinth, cowslip, and gay marigold,
While, on the border of the copse, sweet
herbs,

Anise and thyme, breathe incense to the bay
And myrtle. Here thy home, fair Muse!
How soft

Thy step falls on the grass whose morning
drops

Bedew thy feet! The blossoms bend but
break

Not, and thy fingers pluck the eglantine,
The privet and the bilberry; or frame
A rustic whistle from a fresh-cut reed.

Here is thy home, dear Muse, fed on these
airs;

The hills, the founts, the woods, the sky are
thine!

But who are these? A company of
youth

Upon a tesseled pavement in a court,
Under a marble statue of a muse,
Strew hot-house flowers before a mimic
fount

Drawn from a faucet in a rockery.
With mutual admiration they repeat
Their bric-a-brackery of rococo verse,
Their versicles and icicles of song!
What know ye, verse-wrights, of the Poet's
art?

What noble passion or what holy heat
Is stirred to frenzy when your eyes ad-
mire

The peacock feathers on a frescoes wall,
Or painted posies on a lady's fan?

Are these thine only bards, young age,
whose eyes

Are blind to Heaven and heart of man;
whose blood

Is water, and not wine; unskilled in notes
Of liberty, and holy love of land,
And man, and all things beautiful; deep
skilled

To burnish wit in measured feet, to wind
A weary labyrinth of labored rhymes,
And cipher verses on an abacus?

Irving Browne

MY NEW WORLD

My prow is tending toward the west,
Old voices growing faint, dear faces dim,
And all that I have loved the best
Far back upon the waste of memory swim.
My old world disappears:
Few hopes and many fears
Accompany me.

But from the distance fair
A sound of birds, a glimpse of pleasant
skies,

A scent of fragrant air,
All soothingly arise
In cooing voice, sweet breath, and merry
eyes

Of grandson on my knee.
And ere my sails be furled,
Kind Lord, I pray
Thou let me live a day
In my new world.

AT SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE

(IGNATIUS DONNELLY LOQ.)

DISMISS your apprehension, pseudo bard,
For no one wishes to disturb these stones,
Nor cares if here or in the outer yard
They stow your impudent, deceitful
bones.

Your foolish-colored bust upon the wall,
With its preposterous expanse of brow,
Shall rival Humpty Dumpty's famous fall,
And cheats no cultured Boston people
now.

Steal deer, hold horses, act your third-rate
parts,

Hoard money, booze, neglect Anne
Hathaway, —

You can't deceive us with your stolen arts;
Like many a worthier dog, you've had
your day.

I have expresst your history in a cyfer,
 I've done your sum for all ensuing time,
 I don't know what you longer wish to lie for
 Beneath these stones or in your doggerel
 rhyme.

Get up and flit, or plunge into the river,
 Or walk the chancel with a ghostly
 squeak,
 You were an ignorant and evil liver,
 Who could not spell, nor write, nor read
 much Greek.

Tho' you enslaved the ages by your spell,
 And Fame has blown no reputation
 louder,
 Your cake is dough, for I by sifting well
 Have quite reduced your dust to Bacon-
 powder.

MAN'S PILLOW

A BABY lying on his mother's breast
 Draws life from that sweet fount;
 He takes his rest
 And heaves deep sighs;
 With brooding eyes
 Of soft content

She shelters him within that fragrant nest,
 And scarce refrains from crushing him
 With tender violence,
 His rosebud mouth, each rosy limb
 Excite such joy intense;
 Rocked on that gentle billow,
 She sings into his ear
 A song that angels stoop to hear.
 Blest child and mother doubly blest !
 Such his first pillow.

A man outwearied with the world's mad
 race
 His mother seeks again;
 His furrowed face,
 His tired gray head,
 His heart of lead
 Resigned he yields;
 She covers him in some secluded place,
 And kindly heals the earthy scar
 Of spade with snow and flowers,
 While glow of sun and gleam of star,
 And murmuring rush of showers,
 And wind-obeying willow
 Attend his unbroken sleep;
 In this repose secure and deep,
 Forgotten save by One, he leaves no trace.
 Such his last pillow.

Lucius Harwood Foote

POETRY

SOMETHING more than the lilt of the strain,
 Something more than the touch of the
 lute;
 For the voice of the minstrel is vain,
 If the heart of the minstrel is mute.

ON THE HEIGHTS

HE crawls along the mountain walls,
 From whence the severed river falls;
 Its seething waters writhe and twist,
 Then leap, and crumble into mist.
 Midway between two boundless seas,
 Prone on a ragged reef he lies;
 Above him bend the shoreless skies,
 While helpless, on his bended knees,
 Into that awful gulf profound,
 Appalled, he peers with bated breath,
 Clutches with fear the yielding ground,
 And crouches face to face with death.

The fearful splendor of the sight
 Begets in his bewildered brain
 A downwrought torture of delight,
 The very ecstasy of pain.
 A sudden frenzy fills his mind, —
 If he could break the bonds that bind,
 And launch upon the waves of wind;
 Only to loose his hold and leap,
 Then, cradled like a cloud, to sleep
 Wind-rocked upon the soundless deep.
 With eyes upturned, he breaks the spell,
 And creeps from out the jaws of hell.
 Pohono's siren wiles beguile, —
 He drinks her kisses in the wind,
 He leaves the nether world behind.
 Up, and still upward, mile on mile,
 With muffled tramp, the pilgrim creeps
 Across the frozen winding-sheet,
 Where white-faced death in silence sleeps.
 Up, and still upward, to the light,
 Until at last his leaden feet
 Have mocked the eagle in its flight.

Grim-browed and bald, Tis-sa-ack broods
Above these white-robed solitudes.
A mute, awe-stricken mortal stands
Upon the fragment of a world,
And, when the rifted clouds are curled,
Sees far below the steadfast lands.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN has ever the grand old air,
As he greets me with courtly grace;
Like a crown of glory the snow-white hair
That halos his swarthy face;
And he says, with a courtesy rare and fine,
As he ushers me in at the door,
"Panchita mia will bring us the wine,
And the casa is yours, señor."
His fourscore years have a tranquil cast,
For Time has tempered his heart and hand;
Though the seething tide of his blood ran
fast

When he ruled like a lord in the land.
In the wild rodeo and mad stampede
He rode, I am told,
In the days of old,
With his brown vaqueros at headlong speed.
From the Toro Peaks to the Carmel Pass
His cattle fed on the rich, wild grass;
And far to the west,
Where the sand-dunes rest
On the rim of the heaving sea,
From the Point of Pines to the river's mouth,
From the Gabilan Hills to the bay on the
south,
He held the land in fee.
It was never the same
When the Gringos came,
With their lust of gold and their greed of
gain;
And his humble cot,
With its garden plot,
Is all that is left of his wide domain.

But he says with a courtesy rare and fine,
As he ushers me in at the door,
"Panchita mia will bring us the wine,
And the casa is yours, señor."

EL VAQUERO

TINGED with the blood of Aztec lands,
Sphinx-like, the tawny herdsman stands,
A coiled reata in his hands.
Devoid of hope, devoid of fear,
Half brigand and half cavalier, —
This helot, with imperial grace,
Wears ever on his tawny face
A sad, defiant look of pain.
Left by the fierce iconoclast
A living fragment of the past,
Greek of the Greeks he must remain.

THE DERELICT

UNMOORED, unmanned, unheeded on the
deep —
Tossed by the restless billow and the breeze,
It drifts o'er sultry leagues of tropic seas,
Where long Pacific surges swell and sweep.
When pale-faced stars their silent watches
keep,
From their far rhythmic spheres, the
Pleiades,
In calm beatitude and tranquil ease,
Smile sweetly down upon its cradled sleep.
Erewhile, with anchor housed and sails un-
furled,
We saw the stout ship breast the open
main,
To round the Stormy Cape, and span the
world,
In search of ventures which betoken gain.
To-day, somewhere, on some far sea, we
know
Her battered hulk is heaving to and fro.

Theodore Tilton

GOD SAVE THE NATION

THOU who ordainest, for the land's salva-
tion,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamenta-
tion,
Now unto Thee we lift our supplication, —
O, save the Nation!

By the great sign foretold of Thy appear-
ing,
Coming in clouds, while mortal men stand
fearing,
Show us, amid the smoke of battle clear-
ing,
Thy chariot nearing.

By the brave blood that floweth like a river,
Hurl Thou a thunderbolt from out Thy
quiver!

Break Thou the strong gates! every fetter
shiver!

Smite and deliver!

Slay Thou our foes, or turn them to de-
cision!

Then, in the blood-red Valley of Decision,
Clothe Thou the fields, as in the prophet's
vision,

With peace Elysian!

CŒUR DE LION TO BERENGARIA

O FAR-OFF darling in the South,
Where grapes are loading down the vine,
And songs are in the throstle's mouth,
While love's complaints are here in mine,
Turn from the blue Tyrrhenian Sea!
Come back to me! Come back to me!

Here all the Northern skies are cold,
And in their wintriness they say
(With warnings by the winds foretold)
That love may grow as cold as they!
How ill the omen seems to be!
Come back to me! Come back to me!

Come back, and bring thy wandering
heart—

Ere yet it be too far estranged!
Come back, and tell me that thou art
But little chilled, but little changed!
O love, my love, I love but thee!
Come back to me! Come back to me!

I long for thee from morn till night;
I long for thee from night till morn:
But love is proud, and any slight
Can sting it like a piercing thorn.
My bleeding heart cries out to thee—
Come back to me! Come back to me!

Come back, and pluck the nettle out;
Come kiss the wound, or love may die!
How can my heart endure the doubt?
Oh, judge its anguish by its cry!
Its cry goes piercingly to thee—
Come back to me! Come back to me!

What is to thee the summer long?
What is to thee the clustered vine?

What is to thee the throstle's song,
Who sings of love, but not of mine?
Oh, turn from the Tyrrhenian Sea!
Come back to me! Come back to me!

THE FLIGHT FROM THE CONVENT

I SEE the star-lights quiver,
Like jewels in the river;
The bank is hid with sedge;
What if I slip the edge?
I thought I knew the way
By night as well as day:
But how a lover goes astray!

The place is somewhat lonely—
I mean for just one only;
I brought the boat ashore
An hour ago or more.
Well, I will sit and wait;
She fixed the hour at eight:
Good angels! bring her not too late!

To-morrow's tongues that name her
Will hardly dare to blame her:
A lily still is white
Through all the dark of night:
The morning sun shall show
A bride as pure as snow,
Whose wedding all the world shall know.

O God! that I should gain her!
But what can so detain her?
Hist, yelping cur! thy bark
Will fright her in the dark.
What! striking nine? that's fast!
Is some one walking past?
—Oho! so thou art come at last!

But why thy long delaying?
Alack! thy beads and prayer!
If thou, a saint, dost hope
To kneel and kiss the Pope,
Then I, a sinner, know
Where sweeter kisses grow—
Nay, now, just once before we go!

Nay, twice, and by St. Peter
The second was the sweeter!
Quick now, and in the boat!
Good-by, old tower and moat!
May mildew from the sky
Drop blindness on the eye
That lurks to watch our going by!

O saintly maid ! I told thee
 No convent-walls could hold thee.
 Look ! yonder comes the moon !
 We started none too soon.
 See how we pass that mill !
 What ! is the night too chill ?
 — Then I must fold thee closer still !

SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS

I WON a noble fame;
 But, with a sudden frown,
 The people snatched my crown,
 And, in the mire, trod down
 My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse;
 And beggars by the way
 Then blessed me, day by day;
 But I, grown poor as they,
 Have now their curse.

I gained what men call friends;
 But now their love is hate,
 And I have learned, too late,

How mated minds unmate,
 And friendship ends.

I clasped a woman's breast, —
 As if her heart, I knew,
 Or fancied, would be true, —
 Who proved, alas ! she too !
 False like the rest.

I now am all bereft, —
 As when some tower doth fall,
 With battlement, and wall,
 And gate, and bridge, and all, —
 And nothing left.

But I account it worth
 All pangs of fair hopes crossed —
 All loves and honors lost, —
 To gain the heavens, at cost
 Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
 To render ill for ill, —
 Henceforth in me instil,
 O God, a sweet good-will
 To all mankind.

Mary Emily Bradley

A CHRYSALIS

My little Mädchen found one day
 A curious something in her play,
 That was not fruit, nor flower, nor seed;
 It was not anything that grew,
 Or crept, or climbed, or swam, or flew;
 Had neither legs nor wings, indeed;
 And yet she was not sure, she said,
 Whether it was alive or dead.

She brought it in her tiny hand
 To see if I would understand,
 And wondered when I made reply,
 "You've found a baby butterfly."
 "A butterfly is not like this,"
 With doubtful look she answered me.
 So then I told her what would be
 Some day within the chrysalis;
 How, slowly, in the dull brown thing
 Now still as death, a spotted wing,
 And then another, would unfold,
 Till from the empty shell would fly
 A pretty creature, by and by,
 All radiant in blue and gold.

"And will it, truly?" questioned she —
 Her laughing lips and eager eyes
 All in a sparkle of surprise —
 "And shall your little Mädchen see?"
 "She shall!" I said. How could I tell
 That ere the worm within its shell
 Its gauzy, splendid wings had spread,
 My little Mädchen would be dead?

To-day the butterfly has flown, —
 She was not here to see it fly, —
 And sorrowing I wonder why
 The empty shell is mine alone.
 Perhaps the secret lies in this:
 I too had found a chrysalis,
 And Death that robbed me of delight
 Was but the radiant creature's flight !

IN DEATH

How still the room is ! But a while ago
 The sound of sobbing voices vexed my ears,
 And on my face there fell a rain of tears —
 I scarce knew why or whence, but now I
 know.

For this sweet speaking silence, this sur-
 cease
 Of the dumb, desperate struggle after
 breath,
 This painless consciousness of perfect peace,
 Which fills the place of anguish—it is
 Death!
 What folly to have feared it! Not the best
 Of all we knew of life can equal this,
 Blending in one the sense of utter rest,
 The vivid certainty of boundless bliss!
 O Death, the loveliness that is in thee,
 Could the world know, the world would
 cease to be.

BEYOND RECALL

THERE was a time when Death and I
 Came face to face together:
 I was but young indeed to die,
 And it was summer weather;
 One happy year a wedded wife,
 And I was slipping out of life.

You knelt beside me, and I heard,
 As from some far-off distance,
 A bitter cry that dimly stirred
 My soul to make resistance.
 You thought me dead; you called my name;
 And back from Death itself I came.

But oh! that you had made no sign,
 That I had heard no crying!
 For now the yearning voice is mine,
 And there is no replying:
 Death never could so cruel be
 As Life—and you—have proved to
 me!

A SPRAY OF HONEYSUCKLE

I BROKE one day a slender stem,
 Thick-set with little golden horns,
 Half bud, half blossom, and a gem—
 Such as one finds in autumn morns
 When all the grass with dew is strung—
 On every fairy bugle hung.

Careless, I dropped it, in a place
 Where no light shone, and so forgot
 Its delicate, dewy, flowering grace,
 Till presently from the dark spot
 A charming sense of sweetness came,
 That woke an answering sense of shame.

Quickly I thought, O heart of mine,
 A lesson for thee plain to read:
 Thou needest not that light should shine,
 Or fellow-men thy virtues heed:
 Enough—if haply this be so—
 That thou hast sweetness to bestow!

John Apliner Dorgan

THE BEAUTIFUL

THE Beautiful, which mocked his fond
 pursuing,
 The poet followed long;
 With passionate purpose the shy shadow
 wooing,
 And soul-betraying song.

And still the fervor of his fond endeavor
 To him seemed poured in vain,
 And all in vain, forever and forever,
 The sorrow of his strain.

But when at last he perished broken-
 hearted,
 The world, grown dark and dull,
 Bewailed the radiance with him departed
 Who was the Beautiful.

THE DEAD SOLOMON

KING SOLOMON stood in the house of the
 Lord,
 And the Genii silently wrought around,
 Toiling and moiling without a word,
 Building the temple without a sound.

Fear and rage were theirs, but naught,
 In mien or face, of fear or rage;
 For had he guessed their secret thought,
 They had pined in hell for many an
 age.

Closed were the eyes that the demons
 feared;
 Over his breast streamed his silver
 beard;
 Bowed was his head, as if in prayer,

As if, through the busy silence there,
The answering voice of God he heard.

Solemn peace was on his brow,
Leaning upon his staff in prayer;
And a breath of wind would come and go,
And stir his robe, and beard of snow,
And long white hair;
But he heeded not,
Wrapt afar in holy thought.

King Solomon stood in the house of the
Lord,
And the Genii silently wrought around,
Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

And now the work was done,
Perfected in every part;
And the demons rejoiced at heart,
And made ready to depart,
But dared not speak to Solomon,
To tell him their task was done,
And fulfilled the desire of his heart.

So around him they stood with eyes of
fire,

Each cursing the king in his secret
heart,—
Secretly cursing the silent king,
Waiting but till he should say "Depart;"
Cursing the king,
Each evil thing;
But he heeded them not, nor raised his head;
For King Solomon was dead!

Then the body of the king fell down;
For a worm had gnawed his staff in
twain.
He had prayed to the Lord that the house
he planned
Might not be left for another hand,
Might not unfinished remain;
So praying, he had died,
But had not prayed in vain.

So the body of the king fell down,
And howling fled the fiends amain;
Bitterly grieved, to be so deceived,
Howling afar they fled;
Idly they had borne his chain,
And done his hateful tasks, in dread
Of mystic penal pain,—
And King Solomon was dead!

Frances Laughton Mace¹

ALCYONE

I

AMONG the thousand, thousand spheres that
roll,
Wheel within wheel, through never-ending
space,
A mighty and interminable race,
Yet held by some invisible control,
And led as to a sure and shining goal,
One star alone, with still, unchanging face,
Looks out from her perpetual dwelling-
place,
Of these swift orbs the centre and the soul.
Beyond the moons that beam, the stars that
blaze,
Past fields of ether, crimson, violet, rose,
The vast star-garden of eternity,
Behold! it shines with white immaculate
rays,
The home of peace, the haven of repose,
The lotus-flower of heaven, Alcyone.

II

It is the place where life's long dream
comes true;
On many another swift and radiant star
Gather the flaming hosts of those who war
With powers of darkness; those stray ser-
aphs, too,
Who hasten forth God's ministries to do:
But here no sounds of eager trumpets
mar
The subtler spell which calls the soul from
far,
Its wasted springs of gladness to renew.
It is the morning land of the Ideal,
Where smiles, transfigured to the raptured
sight,
The joy whose fitting semblance now we
see;
Where we shall know, as visible and real,
Our life's deep aspiration, old yet new,
In the sky-splendor of Alcyone.

¹ See, also, p. 684.

III

What lies beyond we ask not. In that
hour
When first our feet that shore of beauty
press,
It is enough of heaven, its sweet success,
To find our own. Not yet we crave the
dower
Of grander action and sublimer power;
We are content that life's long loneliness
Finds in love's welcoming its rich redress,

And hopes, deep hidden, burst in perfect
flower.
Wait for me there, O loved of many
days!
Though with warm beams some beckoning
planet glows,
Its dawning triumphs keep, to share with
me:
For soon, far winging through the starry
maze,
Past fields of ether, crimson, violet, rose,
I follow, follow to Alcyone!

William Henry Venable

THE SCHOOL GIRL

FROM some sweet home, the morning
train
Brings to the city,
Five days a week, in sun or rain,
Returning like a song's refrain,
A school girl pretty.

A wild flower's unaffected grace
Is dainty miss's;
Yet in her shy, expressive face
The touch of urban arts I trace, —
And artifices.

No one but she and Heaven knows
Of what she's thinking:
It may be either books or beaux,
Fine scholarship or stylish clothes,
Per cents or prinking.

How happy must the household be,
This morn that kissed her;
Not every one can make so free;
Who sees her, inly wishes she
Were his own sister.

How favored is the book she cons,
The slate she uses,
The hat she lightly doffs and dons,
The orient sunshade that she owns,
The desk she chooses!

Is she familiar with the wars
Of Julius Cæsar?
Do crucibles and Leyden jars,
And French, and earth, and sun, and stars,
And Euclid, please her?

She studies music, I opine;
O day of knowledge!
And all the other arts divine,
Of imitation and design,
Taught in the college.

A charm attends her everywhere, —
A sense of beauty;
Care smiles to see her free of care;
The hard heart loves her unaware;
Age pays her duty.

She is protected by the sky;
Good spirits tend her;
Her innocence is panoply;
God's wrath must on the miscreant lie
Who dares offend her!

MY CATBIRD

A CAPRICCIO

PRIME cantante!
Scherzo! Andante!
Piano, pianissimo!
Presto, prestissimo!
Hark! are there nine birds or ninety and
nine?

And now a miraculous gurgling gushes
Like nectar from Hebe's Olympian bottle,
The laughter of tune from a rapturous
throttle!

Such melody must be a hermit-thrush's!
But that other caroler, nearer,
Outrivaling rivalry with clearer
Sweetness incredibly fine!
Is it oriole, red-bird, or blue-bird,
Or some strange, un-Auduboned new bird?

All one, sir, both this bird and that bird;
The whole flight are all the same catbird!
The whole visible and invisible choir you
see

On one lithe twig of yon green tree.
Flitting, feathery Blondel!
Listen to his rondel!
To his lay romantic,
To his sacred canticle.
Hear him lilting!
See him tilting
His saucy head and tail, and fluttering
While uttering
All the difficult operas under the sun
Just for fun;
Or in tipsy revelry,
Or at love devilry,

Or, disdaining his divine gift and art,
Like an inimitable poet
Who captivates the world's heart,
And don't know it.
Hear him lilt!
See him tilt!

Then suddenly he stops,
Peers about, flirts, hops,
As if looking where he might gather up
The wasted ecstasy just spilt
From the quivering cup
Of his bliss overrun.
Then, as in mockery of all
The tuneful spells that e'er did fall
From vocal pipe, or evermore shall rise,
He snarls, and mews, and flies.

Anna Callender Brackett

SONNETS

IN HADES¹

THEN saw I, with gray eyes fulfilled of
rest,
And lulling voice, a woman sweet, and
she, —
"Bear thou my word: I am of all most
blest;
Nor marvel that I am Eurydice.
I stood and watched those slow feet go from
me
Farther and farther; in the light afar,
All clear the figure grew — then suddenly
Into my dark his face flashed like a
star! —
And that was all. The purple vaporous
door
Left me triumphant over time and space;
Sliding across between forevermore,
It could not hide the glory of that face.
For me no room to doubt, no need to
learn —
He knew the whole — *and could not choose
but turn!*"

BENEDICITE

"ALL Green Things on the earth, bless ye
the Lord!"
So sang the choir while ice-cased branches
beat
The frosty window-panes, and at our feet
The frozen, tortured sod but mocked the
word,
And seemed to cry like some poor soul in
pain,
"Lord, suffering and endurance fill my days;
The growing green things will their Maker
praise, —
The happy green things, growing in warm
rain!
So God lacks praise while all the fields are
white!"
I said; then smiled, remembering southward
far
How pampas-grass swayed green in summer
light.
Nay, God hears always from this swinging
star,
Decani and Cantoris, South and North,
Each answering other, praises pouring forth.

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Charles Frederick Johnson

THE MODERN ROMANS

UNDER the slanting light of the yellow sun
of October,

A "gang of Dagos" were working close by
the side of the car track.

Pausing a moment to catch a note of their
liquid Italian,

Faintly I heard an echo of Rome's imperial
accents,

Broken-down forms of Latin words from
the Senate and Forum,

Now smoothed over by use to the musical
lingua Romana.

Then came the thought, Why, these are
the heirs of the conquering Romans;

These are the sons of the men who founded
the Empire of Cæsar;

These are they whose fathers carried the
conquering eagles

Over all Gaul and across the sea to Ultima
Thule.

The race-type persists unchanged in their
eyes and profiles and figures,—

Muscular, short, and thick-set, with promi-
nent noses, recalling

"*Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque to-
gatam.*"

See, Labienus is swinging a pick with rhyth-
mical motion;

Yonder one pushing the shovel might be
Julius Cæsar,

Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed, and bald, a
man of a thousand;

Further along there stands the jolly Hora-
tius Flaccus;

Grim and grave, with rings in his ears, see
Cato the Censor;

And the next has precisely the bust of
Cneius Pompeius.

Blurred and worn the surface, I grant, and
the coin is but copper;

Look more closely, you'll catch a hint of
the old superscription,—

Perhaps the stem of a letter, perhaps a leaf
of the laurel.

On the side of the street, in proud and
gloomy seclusion,

"Bossing the job," stood a Celt, the race
enslaved by the legions,

Sold in the market of Rome, to meet the
expenses of Cæsar.

And as I loitered, the Celt cried, "Tind to
your worruk, ye Dagos,—

Full up yer shovel, Paythro, ye haythen,
I'll dock yees a quarther."

This he said to the one who resembled the
great Imperator;

Meekly the dignified Roman kept on pa-
tiently digging.

Such are the changes and chances the cen-
turies bring to the nations.

Surely, the ups and downs of this world
are past calculation.

How the races troop o'er the stage in end-
less procession!

Persian, and Arab, and Greek, and Hun, and
Roman, and Vandal,

Master the world in turn and then disap-
pear in the darkness,

Leaving a remnant as hewers of wood and
drawers of water.

"Possibly,"—this I thought to myself,—
"the yoke of the Irish

May in turn be lifted from us in the tenth
generation.

Now the Celt is on top,—but time may
bring his revenges,

Turning the Fenian down once more to be
'bossed by a Dago.'

THEN AND NOW

To me the earth once seemed to be

Most beautiful and fair;

All living creatures were to me,

In wood or air,

But kindred of a freer class;

I thrilled with keenest joy

To find the young quail in the grass:—

I was a boy.

The robin in the apple-tree,

The brown thrush in the wood,

The meadow larks, all called to me;

I understood:

A sense of union with the whole,

Of love for beast and bird,

Deep chords from man's ancestral soul,

Each wild note stirred.

All that is gone, and now I see
 A blood-stained earth, where strife,
 Unceasing war, and cruelty,
 Make room for life;
 Each living thing a helpless prey
 To sharper tooth or claw,
 Ten thousand murders every day
 By nature's law.

But still old earth its glamour casts
 O'er the clear eyes of youth,
 And still the old illusion lasts
 In spite of truth;

For now I find my boy can see
 The earth I used to know;
 He sees it as it seemed to me
 So long ago.

Poor little chap! Sometimes I think
 I'll tell him how he's fooled,
 But when I see his eyes, I shrink,
 My purpose cooled:
 Why should I cloud his soul with doubt,
 Or youth's illusions mar?
 Too soon, alas, he will find out
 That life is war.

Celia Charter

SEAWARD

TO —

How long it seems since that mild April
 night,
 When, leaning from the window, you
 and I
 Heard, clearly ringing from the shadowy
 bight,
 The loon's unearthly cry!

Southwest the wind blew, million little
 waves
 Ran rippling round the point in mellow
 tune,
 But mournful, like the voice of one who
 raves,
 That laughter of the loon!

We called to him, while blindly through
 the haze
 Uprose the meagre moon behind us, slow,
 So dim, the fleet of boats we scarce could
 trace,
 Moored lightly just below.

We called, and, lo, he answered! Half in
 fear
 We sent the note back. Echoing rock
 and bay
 Made melancholy music far and near;
 Sadly it died away.

That schooner, you remember? Flying
 ghost!
 Her canvas catching every wandering
 beam,

Aerial, noiseless, past the glimmering coast
 She glided like a dream.

Would we were leaning from your window
 now,
 Together calling to the eerie loon,
 The fresh wind blowing care from either
 brow,
 This sumptuous night of June!

So many sighs load this sweet inland air,
 'Tis hard to breathe, nor can we find re-
 lief:

However lightly touched, we all must share
 This nobleness of grief.

But sighs are spent before they reach your
 ear;
 Vaguely they mingle with the water's
 rune;

No sadder sound salutes you than the clear,
 Wild laughter of the loon.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I,
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached and
 dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit, —
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Seud black and swift across the sky;

Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach, —
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery.
 He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye:
 Staunch friends are we, well tried and
 strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright !
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky:
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

SONG

WE sail toward evening's lonely star
 That trembles in the tender blue;
 One single cloud, a dusky bar,
 Burnt with dull carmine through and
 through,
 Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
 Lies low along the fading west.
 How sweet to watch its splendors die,
 Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed !

The soft breeze freshens, leaps the spray
 To kiss our cheeks, with sudden cheer;
 Upon the dark edge of the bay
 Lighthouses kindle, far and near,
 And through the warm deeps of the sky
 Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
 In deep refreshment, thou and I,
 Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
 Star-beam and darkness, sky and sea;
 Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,
 Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me !
 O realize the moment's charm,
 Thou dearest ! we are at life's best,
 Folded in God's encircling arm,
 Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

MAY MORNING

WARM, wild, rainy wind, blowing fit-
 fully,
 Stirring dreamy breakers on the slumberous
 May sea,
 What shall fail to answer thee ? What
 thing shall withstand
 The spell of thine enchantment, flowing over
 sea and land ?

All along the swamp-edge in the rain I
 go;
 All about my head thou the loosened locks
 dost blow;
 Like the German goose-girl in the fairy
 tale,
 I watch across the shining pool my flock of
 ducks that sail.

Redly gleam the rose-haws, dripping with
 the wet,
 Fruit of sober autumn, glowing crimson
 yet;
 Slender swords of iris leaves cut the water
 clear,
 And light green creeps the tender grass,
 thick-spreading far and near.

Every last year's stalk is set with brown or
 golden studs;
 All the boughs of bayberry are thick with
 scented buds;
 Islanded in turfy velvet, where the ferns
 uncurl,
 Lo ! the large white duck's egg glimmers
 like a pearl !

Softly sing the billows, rushing, whispering
 low;
 Freshly, oh, deliciously, the warm, wild
 wind doth blow !
 Plaintive bleat of new-washed lambs comes
 faint from far away;
 And clearly cry the little birds, alert and
 blithe and gay.

O happy, happy morning ! O dear, familiar
 place !
 O warm, sweet tears of Heaven, fast falling
 on my face !
 O well-remembered, rainy wind, blow all
 my care away,
 That I may be a child again this blissful
 morn of May.

William Winter

MY QUEEN¹

HE loves not well whose love is bold !
 I would not have thee come too nigh;
 The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
 Unless the sun were in the sky;
 To take him thence and chain him near
 Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state, — keep thou in thine,
 And shine upon me from afar !
 So shall I bask in light divine,
 That falls from love's own guiding star;
 So shall thy eminence be high,
 And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life shall reach its hands
 Of lofty longing toward thy face,
 And be as one who speechless stands
 In rapture at some perfect grace !
 My love, my hope, my all shall be
 To look to heaven and look to thee !

Thy eyes shall be the heavenly lights;
 Thy voice the gentle summer breeze,
 What time it sways, on moonlit nights,
 The murmuring tops of leafy trees;
 And I shall touch thy beauteous form
 In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shalt come not down
 From that pure region far above;
 But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,
 Queen of my heart and queen of love !
 A monarch in thy realm complete,
 And I a monarch — at thy feet !

ASLEEP¹

HE knelt beside her pillow, in the dead
 watch of the night,
 And he heard her gentle breathing, but her
 face was still and white,
 And on her poor, wan cheek a tear told
 how the heart can weep,
 And he said, "My love was weary — God
 bless her ! she's asleep."

He knelt beside her gravestone in the
 shuddering autumn night,
 And he heard the dry grass rustle, and his
 face was thin and white,

¹ Copyright, 1892, by MACMILLAN & Co.

And through his heart the tremor ran of
 grief that cannot weep,
 And he said, "My love was weary — God
 bless her ! she's asleep."

THE NIGHT WATCH¹

BENEATH the midnight moon of May,
 Through dusk on either hand,
 One sheet of silver spreads the bay,
 One crescent jet the land;
 The black ships mirrored in the stream
 Their ghostly tresses shake —
 When will the dead world cease to dream ?
 When will the morning break ?

Beneath a night no longer May,
 Where only cold stars shine,
 One glimmering ocean spreads away
 This haunted life of mine;
 And, shattered on the frozen shore,
 My harp can never wake —
 When will this night of death be o'er ?
 When will the morning break ?

ON THE VERGE²

OUT in the dark it throbs and glows —
 The wide, wild sea, that no man knows !
 The wind is chill, the surge is white,
 And I must sail that sea to-night.

*You shall not sail ! The breakers roar
 On many a mile of iron shore,
 The waves are livid in their wrath,
 And no man knows the ocean path.*

I must not bide for wind or wave;
 I must not heed, though tempest rave;
 My course is set, my hour is known,
 And I must front the dark, alone.

*Your eyes are wild, your face is pale, —
 This is no night for ships to sail !
 The hungry wind is moaning low,
 The storm is up — you shall not go !*

'Tis not the moaning wind you hear —
 It is a sound more dread and drear,
 A voice that calls across the tide,
 A voice that will not be denied.

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*Your words are faint, your brow is cold,
Your looks grow sudden gray and old,
The lights burn dim, the casements shake, —
Ah, stay a little, for my sake !*

Too late ! Too late ! The vow you said
This many a year is cold and dead,
And through that darkness, grim and black,
I shall but follow on its track.

*Remember all fair things and good
That e'er were dreamed or understood,
For they shall all the Past requite,
So you but shun the sea to-night !*

No more of dreams ! Nor let there be
One tender thought of them or me, —
For on the way that I must wend
I dread no harm and need no friend !

*The golden shafts of sunset fall
Athwart the gray cathedral wall,
While o'er its tombs of old renown
The rose-leaves softly flutter down.*

No thought of holy things can save
One relic now from Memory's grave,
And, be it sun or moon or star,
The light that falls must follow far !

*I mind the ruined turrets bold,
The ivy, flushed with sunset gold,
The dew-drenched roses, in their sleep,
That seemed to smile, and yet to weep.*

There 'll be nor smile nor tear again;
There 'll be the end of every pain;
There 'll be no parting to deplore,
Nor love nor sorrow any more.

*I see the sacred river's flow,
The barge in twilight drifting slow,
While o'er the daisied meadow swells
The music of the vesper bells.*

It is my knell — so far away !
The night wears on — I must not stay !
My canvas strains before the gale —
My cables part, and I must sail !

*Loud roars the sea ! The dark has come :
He does not move — his lips are dumb. —
Ah, God receive, on shores of light,
The shattered ship that sails to-night !*

ADELAIDE NEILSON¹

AND oh, to think the sun can shine,
The birds can sing, the flowers can bloom,
And she, whose soul was all divine,
Be darkly mouldering in the tomb:

That o'er her head the night-wind sighs,
And the sad cypress droops and moans;
That night has veiled her glorious eyes,
And silence hushed her heavenly tones:

That those sweet lips no more can smile,
Nor pity's tender shadows chase,
With many a gentle, child-like wile,
The rippling laughter o'er her face:

That dust is on the burnished gold
That floated round her royal head;
That her great heart is dead and cold —
Her form of fire and beauty dead !

Roll on, gray earth and shining star,
And coldly mock our dreams of bliss;
There is no glory left to mar,
Nor any grief so black as this !

ARTHUR¹

(1872-1886)

I

WHITE sail upon the ocean verge,
Just crimsoned by the setting sun,
Thou hast thy port beyond the surge,
Thy happy homeward course to run,
And winged hope, with heart of fire,
To gain the bliss of thy desire.

I watch thee till the sombre sky
Has darkly veiled the lucent plain;
My thoughts, like homeless spirits, fly
Behind thee o'er the glimmering main;
Thy prow will kiss a golden strand,
But they can never come to land.

And if they could, the fanes are black
Where once I bent the reverent knee;
No shrine would send an answer back,
No sacred altar blaze for me,
No holy bell, with silver toll,
Declare the ransom of my soul.

'T is equal darkness, here or there;
For nothing that this world can give

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Could now the ravaged past repair,
 Or win the precious dead to live !
 Life's crumbling ashes quench its flame,
 And every place is now the same.

II

Thou idol of my constant heart,
 Thou child of perfect love and light,
 That sudden from my side didst part,
 And vanish in the sea of night,
 Through whatsoever tempests blow
 My weary soul with thine would go.

Say, if thy spirit yet have speech,
 What port lies hid within the pall,
 What shore death's gloomy billows reach,
 Or if they reach no shore at all !
 One word — one little word — to tell
 That thou art safe and all is well !

The anchors of my earthly fate,
 As they were cast so must they cling;
 And naught is now to do but wait
 The sweet release that time will bring,
 When all these mortal moorings break,
 For one last voyage I must make.

Say that across the shuddering dark —
 And whisper that the hour is near —
 Thy hand will guide my shattered bark
 Till mercy's radiant coasts appear,
 Where I shall clasp thee to my breast,
 And know once more the name of rest.

THE PASSING BELL AT STRATFORD¹

(IT IS A TRADITION IN STRATFORD-UPON-
 AVON THAT THE BELL OF THE GUILD
 CHAPEL WAS TOLLED AT THE DEATH AND
 FUNERAL OF SHAKESPEARE)

SWEET bell of Stratford, tolling slow,
 In summer gloaming's golden glow,
 I hear and feel thy voice divine,
 And all my soul responds to thine.

As now I hear thee, even so,
 My Shakespeare heard thee long ago,
 When lone by Avon's pensive stream
 He wandered, in his haunted dream:

Heard thee — and far his fancy sped
 Through spectral caverns of the dead,

And strove — and strove in vain — to pierce
 The secret of the universe.

As now thou mournest didst thou mourn
 On that sad day when he was borne
 Through the green aisle of honied limes,
 To rest beneath the chambered chimes.

He heard thee not, nor cared to hear !
 Another voice was in his ear,
 And, freed from all the bonds of men,
 He knew the awful secret then.

Sweet bell of Stratford, toll, and be
 A sacred promise unto me
 Of that great hour when I shall know
 The path whereon his footsteps go.

Stratford, 14 Sept. 1890.

I. H. B.

DIED, AUGUST 11, 1898

THE dirge is sung, the ritual said,
 No more the brooding organ weeps,
 And, cool and green, the turf is spread
 On that lone grave where BROMLEY
 sleeps.

Gone — in his ripe, meridian hour !
 Gone — when the wave was at its crest !
 And wayward Humor's perfect flower
 Is turned to darkness and to rest.

No more those honest eyes will beam
 With torrid light of proud desire;
 No more those fluent lips will teem
 With Wit's gay quip or Passion's fire.

Forever gone ! And with him fade
 The dreams that Youth and Friendship
 know —
 The frolic and the glee that made
 The golden time of Long Ago.

The golden time ! Ah, many a face, —
 And his the merriest of them all, —
 That made this world so sweet a place,
 Is cold and still, beneath the pall.

His was the heart that over-much
 In human goodness puts its trust,
 And his the keen, satiric touch
 That shrivels falsehood into dust.

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His love was like the liberal air, —
 Embracing all, to cheer and bless;
 And every grief that mortals share
 Found pity in his tenderness.

His subtle vision deeply saw,
 Through piteous webs of human fate,
 The motion of the sovereign law,
 On which all tides of being wait.

No sad recluse, no lettered drone,
 His mirthful spirit, blithely poured,
 In many a crescent frolic shone, —
 The light of many a festal board.

No pompous pedant, did he feign,
 With dull conceit of learning's store;
 But not for him were writ in vain
 The statesman's craft, the scholar's lore.

Fierce for the right, he bore his part
 In strife with many a valiant foe;
 But Laughter winged his polished dart,
 And Kindness tempered every blow.

No selfish purpose marked his way;
 Still for the common good he wrought,
 And still enriched the passing day
 With sheen of wit and sheaves of thought.

Shrine him, New-England, in thy breast!
 With wild-flowers grace his hallowed
 bed,
 And guard with love his laurelled rest,
 Forever with thy holiest dead!

For not in all the teeming years
 Of thy long glory hast thou known
 A being framed of smiles and tears,
 Humor and force, so like thine own!

And never did thy asters gleam,
 Or through thy pines the night-wind roll,
 To soothe, in death's transcendent dream,
 A sweeter or a nobler soul!

UNWRITTEN POEMS¹

FAIRY spirits of the breeze —
 Frailer nothing is than these.
 Fancies born we know not where —
 In the heart or in the air;
 Wandering echoes blown unsought
 From far crystal peaks of thought;
 Shadows, fading at the dawn,
 Ghosts of feeling dead and gone:
 Alas! Are all fair things that live
 Still lovely and still fugitive?

Sarah Morgan Bryan Piatt

AFTER WINGS

THIS was your butterfly, you see, —
 His fine wings made him vain:
 The caterpillars crawl, but he
 Passed them in rich disdain. —
 My pretty boy says, "Let him be
 Only a worm again!"

O child, when things have learned to wear
 Wings once, they must be fain
 To keep them always high and fair:
 Think of the creeping pain
 Which even a butterfly must bear
 To be a worm again!

MY BABES IN THE WOOD

I KNOW a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,
 Than any story painted in your books.

You are so glad? It will not make you
 gladder;
 Yet listen, with your pretty restless looks.

"Is it a Fairy Story?" Well, half fairy —
 At least it dates far back as fairies
 do,
 And seems to me as beautiful and airy;
 Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is true.

You had a baby sister and a brother,
 (Two very dainty people, rosily white,
 Each sweeter than all things except the
 other!)
 Older yet younger — gone from human
 sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love them
 ever,
 And think with yearning tears how each
 light hand

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Crept toward bright bloom or berries — I
shall never
Know how I lost them. Do you under-
stand ?

Poor slightly golden heads ! I think I
missed them
First, in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful
way ;
But when and where with lingering lips I
kissed them,
My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have
perished
In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and
moss,
Near paths whose very pebbles I have cher-
ished,
For their small sakes, since my most
lovely loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly cov-
ered
By robins, out of apple-flowers they
knew,
Whose nursing wings in far home sunshine
hovered,
Before the timid world had dropped the
dew.

Their names were — what yours are ! At
this you wonder.
Their pictures are — your own, as you
have seen ;
And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under
Lost leaves — why, it is your dead selves
I mean !

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS

“ My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass ;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth to whisper low
The very thing I should not know ! ”

“ Alack for all your mother's care !
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know ! ”

TRADITION OF CONQUEST

His Grace of Marlborough, legends say,
Though battle-lightnings proved his
worth,
Was scathed like others, in his day,
By fiercer fires at his own hearth.

The patient chief, thus sadly tried, —
Madam, the Duchess, was so fair, —
In Blenheim's honors felt less pride
Than in the lady's lovely hair.

Once (shorn, she had coiled it there to
wound
Her lord when he should pass, 't is said),
Shining across his path he found
The glory of the woman's head.

No sudden word, nor sullen look,
In all his after days, confessed
He missed the charm whose absence took
A scar's pale shape within his breast.

I think she longed to have him blame,
And soothe him with imperious tears : —
As if her beauty were the same,
He praised her through his courteous
years.

But when the soldier's arm was dust,
Among the dead man's treasures, where
He laid it as from moth and rust,
They found his wayward wife's sweet hair.

THE WATCH OF A SWAN

I READ somewhere that a swan, snow-white,
In the sun all day, in the moon all night,
Alone by a little grave would sit
Waiting, and watching it.

Up out of the lake her mate would rise,
And call her down with his piteous cries
Into the waters still and dim : —
With cries she would answer him.

Hardly a shadow would she let pass
Over the baby's cover of grass ;
Only the wind might dare to stir
The lily that watched with her.

Do I think that the swan was an angel ? Oh,
I think it was only a swan, you know,

That for some sweet reason, winged and
wild,
Had the love of a bird for a child.

IN CLONMEL PARISH
CHURCHYARD

AT THE GRAVE OF CHARLES WOLFE

WHERE the graves were many, we looked
for one.

Oh, the Irish rose was red,
And the dark stones saddened the setting
sun

With the names of the early dead.
Then, a child who, somehow, had heard of
him

In the land we love so well,
Kept lifting the grass till the dew was
dim

In the churchyard of Clonmel.

But the sexton came. "Can you tell us
where

Charles Wolfe is buried?" "I can.
— See, that is his grave in the corner there.
(Ay, he was a clever man,
If God had spared him!) It's many that
come

To be asking for him," said he.
But the boy kept whispering, "Not a drum
Was heard,"— in the dusk to me.

(Then the gray man tore a vine from the
wall

Of the roofless church where he lay,
And the leaves that the withering year let
fall

He swept, with the ivy, away;
And, as we read on the rock the words
That, writ in the moss, we found,
Right over his bosom a shower of birds
In music fell to the ground.)

. . . Young poet, I wonder did you care,
Did it move you in your rest
To hear that child in his golden hair,
From the mighty woods of the West,
Repeating your verse of his own sweet
will,

To the sound of the twilight bell,
Years after your beating heart was still
In the churchyard of Clonmel?

A CALL ON SIR WALTER
RALEIGH

AT YOUGHAL, COUNTY CORK

"Ay, not at home, then, didst thou say?
— And, prithee, hath he gone to court?"
"Nay; he hath sailed but yesterday,
With Edmund Spenser, from this port.

"This Spenser, folk do say, hath writ
Twelve cantos, called 'The Faërie
Queene.'
To seek for one to publish it,
They go — on a long voyage, I ween."

Ah me! I came so far to see
This ruffed and plumed cavalier, —
He whom romance and history,
Alike, to all the world make dear.

And I had some strange things to tell
Of our New World, where he hath
been;
And now they say — I marked them
well —
They say the Master is not in!

The knaves speak not the truth; I see
Sir Walter at the window there.
— That is the hat, the sword, which he
In pictures hath been pleased to wear.

There hangs the very cloak whereon
Elizabeth set foot. (But oh,
Young diplomat, as things have gone,
Pity it is she soiled it so!)

And there — but look! he's lost in smoke:
(That weirdly charmed Virginia weed!)
Make haste, bring anything; his cloak —
They save him with a shower, indeed!

. . . Ay, lost in smoke. I linger where
He walked his garden. Day is dim,
And death-sweet scents rise to the air
From flowers that gave their breath to
him.

There, with its thousand years of tombs,
The dark church glimmers where he
prayed;
Here, with that high head shorn of plumes,
The tree he planted gave him shade.

That high head shorn of plumes? Even so
It stained the Tower, when gray with
grief.

O tree he planted, as I go,
For him I tenderly take a leaf.

I have been dreaming here, they say,
Of one dead knight forgot at court.
— And yet he sailed but yesterday,
With Edmund Spenser, from this port.

AN IRISH WILD-FLOWER

(A BAREFOOT CHILD BY ——— CASTLE)

SHE felt, I think, but as a wild-flower can,
Through her bright fluttering rags, the
dark, the cold.

Some farthest star, remembering what
man
Forgets, had warmed her little head with
gold.

Above her, hollow-eyed, long blind to tears,
Leaf-cloaked, a skeleton of stone
arose. . . .

O castle-shadow of a thousand years,
Where you have fallen — is this the
thing that grows?

TRANSFIGURED

ALMOST afraid they led her in
(A dwarf more piteous none could find):
Withered as some weird leaf, and thin,
The woman was — and wan and blind.

Into his mirror with a smile —
Not vain to be so fair, but glad —
The South-born painter looked the while,
With eyes than Christ's alone less sad.

"Mother of God," in pale surprise
He whispered, "what am I to paint!"
A voice, that sounded from the skies,
Said to him, "Raphael, a saint."

She sat before him in the sun:
He scarce could look at her, and she
Was still and silent. . . . "It is done,"
He said. — "Oh, call the world to see!"

Ah, this was she in veriest truth —
Transcendent face and haloed hair.
The beauty of divinest youth,
Divinely beautiful, was there.

Herself into her picture passed —
Herself and not her poor disguise,
Made up of time and dust. . . . At last
One saw her with the Master's eyes.

THE TERM OF DEATH

BETWEEN the falling leaf and rose-bud's
breath;
The bird's forsaken nest and her new
song
(And this is all the time there is for
Death);
The worm and butterfly — it is not long!

ENVOY

SWEET World, if you will hear me now:
I may not own a sounding Lyre
And wear my name upon my brow
Like some great jewel quick with fire.

But let me, singing, sit apart,
In tender quiet with a few,
And keep my fame upon my heart,
A little blush-rose wet with dew.

David Gray

ON LEBANON

THOSE days we spent on Lebanon,
Held captive by the sieging snow —
What bright things are forgot and gone,
While these have kept their after-glow!

It seemed but monotone, in truth,
That morning gaze o'er mountain mass,
Our council with the hamlet's youth,
The daily sortie up the pass, —
And, last, your father's fire o' nights,
Sweet Maiden of the Maronites!

Sometimes the battling clouds would break,
 And from the rifted azure, fair,
 We saw an eagle slant, and take,
 Broad-winged, the stormy slopes of air.
 And once, when winter's stubborn heart
 Half broke in sunshine o'er the place,
 We held our bridles to depart,
 Eager and gleeful; but your face —
 It did not mirror our delights,
 O Maiden of the Maronites !

Bright face ! how Arab-wild would glow,
 Through shifting mood of storm or calm,
 Its beauty, born of sun and snow,
 Between the cedar and the palm.
 Nor, as I watched its changing thought,
 Could alien speech be long disguise;
 For ere one English phrase she caught
 I learned the Arabic of her eyes —
 The love-lore of their dusks and lights,
 My Maiden of the Maronites !

We parted soon, and upward fared,
 Snow-fettered, till the pass was ours,
 And all beneath us, golden-aired,
 Lay Syria, in a dream of flowers.
 Then spurred we, for before us burned
 White Baalbec's signal in the noon,
 And, ere to wayside camp we turned,
 'Twixt us and you and far Bhâmdun,
 All Lebanon raised his icy heights,
 My Maiden of the Maronites !

Yet, still, those days on Lebanon
 As steadfast keep their after-glow
 As if they owned a summer sun,
 And roses blossomed in the snow;
 And when, with fire of heart and brain,
 And the quick pulse's speed increased,
 And wordless longings, come again
 Vision and passion of the East,
 I dream — ah ! wild are Fancy's flights,
 O Maiden of the Maronites !

DIVIDED

THE half-world's width divides us; where
 she sits
 Noonday has broadened o'er the prairied
 West;
 For me, beneath an alien sky, unblest,
 The day dies and the bird of evening flits.
 Nor do I dream that in her happier breast
 Stirs thought of me. Untroubled beams
 the star,

And recks not of the drifting mariner's
 quest,
 Who, for dear life, may seek it on mid-sea.
 The half-world's width divides us; yet,
 from far —
 And though I know that nearer may not
 be
 In all the years — yet, O beloved, to thee
 Goes out my heart, and, past the crimson
 bar
 Of Sunset, westward yearns away —
 away —
 And dieth towards thee with the dying day !

THE CROSS OF GOLD

THE fifth from the north wall;
 Row innermost; and the pall
 Plain black — all black — except
 The cross on which she wept,
 Ere she lay down and slept.

This one is hers, and this —
 The marble next it — his.
 So lie in brave accord
 The lady and her lord,
 Her cross and his red sword.

And, now, what seekst thou here;
 Having nor care nor fear
 To vex with thy hot tread
 These halls of the long dead, —
 To flash the torch's light
 Upon their utter night ? —
 What word hast thou to thrust
 Into her ear of dust ?

Spake then the haggard priest:
 "In lands of the far East
 I dreamed of finding rest —
 What time my lips had prest
 The cross on this dead breast.

"And if my sin be shriven,
 And mercy live in heaven,
 Surely this hour, and here,
 My long woe's end is near —
 Is near — and I am brought
 To peace, and painless thought
 Of her who lies at rest,
 This cross upon her breast;

"Whose passionate heart is cold
 Beneath this cross of gold;

Who lieth, still and mute,
In sleep so absolute.
Yea, by this precious sign
Shall sleep most sweet be mine;

And I, at last, am blest,
Knowing she went to rest
This cross upon her breast."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

APPRECIATION

To the sea-shell's spiral round
'Tis your heart that brings the sound:
The soft sea-murmurs that you hear
Within, are captured from your ear.

You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong,
If your own soul does not bring
To their high imagining
As much beauty as they sing.

TO HAFIZ

THOUGH gifts like thine the fates gave not
to me,
One thing, O Hafiz, we both hold in fee —
Nay, it holds us; for when the June wind
blows

We both are slaves and lovers to the rose.
In vain the pale Circassian lily shows
Her face at her green lattice, and in vain
The violet beckons, with unveiled face —
The bosom's white, the lip's light purple
stain,

These touch our liking, yet no passion stir.
But when the rose comes, Hafiz—in that
place

Where she stands smiling, we kneel down
to her!

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN

*When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm-
trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
The flower of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room —
Glittering squares of colored ice,*

Sweetened with syrop, tinctured with spice,
Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern
princes;

And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
Of spiced meats and costliest fish
And all that the curious palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors;
Scattered over mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles, and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of a hundred colors into the air.
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pointed nails, and bites her lips
Till they bloom again; but, alas, *that rose*
Not for the Sultan buds and blows,
*Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.*

Then at a wave of her sunny hand
The dancing-girls of Samarcand
Glide in like shapes from fairy-land,
Making a sudden mist in air
Of fleecy veils and floating hair
And white arms lifted. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes.
And there, in this Eastern Paradise,
Filled with the breath of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan;
And her Arab lover sits with her.
*That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.*

Now, when I see an extra light,
Flaming, flickering on the night
From my neighbor's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
*That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.*

PALABRAS CARINOSAS

GOOD-NIGHT ! I have to say good-night
 To such a host of peerless things !
 Good-night unto the slender hand
 All queenly with its weight of rings ;
 Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
 Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
 Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
 And all the sweetness nestled there —
 The snowy hand detains me, then
 I'll have to say Good-night again !

But there will come a time, my love,
 When, if I read our stars aright,
 I shall not linger by this porch
 With my farewells. Till then, good-night !
 You wish the time were now ? And I.
 You do not blush to wish it so ?
 You would have blushed yourself to death
 To own so much a year ago —
 What, both these snowy hands ! ah, then
 I'll have to say Good-night again !

HEREDITY

A SOLDIER of the Cromwell stamp,
 With sword and psalm-book by his side,
 At home alike in church and camp :
 Austere he lived, and smileless died.

But she, a creature soft and fine —
 From Spain, some say, some say from
 France ;
 Within her veins leapt blood like wine —
 She led her Roundhead lord a dance !

In Grantham church they lie asleep ;
 Just where, the verger may not know.
 Strange that two hundred years should keep
 The old ancestral fires aglow !

In me these two have met again ;
 To each my nature owes a part :
 To one, the cool and reasoning brain ;
 To one, the quick, unreasoning heart.

IDENTITY

SOMEWHERE — in desolate wind-swept
 space —
 In Twilight-land — in No-man's-land —
 Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
 And bade each other stand.

"And who are you ?" cried one a-gape,
 Shuddering in the gloaming light.
 "I know not," said the second Shape,
 "I only died last night !"

UNGUARDED GATES

WIDE open and unguarded stand our gates,
 Named of the four winds, North, South,
 East, and West ;
 Portals that lead to an enchanted land
 Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
 Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with
 snow,
 Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
 The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's
 pine —
 A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
 Airs of all climes, for, lo ! throughout the
 year
 The red rose blossoms somewhere — a rich
 land,
 A later Eden planted in the wilds,
 With not an inch of earth within its bound
 But if a slave's foot press it sets him free.
 Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
 And Honor honor, and the humblest man
 Stand level with the highest in the law.
 Of such a land have men in dungeons
 dreamed,
 And with the vision brightening in their
 eyes
 Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our
 gates,
 And through them presses a wild motley
 throng —
 Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
 Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
 Malayan, Seythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
 Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn ;
 These bringing with them unknown gods
 and rites, —
 Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their
 claws.
 In street and alley what strange tongues
 are loud,
 Accents of menace alien to our air,
 Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew !

O Liberty, white Goddess ! is it well
 To leave the gates unguarded ? On thy
 breast

Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of
fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of
steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a
care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be
torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled
Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

GUILIELMUS REX

THE folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way —
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen —
But not the light behind the brow !

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown ?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 't was the king of England's kings !
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are mouldered, half-remembered things —
'T is he alone that lives and reigns !

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH AT "THE PLAYERS"

THAT face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master-player here,
In the fair temple that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him ! "It was thus
He looked; such pallor touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us —
Nay, 't is the man, could it but speak !"

Sad words that shall be said some day —
Far fall the day ! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore !

TENNYSON

SHAKESPEARE and Milton — what third
blazoned name
Shall lips of after-ages link to these ?
His who, beside the wild encircling seas,
Was England's voice, her voice with one
acclaim,
For threescore years; whose word of praise
was fame,
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniqui-
ties.

What strain was his in that Crimean war ?
A bugle-call in battle; a low breath,
Plaintive and sweet, above the fields of
death !

So year by year the music rolled afar,
From Euxine wastes to flowery Kandahar,
Bearing the laurel or the cypress wreath.

Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade
away

Into the darkness, poets of a day;
But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass ! Thy fame in every
clime

On earth shall live where Saxon speech
has sway.

Waft me this verse across the winter sea,
Through light and dark, through mist
and blinding sleet,

O winter winds, and lay it at his feet;
Though the poor gift betray my poverty,
At his feet lay it: it may chance that he
Will find no gift, where reverence is, un-
meet.

A SHADOW OF THE NIGHT

CLOSE on the edge of a midsummer dawn
In troubled dreams I went from land to
land,
Each seven-colored like the rainbow's arc,

Regions where never fancy's foot had trod
 Till then; yet all the strangeness seemed
 not strange,
 At which I wondered, reasoning in my
 dream
 With two-fold sense, well knowing that I
 slept.
 At last I came to this our cloud-hung earth,
 And somewhere by the seashore was a
 grave,
 A woman's grave, new-made, and heaped
 with flowers;
 And near it stood an ancient holy man
 That fain would comfort me, who sorrowed
 not
 For this unknown dead woman at my feet.
 But I, because his sacred office held
 My reverence, listened; and 't was thus he
 spake:
 "When next thou comest thou shalt find her
 still

In all the rare perfection that she was.
 Thou shalt have gentle greeting of thy love !
 Her eyelids will have turned to violets,
 Her bosom to white lilies, and her breath
 To roses. What is lovely never dies,
 But passes into other loveliness,
 Star-dust, or sea-foam, flower, or winged
 air.

If this befalls our poor unworthy flesh,
 Think thee what destiny awaits the soul !
 What glorious vesture it shall wear at
 last !"

While yet he spoke, seashore and grave and
 priest
 Vanished, and faintly from a neighboring
 spire

Fell five slow solemn strokes upon my ear.
 Then I awoke with a keen pain at heart,
 A sense of swift unutterable loss,
 And through the darkness reached my hand
 to touch
 Her cheek, soft pillowed on one restful
 palm —
 To be quite sure !

SONNETS

ENAMOURED ARCHITECT OF AIRY RHYME

ENAMOURED architect of airy rhyme,
 Build as thou wilt; heed not what each
 man says:
 Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,

Will come, and marvel why thou wastest
 time;

Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
 'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all
 thy days;

But most beware of those who come to
 praise.

O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
 And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in
 all;

Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or
 blame,

Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given:
 Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
 Dissolve, and vanish — take thyself no
 shame.

They fail, and they alone, who have not
 striven.

REMINISCENCE

THOUGH I am native to this frozen zone
 That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or
 dead;

Though the cold azure arching overhead
 And the Atlantic's never-ending moan
 Are mine by heritage, I must have known
 Life elsewhere in epochs long since fled;
 For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
 And through my thought are lotus blossoms
 blown.

I do remember . . . it was just at dusk,
 Near a walled garden at the river's turn
 (A thousand summers seem but yesterday !),
 A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khoorja
 musk,

Came to the water-tank to fill her urn,
 And, with the urn, she bore my heart away !

OUTWARD BOUND

I LEAVE behind me the elm-shadowed
 square

And carven portals of the silent street,
 And wander on with listless, vagrant feet
 Through seaward-leading alleys, till the
 air

Smells of the sea, and straightway then
 the care

Slips from my heart, and life once more is
 sweet.

At the lane's ending lie the white-winged
 fleet.

O restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou
 fare ?

Here are brave pinions that shall take thee
far —

Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red
Ceylon;

Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores !

'T is but an instant hence to Zanzibar,
Or to the regions of the Midnight Sun;
Ionian isles are thine, and all the fairy
shores !

ANDROMEDA

THE smooth-worn coin and threadbare
classic phrase

Of Grecian myths that did beguile my
youth,

Beguile me not as in the olden days:

I think more grief and beauty dwell with
truth.

Andromeda, in fetters by the sea,
Star-pale with anguish till young Perseus
came,

Less moves me with her suffering than she,
The slim girl figure fettered to dark shame,
That nightly haunts the park, there, like a
shade,

Trailing her wretchedness from street to
street.

See where she passes — neither wife nor
maid;

How all mere fiction crumbles at her feet !

Here is woe's self, and not the mask of woe:
A legend's shadow shall not move you so !

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

FOREVER am I conscious, moving here,

That should I step a little space aside

I pass the boundary of some glorified

Invisible domain — it lies so near !

Yet nothing know we of that dim frontier

Which each must cross, whatever fate be-
tide,

To reach the heavenly cities where abide

(Thus Sorrow whispers) those that were
most dear,

Now all transfigured in celestial light !

Shall we indeed behold them, thine and
mine,

Whose going hence made black the noon-
day sun ? —

Strange is it that across the narrow night

They fling us not some token, or make
sign

That all beyond is not Oblivion.

SLEEP

WHEN to soft sleep we give ourselves
away,

And in a dream as in a fairy bark

Drift on and on through the enchanted
dark

To purple daybreak — little thought we
pay

To that sweet bitter world we know by
day.

We are clean quit of it, as is a lark

So high in heaven no human eye can
mark

The thin swift pinion cleaving through the
gray.

Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,

The resting heart shall not take up again

The heavy load that yet must make it
bleed;

For this brief space the loud world's voice
is still,

No faintest echo of it brings us pain.

How will it be when we shall sleep in-
deed ?

PRESCIENCE

THE new moon hung in the sky,

The sun was low in the west,

And my betrothed and I

In the churchyard paused to rest —

Happy maiden and lover,

Dreaming the old dream over:

The light winds wandered by,

And robins chirped from the nest.

And, lo ! in the meadow-sweet

Was the grave of a little child,

With a crumbling stone at the feet,

And the ivy running wild —

Tangled ivy and clover

Folding it over and over:

Close to my sweetheart's feet

Was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears,

She shrank and clung to me,

And her eyes were filled with tears

For a sorrow I did not see:

Lightly the winds were blowing,

Softly her tears were flowing —

Tears for the unknown years

And a sorrow that was to be !

MEMORY

My mind lets go a thousand things,
 Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
 And yet recalls the very hour —
 'T was noon by yonder village tower,
 And on the last blue noon in May —
 The wind came briskly up this way,
 Crisping the brook beside the road;
 Then, pausing here, set down its load
 Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
 Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

THALIA

A MIDDLE-AGED LYRICAL POET IS SUPPOSED
 TO BE TAKING LEAVE OF THE MUSE OF
 COMEDY

I SAY it under the rose —
 Oh, thanks! — yes, under the laurel,
 We part lovers, not foes;
 We are not going to quarrel.

We have too long been friends
 On foot and in gilded coaches,
 Now that the whole thing ends,
 To spoil our kiss with reproaches.

I leave you; my soul is wrung;
 I pause, look back from the portal —
 Ah, I no more am young,
 And you, child, you are immortal!

Mine is the glacier's way,
 Yours is the blossom's weather —
 When were December and May
 Known to be happy together?

Before my kisses grow tame,
 Before my moodiness grieve you,
 While yet my heart is flame,
 And I all lover, I leave you.

So, in the coming time,
 When you count the rich years over,
 Think of me in my prime,
 And not as a white-haired lover,

Fretful, pierced with regret,
 The wraith of a dead Desire,
 Thrumming a cracked spinet
 By a slowly dying fire.

When, at last, I am cold —
 Years hence, if the gods so will it —
 Say, "He was true as gold,"
 And wear a rose in your fillet!

Others, tender as I,
 Will come and sue for caresses,
 Woo you, win you, and die —
 Mind you, a rose in your tresses!

Some Melpomene woo,
 Some hold Clio the nearest;
 You, sweet Comedy, — you
 Were ever sweetest and dearest!

Nay, it is time to go.
 When writing your tragic sister
 Say to that child of woe
 How sorry I was I missed her.

Really, I cannot stay,
 Though "parting is such sweet sor-
 row" . . .
 Perhaps I will, on my way
 Down-town, look in to-morrow!

QUATRAINS

MASKS

BLACK Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
 And shows you laughing lips and roguish
 eyes;
 But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
 How wan her cheeks are, and what heavy
 tears!

MEMORIES

Two things there are with Memory will
 abide,
 Whatever else befall, while life flows by:
 That soft cold hand-touch at the altar side;
 The thrill that shook you at your child's
 first cry.

CIRCUMSTANCE

LINKED to a clod, harassed, and sad
 With sordid cares, she knew not life was
 sweet
 Who should have moved in marble halls,
 and had
 Kings and crown-princes at her feet.

ON READING —

GREAT thoughts in crude, unshapely verse
 set forth
 Lose half their preciousness, and ever must.
 Unless the diamond with its own rich dust
 Be cut and polished, it seems little worth.

QUITS

If my best wines mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste;
There 's many another Inn in town.

AN ODE

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE SHAW MEMO-
RIAL ON BOSTON COMMON, MAY THIRTY-
FIRST, 1897

I

Not with slow, funereal sound
Come we to this sacred ground;
Not with wailing fife and solemn muffled
drum,
Bringing a cypress wreath
To lay, with bended knee,
On the cold brows of Death —
Not so, dear God, we come,
But with the trumpets' blare
And shot-torn battle-banners flung to air,
As for a victory !

Hark to the measured tread of martial feet,
The music and the murmurs of the street !
No bugle breathes this day
Disaster and retreat ! —
Hark, how the iron lips
Of the great battle-ships
Salute the City from her azure Bay !

II

Time was — time was, ah, unforgetten
years ! —
We paid our hero tribute of our tears.
But now let go
All sounds and signs and formulas of woe:
'Tis Life, not Death, we celebrate;
To Life, not Death, we dedicate
This storied bronze, whereon is wrought
The lithe immortal figure of our thought,
To show forever to men's eyes,
Our children's children's children's eyes,
How once he stood
In that heroic mood,
He and his dusky braves
So fain of glorious graves ! —
One instant stood, and then
Drave through that cloud of purple steel
and flame,
Which wrapt him, held him, gave him not
again,
But in its trampled ashes left to Fame
An everlasting name !

III

That was indeed to live —
At one bold swoop to wrest
From darkling death the best
That death to life can give.
He fell as Roland fell
That day at Roncevaux,
With foot upon the ramparts of the foe !
A pæan, not a knell,
For heroes dying so !
No need for sorrow here,
No room for sigh or tear,
Save such rich tears as happy eyelids know.
See where he rides, our Knight !
Within his eyes the light
Of battle, and youth's gold about his brow;
Our Paladin, our Soldier of the Cross,
Not weighing gain with loss —
World-loser, that won all
Obeying duty's call !
Not his, at peril's frown,
A pulse of quicker beat;
Not his to hesitate
And parley hold with Fate,
But proudly to fling down
His gauntlet at her feet.
O soul of loyal valor and white truth,
Here, by this iron gate,
Thy serried ranks about thee as of yore,
Stand thou for evermore
In thy undying youth !

The tender heart, the eagle eye !
Oh, unto him belong
The homages of Song;
Our praises and the praise
Of coming days
To him belong —
To him, to him, the dead that shall not die !

A PETITION

To spring belongs the violet, and the blown
Spice of the roses let the summer own.
Grant me this favor, Muse — all else with-
hold —
That I may not write verse when I am
old.

And yet I pray you, Muse, delay the time !
Be not too ready to deny me rhyme;
And when the hour strikes, as it must, dear
Muse,
I beg you very gently break the news.

William Dean Howells

IN EARLIEST SPRING

Tossing his mane of snows in wildest
 eddies and tangles,
 Lion-like, March cometh in, hoarse, with
 tempestuous breath,
 Through all the moaning chimneys, and
 thwart all the hollows and angles
 Round the shuddering house, threatening
 of winter and death.

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood
 and the meadow
 Thrilling the pulses that own kindred
 with fibres that lift
 Bud and blade to the sunward, within the
 inscrutable shadow,
 Deep in the oak's chill core, under the
 gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience,
 or dream, or desire
 (How shall I name it aught ?) comes for
 a moment and goes,—
 Rapture of life ineffable, perfect — as if in
 the brier,
 Leafless there by my door, trembled a
 sense of the rose.

THE TWO WIVES

THE colonel rode by his picket-line
 In the pleasant morning sun,
 That glanced from him far off to shine
 On the crouching rebel picket's gun.

From his command the captain strode
 Out with a grave salute,
 And talked with the colonel as he rode: —
 The picket levelled his piece to shoot.

The colonel rode and the captain walked, —
 The arm of the picket tired;
 Their faces almost touched as they talked,
 And, swerved from his aim, the picket
 fired.

The captain fell at the horse's feet,
 Wounded and hurt to death,
 Calling upon a name that was sweet
 As God is good, with his dying breath.

And the colonel that leaped from his horse
 and knelt

To close the eyes so dim,
 A high remorse for God's mercy felt,
 Knowing the shot was meant for him.

And he whispered, prayer-like, under his
 breath,

The name of his own young wife:
 For Love, that had made his friend's peace
 with Death,
 Alone could make his with life.

FROM GENERATION TO
GENERATION¹

INNOCENT spirits, bright, immaculate
 ghosts !

Why throng your heavenly hosts,
 As eager for their birth
 In this sad home of death, this sorrow-
 haunted earth ?

Beware ! Beware ! Content you where
 you are,
 And shun this evil star,
 Where we who are doomed to die
 Have our brief being, and pass, we know
 not where or why.

*We have not to consent or to refuse ;
 It is not ours to choose :
 We come because we must,
 We know not by what law, if unjust or if just.*

*The doom is on us, as it is on you,
 That nothing can undo ;
 And all in vain you warn :
 As your fate is to die, our fate is to be born.*

CHANGE¹

SOMETIMES, when after spirited debate
 Of letters or affairs, in thought I go
 Smiling unto myself, and all aglow
 With some immediate purpose, and elate
 As if my little, trivial scheme were great,
 And what I would so were already so:
 Suddenly I think of her that died, and
 know,

¹ Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Whatever friendly or unfriendly fate
 Befall me in my hope or in my pride,
 It is all nothing but a mockery,
 And nothing can be what it used to be,
 When I could bid my happy life abide,
 And build on earth for perpetuity,
 Then, in the deathless days before she died.

IF¹

YES, death is at the bottom of the cup,
 And every one that lives must drink it
 up;
 And yet between the sparkle at the top
 And the black lees where lurks that bitter
 drop,
 There swims enough good liquor, Heaven
 knows,
 To ease our hearts of all their other woes.

The bubbles rise in sunshine at the brim;
 That drop below is very far and dim;
 The quick fumes spread, and shape us such
 bright dreams
 That in the glad delirium it seems
 As though by some deft sleight, if so we
 willed,
 That drop untasted might be somehow
 spilled.

HOPE¹

WE sailed and sailed upon the desert sea
 Where for whole days we alone seemed to
 be.
 At last we saw a dim, vague line arise
 Between the empty billows and the skies,
 That grew and grew until it wore the
 shape
 Of cove and inlet, promontory and cape;
 Then hills and valleys, rivers, fields, and
 woods,
 Steeples and roofs, and village neighbor-
 hoods.
 And then I thought, "Sometime I shall
 embark
 Upon a sea more desert and more dark
 Than ever this was, and between the skies
 And empty billows I shall see arise
 Another world out of that waste and
 lapse,
 Like yonder land. Perhaps — perhaps —
 perhaps!"

VISION¹

WITHIN a poor man's squalid home I stood:
 The one bare chamber, where his work-worn
 wife
 Above the stove and wash-tub passed her
 life,
 Next the sty where they slept with all their
 brood.
 But I saw not that sunless, breathless lair,
 The chamber's sagging roof and reeking
 floor;
 The smeared walls, broken sash, and bat-
 tered door;
 The foulness and forlornness everywhere.
 I saw a great house with the portals wide
 Upon a banquet room, and, from without,
 The guests descending in a brilliant line
 By the stair's statued niches, and beside
 The loveliest of the gemmed and silken
 rout
 The poor man's landlord leading down to
 dine.

JUDGMENT DAY¹

BEFORE Him weltered like a shoreless sea
 The souls of them that had not sought to be,
 With all their guilt upon them, and they
 cried,
 They that had sinned from hate and lust
 and pride,
 "Thou that didst make us what we might
 become,
 Judge us!" The Judge of all the earth
 was dumb;
 But high above them, in His sovereign
 place,
 He lifted up the pity of His face.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?¹

IF I lay waste and wither up with doubt
 The blessed fields of heaven where once
 my faith
 Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
 If I deny the things past finding out;
 Or if I orphan my own soul of One
 That seemed a Father, and make void the
 place
 Within me where He dwelt in power and
 grace,
 What do I gain by that I have undone?

Forcethe Willson

THE OLD SERGEANT

(1863)

"COME a little nearer, Doctor, — thank you, — let me take the cup:
Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just another little sup!

May be you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up: —

Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try:" —

"Never say that," said the Surgeon as he smothered down a sigh;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"

"What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?"

"You were very faint, they say;

You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"

"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor — Doctor, please to stay!

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;

Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it could n't ha' been so, —

For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,

I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: the last time the Lighter came,

And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,

He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:

"ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!" — just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,

Knew it could n't be the Lighter, — he could not have spoken so, —

And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I could n't make it go;

For I could n't move a muscle, and I could n't make it go!

"Then I thought: it's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;

Just another foolish grape-vine,¹ — and it won't come any more;

But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:

"ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!" — even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,

And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,

Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,

When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite! —

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,

And I heard a Bugle sounding, as from some celestial Tower;

And the same mysterious voice said: 'It IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!

ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON — IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin! — what *day* is this?"

"It is Wednesday night, you know."

"Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly Twelve." "Then don't you go!

Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago!

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host;

And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;

There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost, —

And the same old transport came and took me over — or its ghost!

¹ Canard.

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss, —
there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied,
and where Hurlbut's heroes died, —
Lower down, where Wallace charged
them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed
them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered,
and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and
we all began to win —
There was where the grape-shot took me,
just as we began to win.

"Now, a shroud of snow and silence over
everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the
old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this
moment, I was dead, —
For my footsteps were as silent as the
snow upon the dead !

"Death and silence ! — Death and silence !
all around me as I sped !
And, behold, a mighty TOWER, as if builded
to the dead,
To the Heaven of the heavens lifted up its
mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all
seemed waving from its head !

"Round and mighty-based it towered — up
into the infinite —
And I knew no mortal mason could have
built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a
winding stair of light
Wound around it and around it till
it wound clear out of sight !

"And, behold, as I approached it, — with a
rapt and dazzled stare, —
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great Stair, —
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of,
'Halt, and who goes there !'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.'
'Then advance, sir, to the Stair !'

"I advanced ! — That sentry, Doctor, was
Elijah Ballantyne ! —
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had
formed the line ! —

'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome !
welcome by that countersign !'
And he pointed to the scar there, under
this old cloak of mine !

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered,
thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a
bright and bloodless glaive:

'That's the way, sir, to Headquarters,'
'What Headquarters ? 'Of the
Brave.'

'But the great Tower ?' 'That,' he
answered, 'is the way, sir, of the
Brave !'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his
uniform of light;

At my own so old and tattered, and at his
so new and bright:

'Ah !' said he, 'you have forgotten the
New Uniform to-night, —

Hurry back, for you must be here at just
twelve o'clock to-night !'

"And the next thing I remember, you were
sitting *there*, and I —

Doctor — did you hear a footstep ? Hark !
— God bless you all ! Good by !

Doctor, please to give my musket and my
knapsack, when I die,

To my son — my son that's coming, —
he won't get here till I die !

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he
never did before, —

And to carry that old musket — hark ! a
knock is at the door ! —

Till the Union — See ! it opens !" "Father !
father ! speak once more !"

"Bless you !" gasped the old, gray Sergeant,
and he lay and said no more !

FROM "IN STATE"

O KEEPER of the Sacred Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
Look down upon the warring world, and
tell us what the end will be.

"Lo, through the wintry atmosphere,
On the white bosom of the sphere,
A cluster of five lakes appear;
And all the land looks like a couch, or
warrior's shield, or sheeted bier.

"And on that vast and hollow field,
With both lips closed and both eyes
sealed,
A mighty Figure is revealed, —
Stretched at full length, and stiff and stark,
as in the hollow of a shield.

"The winds have tied the drifted snow
Around the face and chin; and, lo!
The sceptred Giants come and go,
And shake their shadowy crowns and say:
'We always feared it would be so!'

"She came of an heroic race:
A giant's strength, a maiden's grace,
Like two in one seem to embrace,
And match, and blend, and thorough-blend,
in her colossal form and face.

"Where can her dazzling falchion be?
One hand is fallen in the sea;

The Gulf-Stream drifts it far and free;
And in that hand her shining brand gleams
from the depths resplendently.

"And by the other, in its rest,
The starry banner of the West
Is clasped forever to her breast;
And of her silver helmet, lo, a soaring eagle
is the crest.

"And on her brow, a softened light,
As of a star concealed from sight
By some thin veil of fleecy white, —
Or of the rising moon behind the rainy
vapors of the night.

"The Sisterhood that was so sweet,
The Starry System sphered complete,
Which the mazed Orient used to greet,
The Four and Thirty fallen Stars glimmer
and glitter at her feet.

"And over her, — and over all,
For panoply and coronal, —
The mighty Immemorial,
And everlasting Canopy and starry Arch
and Shield of All."

William Reed Huntington

TELLUS

WHY here, on this third planet from the
Sun,
Fret we and smite against our prison-bars?
Why not in Saturn, Mercury, or Mars,
Mourn we our sins, the things undone and
done?
Where was the soul's bewildering course
begun?
In what sad land among the scattered stars
Wrought she the ill which now forever
scars
By bitter consequence each victory won?
I know not, dearest friend, yet this I see,
That thou for holier fellowships wast meant.
Through some strange blunder thou art
here; and we
Who on the convict ship were hither sent,
By judgment just, must not be named with
thee
Whose tranquil presence shames our dis-
content.

AUTHORITY

LAUNCHED upon ether float the worlds se-
cure.
Naught hath the truthful Maker to con-
ceal.
No trestle-work of adamant or steel
Is that high firmament where these en-
dure.
Patient, majestic, round their cynosure
In secular procession see them wheel;
Self-poised, but not self-centred, for they
feel
In each tense fibre one all-conquering
lure.
And need I fret me, Father, for that
Thou
Dost will the weightiest verities to swing
On viewless orbits? Nay, henceforth I
cleave
More firmly to the Credo; and my vow
With readier footstep to thine altar bring,
As one who counts it freedom to believe.

Margaret Elizabeth Sangster

WHITTIER ¹

His fourscore years and five
Are gone, like a tale that is told.
The quick tears start, there's an ache at
the heart,
For we never thought him old.

Straight as a mountain pine,
With the mountain eagle's eye,
With the hand-clasp strong, and the un-
hushed song,
Was it time for him to die?

Prophet and priest he stood
In the storm of embattled years;
The broken chain was his harp's refrain,
And the peace that is balm for tears.

The hills and the valleys knew
The poet who kept their tryst.
To our common life and our daily strife
He brought the blessing of Christ.

And we never thought him old,
Though his locks were white as snow.
O heart of gold, grown suddenly cold,
It was not time to go!

AWAKENING ²

NEVER yet was a springtime,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the south wind, sweet and low;
Never yet was a springtime
When the buds forgot to blow.

Ever the wings of the summer
Are folded under the mould;
Life, that has known no dying,
Is Love's, to have and to hold,
Till, sudden, the burgeoning Easter!
The song! the green and the gold!

Henry Ames Blood

COMRADES

ONE steed I have of common clay,
And one no less than regal;
By day I jog on old Saddlebags,
By night I fly upon Eagle:
To store, to market, to field, to mill,
One plods with patient patter,
Nor hears along the far-off heights
The hoofs of his comrade clatter.

To field, to market, to mill he goes,
Nor sees his comrade gleaming
Where he flies along the purple hills,
Nor the flame from his bridle streaming;
Sees not his track, nor the sparks of fire
So terribly flashing from it,
As they flashed from the track of Alborak
When he bravely carried Mahomet.

One steed, in a few short years, will rest
Under the grasses yonder;
The other will come there centuries hence
To linger and dream and ponder;

And yet both steeds are mine to-day,
The immortal and the mortal:
One beats alone the clods of earth,
One stamps at heaven's portal.

SHAKESPEARE

I WISH that I could have my wish to-night,
For all the fairies should assist my flight
Back into the abyss of years;
Till I could see the streaming light,
And hear the music of the spheres
That sang together at the joyous birth
Of that immortal mind,
The noblest of his kind, —
The only Shakespeare that has graced our
earth.

Oh that I might behold
Those gentle sprites, by others all unseen,
Queen Mab and Puck the bold,
With curtseys manifold
Glide round his cradle every morn and e'en;

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That I might see the nimble shapes that ran
 And frisked and frolicked by his side,
 When school-hours ended or began,
 At morn or eventide;
 That I might see the very shoes he wore
 Upon the dusty street,
 His little gown and pinafore,
 His satchel and his schoolboy rig complete !

If I could have the wish I rhyme,
 Then should this night and all it doth contain
 Be set far back upon the rim of Time,
 And I would wildered be upon a stormy
 plain;
 The wanton waves of winter wind and
 storm
 Should beat upon my ruddy face,
 And on my streaming hair;
 And hags and witches multiform,
 And beldames past all saintly grace,
 Should hover round me in the sleety air.

Then, hungry, cold, and frightened by
 these imps of sin,
 And breathless all with buffeting the
 storm,
 Betimes I would arrive at some old English
 inn,
 Wainscoted, high, and warm.
 The fire should blaze in antique chimney-
 place;
 And on the high-backed settles, here and
 there,
 The village gossip and the merry laugh
 Should follow brimming cups of half-an'-
 half;
 Before the fire, in hospitable chair,
 The landlord fat should bask his shining
 face,
 And slowly twirl his pewter can;
 And there in his consummate grace,
 The perfect lord of wit,
 The immortal man,
 The only Shakespeare of this earth should
 sit.

There, too, that Spanish galleon of a
 hulk,
 Ben Jonson, lying at full length,
 Should so dispose his goodly bulk
 That he might lie at ease upon his back,
 To test the tone and strength
 Of Boniface's sherris-sack.

And there should be some compeers of
 these two,
 Rare wits and poets of the land,
 Whom all good England knew,
 And who are now her dear forget-me-
 nots;
 And they should lounge on Shakespeare's
 either hand,
 And sip their punch from queer old cans
 and pots.

Oh, then, such drollery should begin,
 Such wit flash out, such humor run
 Around the fire in this old English inn,
 The veriest clod would be convulsed with
 fun;
 And Boniface's merry sides would ache,
 And his round belly like a pudding
 shake.

Never since the world began
 Has been such repartee;
 And never till the next begins
 Will greater things be said by man,
 Than this same company
 Were wont to say so oft in those old English
 inns.

Dear artist, if you paint this picture mine,
 Do not forget the storm that roars
 Above the merry din and laughter within
 doors;
 But let some stroke divine
 Make all within appear more rich and
 warm,
 By contrast with the outer storm.
 23 April, 1864.

Mary Mapes Dodge¹

THE TWO MYSTERIES

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so
 deep and still;
 The folded hands, the awful calm, the
 cheek so pale and chill;

The lids that will not lift again, though we
 may call and call;
 The strange, white solitude of peace that
 settles over all.

¹ See, also, p. 587.

We know not what it means, dear, this
desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk
in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the
loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor
why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if
they should come this day, —
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"
— not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can
be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we
live and see!

Then might they say, — these vanished
ones, — and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though
we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mys-
tery of death —
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery
of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with
knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little
children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God
is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to
the dead.

ONCE BEFORE

ONCE before, this self-same air
Passed me, though I know not where.
Strange! how very like it came!
Touch and fragrance were the same;
Sound of mingled voices, too,
With a light laugh ringing through;
Some one moving, — here or there, —
Some one passing up the stair,
Some one calling from without,
Or a far-off childish shout, —
Simple, home-like, nothing more,
Yet it all hath been before!

No: not to-day, nor yesterday,
Nor any day! But far away —
So long ago, so very far,

It might have been on other star.
How was it spent? and where? and when?
This life that went, yet comes again?
Was sleep its world, or death its shore?
I still the silent Past implore.
Ah! never dream had power to show
Such vexing glimpse of Long Ago.
Never a death could follow death
With love between, and home, and breath.

The spell has passed. What spendthrifts we,
Of simple, household certainty!
What golden grain we trample low
Searching for flowers that never grow!
Why, home is real, and love is real;
Nor false our honest high ideal.
Life, — it is bounding, warm, and strong, —
And all my heart resounds with song.
It must be true, whate'er befall,
This and the world to come are all.
And yet it puzzles me — alack! —
When life that could not be, comes back!

THE STARS

THEY wait all day unseen by us, unfelt;
Patient they bide behind the day's full glare;
And we, who watched the dawn when they
were there,
Thought we had seen them in the daylight
melt,
While the slow sun upon the earth-line
knelt.
Because the teeming sky seemed void and
bare,
When we explored it through the dazzled
air,
We had no thought that there all day they
dwelt.
Yet were they over us, alive and true,
In the vast shades far up above the blue, —
The brooding shades beyond our daylight
ken, —
Serene and patient in their conscious light,
Ready to sparkle for our joy again, —
The eternal jewels of the short-lived night.

EMERSON

WE took it to the woods, we two,
The book well worn and brown,
To read his words where stirring leaves
Rained their soft shadows down.

Yet as we sat and breathed the scene,
We opened not a page;
Enough that he was with us there,
Our silent, friendly sage !

His fresh "Rhodora" bloomed again;
His "Humble-bee" buzzed near;
And oh, the "Wood-notes" beautiful
He taught our souls to hear.

So our unopened book was read;
And so, in restful mood,
We and our poet, arm in arm,
Went sauntering through the wood.

SHADOW-EVIDENCE

SWIFT o'er the sunny grass,
I saw a shadow pass
With subtle charm, —
So quick, so full of life,

With thrilling joy so rife,
I started lest, unknown,
My step — ere it was down —
Had done it harm.

Why look up to the blue ?
The bird was gone, I knew,
Far out of sight.
Steady and keen of wing,
The slight, impassioned thing,
Intent on a goal unknown,
Had held its course alone
In silent flight.

Dear little bird, and fleet,
Flinging down at my feet
Shadow for song:
More sure am I of thee —
Unseen, unheard by me —
Than of some things felt and known,
And guarded as my own,
All my life long.

William Bull Wright

FROM "THE BROOK"

THROUGH his million veins are poured
The splendors of the heaven whence he fell.
Wise above his thought is he:
Deep things he has to tell
To such as with a swift dexterity
Can aptly gloss his tangled word.
To an eternal song he frames his dance,
And urges his advance
Through numbers, motions intricately
woven.

No pedant's eye avails to scan
The tumult of his foaming line,
Whose music owns a rule divine
To ears that once have caught the plan.
His notes so delicate and fine
My rudely fingered stop would crumble;
Only some easier tones I twine
To wreath my homely line.
But, ah, the strength, the scope, the vision,
. . . the cadence sweet !
What bard could in his rhyme imprison,
Or bind with a melodious fetter,
The prance of these fine feet !

"Whence I come or whither I go,
I little question, for well I know

What I am, 'tis joy to be;
Laughter is my vesture,
And a god of revelry
Beckons in my gesture.
I love my proper daemon well;
Summons he, I haste to follow
Through balmy grove or grassy dell,
Or mountain's tempest-haunted hollow.

"Only to the sober eye
The gods withdraw the curtains of the sky.
Pressed from an immortal vine,
Temperance is eternal wine.
Who drinks my liquors chaste and cool
May slight the Heliconian pool:
He has no need to steal a sip
From Hafiz' bowl, or bathe his lip
In honey pressed from Pindar's comb,
Or taste of Bacchus' philtered foam,
Or filch from Chaucer's bounteous grace
Some liquid, limpid, purling phrase.
He shall take with heavenly sleight
In springe of couchant rhyme
The holy syllables, that in their flight
Skim the meads of Time,
And sometimes tarry for a night.
Lark-like they warble sweet and clear
Up and down the bustling sphere:

Happy he that skills to hear
Their feathery oarage light.

"Wide waves the harvest of sweet song,
Long since the gods have sown the seed:
Thither a thousand reapers throng,
But since the flinty stalks grow strong
Their sickles clip the easier weed.
Strives one with sweat and sober heed,
And limbs that ache and hands that bleed,
To sheave some score of stems:
The dear wise world, that loves the weed,
His heavenly task condemns.

"I know ye, folk of birth and death,
And of what troublous stuff is spun
The feeble tissue of your breath:
I know your fashions every one, —
Your gait and features smooth or grim,
From him that wakes a raw papoose
To him whose tongue his parents loose
With babbling of a Christian hymn.
Well I know the woman's wail,
Who comes, like bird from forage-quest,
With loaded bill unto her nest,
And finds her tender chitlings dead:
What beak hath brought ye death instead?
Sorrowful numbers flock around,
Earth-born ditties full of tears,

The loss, the cross, the myriad fears
That sting and madden and confound.
Ye call the law of your own fate
Rough to the feet, unfriendly, cold;
But if the heart be free and bold,
It turns to beautiful and great.
Come forth and love it, and 't is thine,
Works like a strong man by thy side;
But dodge or weep or fall supine,
Or take a lesser thought for guide,
The pebble of the rill
Has power to kill.

"For my frolic lyre refuses
Fellowship of moping muses:
Touched by a single note of pain,
His simple chords would crack atwain.
He to heaven is strongly sworn
To sound the hymns of utmost joy
And things of joyance born;
Pledged to a large, exulting song,
To which no sombre tones belong,
That, riding high above man's narrow state,
Perfect and full, and beyond sweetness
sweet,
Teaches the maiden stars their heavenly
gait,
And those soft flashings of their silver
feet."

John Hay

LIBERTY

WHAT man is there so bold that he should
say,

"Thus, and thus only, would I have the
Sea"?

For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing
back

The smile of Heaven from waves of ame-
thyst;

Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;

Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives
way

To elemental fury, howls and roars

At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust

Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,

And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of deso-
late shore, —

Always it is the Sea, and men bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.

For Freedom is its own eternal law:

It makes its own conditions, and in storm

Or calm alike fulfils the unerring Will.

Let us not then despise it when it lies

Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm

Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;

Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times

It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry

Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the
flame

Of riot and war we see its awful form

Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson
axe

Rings down its grooves the knell of shud-
dering kings.

For ever in thine eyes, O Liberty,

Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee !

THE SURRENDER OF SPAIN

LAND of unconquered Pelayo ! land of the
Cid Campeador !

Sea-girdled mother of men ! Spain, name
of glory and power ;

Cradle of world-grasping Emperors, grave
of the reckless invader,

How art thou fallen, my Spain ! how art
thou sunk at this hour !

Once thy magnanimous sons trod, victors,
the portals of Asia,

Once the Pacific waves rushed, joyful thy
banners to see ;

For it was Trajan that carried the battle-
flushed eagles to Dacia,

Cortés that planted thy flag fast by the utter-
most sea.

Hast thou forgotten those days illumined
with glory and honor,

When the far isles of the sea thrilled to
the tread of Castile ?

When every land under heaven was flecked
by the shade of thy banner, —

When every beam of the sun flashed on thy
conquering steel ?

Then through red fields of slaughter,
through death and defeat and disaster,

Still flared thy banner aloft, tattered, but
free from a stain ;

Now to the upstart Savoyard thou bendest
to beg for a master.

How the red flush of her shame mars the
proud beauty of Spain !

Has the red blood run cold that boiled by
the Xenil and Darro ?

Are the high deeds of the sires sung to the
children no more ?

On the dun hills of the North hast thou
heard of no plough-boy Pizarro ?

Roams no young swineherd Cortés hid by
the Tagus' wild shore ?

Once again does Hispania bend low to the
yoke of the stranger !

Once again will she rise, flinging her gyves
in the sea !

Princeling of Piedmont ! unwitting thou
weddest with doubt and with danger,

King over men who have learned all that it
costs to be free.

CHRISTINE

THE beauty of the northern dawns,

Their pure, pale light is thine ;

Yet all the dreams of tropic nights

Within thy blue eyes shine.

Not staterlier in their prisoning seas

The icebergs grandly move,

But in thy smile is youth and joy,

And in thy voice is love.

Thou art like Hecla's crest that stands

So lonely, proud, and high,

No earthly thing may come between

Her summit and the sky.

The sun in vain may strive to melt

Her crown of virgin snow,

But the great heart of the mountain glows

With deathless fire below.

PIKE COUNTY BALLADS

JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

WALL, no ! I can't tell whar he lives,

Be'cuse he don't live, you see ;

Leastways, he's got out of the habit

Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year

That you haven't heard folks tell

How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks

The night of the Prairie Belle ?

He were n't no saint, — them engineers

Is all pretty much alike, —

One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill

And another one here, in Pike ;

A keerless man in his talk was Jim,

And an awkward hand in a row,

But he never flunked, and he never lied, —

I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, —

To treat his engine well ;

Never be passed on the river ;

To mind the pilot's bell ;

And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire, —
 A thousand times he swore
 He 'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
 And her day come at last, —
 The Movastar was a better boat,
 But the Belle she *would n't* be passed.
 And so she come tearin' along that night —
 The oldest craft on the line —
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and
 pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned, and
 made

For that willer-bank on the right.
 There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim
 yelled out,

Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
 boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word.
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell, —
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, — but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That would n't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

LITTLE BREECHES

I DON'T go much on religion,
 I never ain't had no show;
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
 On the handful o' things I know.
 I don't pan out on the prophets
 And free-will and that sort of thing, —
 But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
 Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
 And my little Gabe come along, —
 No four-year-old in the county
 Could beat him for pretty and strong, —
 Peart and chipper and sassy,
 Always ready to swear and fight, —
 And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
 Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
 As I passed by Taggart's store;
 I went in for a jug of molasses
 And left the team at the door.
 They scared at something and started, —
 I heard one little squall,
 And hell-to-split over the prairie
 Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
 I was almost froze with skeer;
 But we roused up some torches,
 And sarched for 'em far and near.
 At last we struck hosses and wagon,
 Snowed under a soft white mound,
 Upsot, dead beat, — but of little Gabe
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
 Of my fellow-critter's aid; —
 I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
 Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
 And me and Isrul Parr
 Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night.
 We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
 So warm and sleepy and white;
 And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
 As peart as ever you see,
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,
 And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
 He could never have walked in that
 storm:
 They jest scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm.
 And I think that saving a little child,
 And fetchin' him to his own,
 Is a derned sight better business
 Than loafin' around The Throne.

THE STIRRUP-CUP

My short and happy day is done,
The long and dreary night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life, —
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view, —

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view:
The night comes down, the lights burn
blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

Edna Dean Proctor

FROM "THE SONG OF THE
ANCIENT PEOPLE"

We are the Ancient People;
Our father is the Sun;
Our mother, the Earth, where the mountains
tower

And the rivers seaward run;
The stars are the children of the sky,
The red men of the plain;
And ages over us both had rolled
Before you crossed the main; —
For we are the Ancient People,
Born with the wind and rain.

And ours is the ancient wisdom,
The lore of Earth and cloud: —
We know what the awful lightnings mean,
Wi-lo-lo-a-ne with arrows keen,
And the thunder crashing loud;
And why with his glorious, burning shield
His face the Sun-God hides,
As, glad from the east, while night recedes,
Over the Path of Day he speeds

To his home in the ocean tides;
For the Deathless One at eve must die,
To flame anew in the nether sky, —
Must die, to mount when the Morning Star,
First of his warrior-host afar,
Bold at the dawning rides!

And we carry our new-born children forth
His earliest beams to face,
And pray he will make them strong and
brave

As he looks from his shining place,
Wise in council and firm in war,
And fleet as the wind in the chase;
And why the Moon, the Mother of Souls,
On summer nights serene,

Fair from the azure vault of heaven
To Earth will fondly lean,
While her sister laughs from the tranquil
lake,
Soft-robed in rippling sheen;
For the Moon is the bride of the glowing
Sun,
But the Goddess of Love is she
Who beckons and smiles from the placid
depths
Of the lake and the shell-strown sea.

We know why the down of the Northland
drifts

O'er wood and waste and hill;
And how the light-winged butterflies
To the brown fields summer bear,
And the balmy breath of the Corn-maids
floats

In June's enchanted air;
And when to pluck the Medicine flowers
On the brow of the mountain peak,
The lilies of Té-na-tsa-li,
That brighten the faded cheek,
And heal the wounds of the warrior
And the hunter worn and weak;
And where in the hills the crystal stones
And the turquoise blue to seek;
And how to plant the earliest maize,
Sprinkling the sacred meal,
And setting our prayer-plumes in the midst
As full to the east we kneel, —
The plumes whose life shall waft our wish
To the heights the skies conceal;
Nay, when the stalks are parched on the
plain

And the deepest springs are dry;
And the Water-God, the jewelled toad,
Is lost to every eye,

With song and dance and voice of flutes
 That soothe the Regions Seven,
 We can call the blessed summer showers
 Down from the listening heaven !
 For ours is the lore of a dateless past,
 And we have power thereby, —
 Power which our vanished fathers sought
 Through toil and watch and pain,
 Till the spirits of wood and wave and air
 To grant us help were fain;
 For we are the Ancient People,
 Born with the wind and rain.

HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT LOSE

Now Summer finds her perfect prime;
 Sweet blows the wind from western calms;
 On every bower red roses climb;
 The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
 Nor stream, nor bank the wayside by,
 But lilies float and daisies throng;
 Nor space of blue and sunny sky
 That is not cleft with soaring song.
 O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
 Fly swift ! my soul ye cannot fill !
 Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
 The drifting snows on plain and hill.
 Alike, to me, fall frosts and dews;
 But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose !

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
 Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
 And, over hope's horizon line,
 The future dawns, serenely fair.
 Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
 I know the rapture will not stay;
 Some wind of grief or doubt will rise
 And turn my rosy sky to gray.

I shall awake, in rainy morn,
 To find my hearth left lone and drear;
 Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,
 I let my life burn on as clear
 Though friends grow cold or fond love
 woos;
 But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose !

In golden hours the angel Peace
 Comes down and broods me with her
 wings:
 I gain from sorrow sweet release;
 I mate me with divinest things;
 When shapes of guilt and gloom arise
 And far the radiant angel flees,
 My song is lost in mournful sighs,
 My wine of triumph left but lees;
 In vain for me her pinions shine,
 And pure, celestial days begin;
 Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
 Nor braid one beauteous lily in.
 Ah ! is it good or ill I choose ?
 But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose !

So wait I. Every day that dies
 With flush and fragrance born of June,
 I know shall more resplendent rise
 Where summer needs nor sun nor
 moon.
 And every bud, on love's low tree,
 Whose mocking crimson flames and falls,
 In fullest flower I yet shall see
 High-blooming by the jasper walls.
 Nay, every sin that dims my days,
 And wild regrets that veil the sun,
 Shall fade before those dazzling rays,
 And my long glory be begun !
 Let the years come to bless or bruise:
 Thy Heaven, O Lord, I shall not lose !

Charlotte Fiske Bates

(MADAME ROGÉ)

A CHARACTER

His face is truly of the Roman mould,
 He bears within the heart of Cato, too;
 Although his look may seem severe and
 cold,
 He never would be false to truth or you.
 And deepest feeling hides about the
 mouth;

His soul-wind blows not always from the
 north,
 But sometimes also from the gentle south,
 And then, like flowers, the tender words
 steal forth.

The light and fickle still have love to
 spare,
 If Death has taken from them even
 thrice;

But she who has this noble's love to wear
May know it never will be given twice.

Yes, whom he chooses may be always sure
That no one else will ever take her place;
Of his whole heart eternally secure,
Less need she tremble at Death's chilling
face.

And should she leave him, he will not wax
weak
With noisy woe, till Solace bare her
breast;
Not in those soft and soothing arms would
seek
To dim the sense of loss in childish rest.

Nay! such as he, not months and years
alone,
Will keep the grave's grass green, its
marble white;
The cherished rose will blow about the stone
Till hands that plighted troth shall re-
unite.

THE CLUE

Oh, frame some little word for me
None else shall ever hear or see, —
Something my soul can call her own,
When suddenly she feels alone;
Something that she can take away
When God shall draw the veil of clay;
Something that thou wilt know her by
Among the billions of the sky;
Something no other soul will fit
Save hers for whom thou makest it.

DELAY

I DO affirm that thou hast saved the race
As much as thou hast ever made it lose:
Men of quick action may thy name abuse,

But the world's life and theirs attest thy
grace.

An hour of thee doth sometimes turn the
face

Of men and kingdoms, bidding them refuse
What, chosen last, it had been death to
choose:

Through thee alone, they missed the fatal
place.

How often dies the guileful thought or
end

When guileless eyes detain us on our way!
What sin and shame that hindrance may
forefend,

Which we so hate and storm against to-
day!

What mighty evils over all impend,
Averted graciously by kind Delay!

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER

As dyed in blood the streaming vines ap-
pear,

While long and low the wind about them
grieves:

The heart of Autumn must have broken
here,

And poured its treasure out upon the
leaves.

THE LIVING BOOK

THIS bears the seal of immortality,

For every soul that reads it feels the
search

Of answering thought, and thousands there
may be

Saying at once, "How straight that looks
at me!"

Nor child nor fool it leaveth in the lurch;

But, like the eyes that mark great Guido's
fame,

It follows every one, as if by name.

James Ryder Randall

MY MARYLAND

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
 Maryland !
 My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
 Maryland !
 For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
 Maryland !
 Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
 Maryland !
 Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
 Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
 And all thy slumberers with the just,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

Come ! 't is the red dawn of the day,
 Maryland !
 Come with thy panoplied array,
 Maryland !
 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
 With Watson's blood at Monterey,
 With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
 Maryland !
 Virginia should not call in vain,
 Maryland !
 She meets her sisters on the plain, —
" Sic semper ! " 't is the proud refrain
 That baffles minions back amain,
 Maryland !
 Arise in majesty again,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

Come ! for thy shield is bright and strong,
 Maryland !
 Come ! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
 Maryland !
 Come to thine own heroic throng
 Stalking with Liberty along,
 And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
 Maryland !
 For thou wast ever bravely meek,
 Maryland !
 But lo ! there surges forth a shriek,
 From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
 Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
 Maryland !
 Thou wilt not crook to his control,
 Maryland !
 Better the fire upon thee roll,
 Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
 Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland, My Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder hum,
 Maryland !
 The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
 Maryland !
 She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
 Huzza ! she spurns the Northern scum !
 She breathes ! She burns ! She'll come !
 She'll come !
 Maryland, My Maryland !

JOHN PELHAM

Just as the spring came laughing through
 the strife,
 With all its gorgeous cheer,
 In the bright April of historic life
 Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
 His bleeding country weeps ;
 Hushed, in the alabaster arms of Death,
 Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the child of
 Rome,
 Curbing his chariot steeds,
 The knightly scion of a Southern home
 Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle-brunt —
 The Champion of the Truth —
 He bore his banner to the very front
 Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres mid Virginian snow,
 The fiery pang of shells, —
 And there's a wail of immemorial woe
 In Alabama dells:

The pennon drops, that led the sacred
 band
 Along the crimson field;
 The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless
 hand,
 Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous
face,
While, round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed
the grace
Of a divine surprise.

O, mother of a blessed soul on high,
Thy tears may soon be shed !
Think of thy boy, with princes of the
sky,
Among the Southern dead !

How must he smile on this dull world be-
neath,
Fevered with swift renown —
He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath,
Twining the victor's crown !

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST WAS RED

THE Saviour, bowed beneath his cross,
climbed up the dreary hill,

And from the agonizing wreath ran many a
crimson rill;
The cruel Roman thrust him on with un-
relenting hand,
Till, staggering slowly mid the crowd, He
fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near, that memo-
rable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench one
single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast, — and
thus, 't is sweetly said,
The Robin has his silver vest incarnadined
with red.

Ah, Jesu ! Jesu ! Son of man ! My
dolor and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this winged
Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight or cavern of de-
spair,
Have plucked no thorns from thy dear
brow, but planted thousands there !

Abram Joseph Ryan

THE CONQUERED BANNER

FURL that Banner, for 't is weary;
Round its staff 't is drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it, — it is best;
For there 's not a man to wave it,
And there 's not a sword to save it,
And there 's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it, — let it rest !

Take that Banner down ! 't is tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 't is hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there 's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh !

Furl that Banner — furl it sadly !
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;

Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave !

Furl it ! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner — it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it, —
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so !

Furl that Banner ! True, 't is gory,
Yet 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust !
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,

Shall go sounding down the ages —
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly !
Treat it gently — it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not — unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever, —
For its people's hopes are fled !

A CHILD'S WISH

BEFORE AN ALTAR

I wish I were the little key
That locks Love's Captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell
That tinkles for the Host,

When God comes down each day to dwell
With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair,
That holds the Blood of Love,
When every gleam lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His mother's breast,
Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er
In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh ! my God, I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me.

Francis Bret Harte

AT THE HACIENDA

Know I not who thou mayst be
Carved upon this olive-tree, —
"Manuela of La Torre," —
For around on broken walls
Summer sun and spring rain falls,
And in vain the low wind calls
"Manuela of La Torre."

Of that song no words remain
But the musical refrain, —
"Manuela of La Torre."
Yet at night, when winds are still,
Tinkles on the distant hill
A guitar, and words that thrill
Tell to me the old, old story, —
Old when first thy charms were sung,
Old when these old walls were young,
"Manuela of La Torre."

CHIQUITA

BEAUTIFUL ! Sir, you may say so. Thar
is n't her match in the county;
Is thar, old gal, — Chiquita, my darling, my
beauty ?

Feel of that neck, sir, — thar's velvet !
Whoa ! steady, — ah, will you, you
vixen !

Whoa ! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the
gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan ! — she ain't nothing else, and I've
got the papers to prove it.

Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hun-
dred dollars won't buy her.

Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you
know Briggs of Tuo umne ?

Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out
his brains down in 'Frisco ?

Hed n't no savey, hed Briggs. Thar, Jack !
that'll do, — quit that foolin' !

Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got
her work cut out before her.

Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise,
too, jockeys is jockeys :

And 't ain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows
what a hoss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly
got Flanigan's leaders ?

Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty
rough ford in low water !
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the
Jedge and his nevey

Struck for that ford in the night, in the
rain, and the water all round us ;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattle-
snake Creek jest a-bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a
bridge on the river.

I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan,
and his nevey, Chiquita ;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed
from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford,
and Chiquita

Buckled right down to her work, and, afore
I could yell to her rider,

Took water jest at the ford, and there was
the Jedge and me standing,

And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh
afloat, and a-driftin' to thunder !

Would ye b'lieve it ? That night, that hoss,
that 'ar filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood
there, all quiet and dripping :

Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle
of harness,

Jest as she swam the Fork, — that hoss,
that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss ! and — What
did you say ? — Oh, the nevey ?

Drownded, I reckon, — leastways, he never
kem back to deny it.

Ye see the derned fool had no seat, ye
could n't have made him a rider ;

And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and
hosses — well, hosses is hosses !

GRIZZLY

COWARD, — of heroic size,
In whose lazy muscles lies
Strength we fear and yet despise ;
Savage, — whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks ;
Robber, — whose exploits ne'er soared
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard ;
Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,
Claws of steel on baby toes, —

Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling plantigrade,
Be thy courses undismayed !

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread

Point to hidden Indian springs,
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,

Hovered o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,

Where the wild bee holds her sweets,
Epicurean retreats,

Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled devilry
Friar Tuck shall live in thee ;

Thou mayest levy tithe and dole ;

Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,
From the pilgrim taking toll ;

Match thy cunning with his fear ;

Eat, and drink, and have thy fill ;

Yet remain an outlaw still !

CROTALUS

No life in earth, or air, or sky ;
The sunbeams, broken silently,
On the bared rocks around me lie, —

Cold rocks with half-warmed lichens
scarred,

And scales of moss ; and scarce a yard
Away, one long strip, yellow-barred.

Lost in a cleft ! 'T is but a stride
To reach it, thrust its roots aside,
And lift it on thy stick astride !

Yet stay ! That moment is thy grace !
For round thee, thrilling air and space,
A chattering terror fills the place !

A sound as of dry bones that stir
In the Dead Valley ! By yon fir
The locust stops its noonday whir !

The wild bird hears ; smote with the sound,
As if by bullet brought to ground,
On broken wing, dips, wheeling round !

The hare, transfixed, with trembling lip,
Halts, breathless, on pulsating hip,
And palsied tread, and heels that slip.

.

Enough, old friend ! — 't is thou. Forget
My heedless foot, nor longer fret
The peace with thy grim castanet !

I know thee ! Yes ! Thou mayst forego
That lifted crest; the measured blow
Beyond which thy pride scorns to go,

Or yet retract ! For me no spell
Lights those slit orbs, where, some think,
dwell
Machicolated fires of hell !

I only know thee humble, bold,
Haughty, with miseries untold,
And the old Curse that left thee cold,

And drove thee ever to the sun,
On blistering rocks; nor made thee shun
Our cabin's hearth, when day was done,

And the spent ashes warmed thee best;
We knew thee, — silent, joyless guest
Of our rude ingle. E'en thy quest

Of the rare milk-bowl seemed to be
Naught but a brother's poverty
And Spartan taste that kept thee free

From lust and rapine. Thou ! whose fame
Searches the grass with tongue of flame,
Making all creatures seem thy game;

When the whole woods before thee run,
Asked but — when all was said and done —
To lie, untrodden, in the sun !

"JIM"

SAY there ! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild ?
Well, — no offense:
Thar aint no sense
In gittin' riled !

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That 's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir ! You
Ain't of that crew, —
Blest if you are !
Money ? Not much:
That ain't my kind;

I ain't no such.

Rum ? I don't mind,
Seein' it 's you.

Well, this yer Jim, —
Did you know him ?
Jes' 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes; —
Well, that is strange:
Why, it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here 's to us:
Eh ?
The h—— you say !
Dead ?
That little cuss ?

What makes you star',
You over thar ?
Can't a man drop
'S glass in yer shop
But you must r'ar ?
It would n't take
D——d much to break
You and your bar.

Dead !
Poor — little — Jim !
Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben, —
No-account men:
Then to take *him* !

Well, thar — Good-by —
No more, sir — I —
Eh ?
What's that you say ?
Why, dern it ! — sho —
No ? Yes ! By Joe !
Sold !
Sold ! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name
is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful
games ;

And I'll tell in simple language what I
know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanis-
low.

But first I would remark, that it is not a
proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-
man,
And, if a member don't agree with his pec-
uliar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a
head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beauti-
ful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of
that same Society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of
fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the
tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he recon-
structed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was
extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a sus-
pension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones
was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and
said he was at fault,—
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's
family vault:
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet
Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned
out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific
gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all
intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to
be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great
extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point
of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in
the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and
curled up on the floor,

And the subsequent proceedings interested
him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every mem-
ber did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæo-
zoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in
their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the
head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these im-
proper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name
is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I
know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stan-
islow.

THE AGED STRANGER

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"—"Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more:"

"He fell in battle,—I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er,—
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he,—with his face to the
foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
 "And should have remarked before,
 That I was with Grant, — in Illinois, —
 Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a
 word,

But beat with his fist full sore
 That aged man, who had worked for
 Grant

Some three years before the war.

MADROÑO

CAPTAIN of the Western wood,
 Thou thatapest Robin Hood!
 Green above thy scarlet hose,
 How thy velvet mantle shows!
 Never tree like thee arrayed,
 O thou gallant of the glade!

When the fervid August sun
 Scorches all it looks upon,
 And the balsam of the pine
 Drips from stem to needle fine,
 Round thy compact shade arranged,
 Not a leaf of thee is changed!

When the yellow autumn sun
 Saddens all it looks upon,
 Spreads its sackcloth on the hills,
 Strews its ashes in the rills,
 Thou thy scarlet hose dost doff,
 And in limbs of purest buff
 Challengest the sombre glade
 For a sylvan masquerade.

Where, oh, where, shall he begin
 Who would paint thee, Harlequin?
 With thy waxen burnished leaf,
 With thy branches' red relief,
 With thy polytinted fruit, —
 In thy spring or autumn suit, —
 Where begin, and, oh, where end,
 Thou whose charms all art transcend!

WHAT THE BULLET SANG

O JOY of creation
 To be!
 O rapture to fly
 And be free!
 Be the battle lost or won,
 Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
 I shall find my love, — the one
 Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands,
 All alone,
 With the power in his hands
 Not o'erthrown;
 I shall know him by his face,
 By his godlike front and grace;
 I shall hold him for a space,
 All my own!

It is he — O my love!
 So bold!
 It is I — all thy love
 Foretold!
 It is I. O love! what bliss!
 Dost thou answer to my kiss?
 O sweetheart! what is this
 Lieth there so cold?

Stephen Henry Thayer

EUROPA

GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sea,
 Whose sceptre shall forever be
 The reign supreme of Liberty,
 Draw thou the veil that dims our sight,
 light thou our eyes,
 That we may see!

Beyond the waters, east and west,
 Six giant legions ominous rest,

Equipped and armed from sole to crest;
 The burdened nations groan and reel and
 listen for
 The dread behest.

The Ottoman by the Ægean tide
 Is bonded; there the navies ride
 And train their armaments to bide
 The menace from the eagle's north, or who
 will dare
 The kings allied.

The cringing Sultan can but wait
 The will of other crowns; his fate
 Is graven in the hearts that hate
 And tremble at his wasting power—the
 curse of men—
 So weak, so great.

His doom is written in the skies;
 His Orient Empire palsied lies,
 And still and still he crucifies
 The last bare hope that yet might save, and
 mocks his knell,
 And still defies.

I hear the Empires muttering now,—
 The northern Cæsar keeps his vow,
 And waits and wills both where and how
 His sheathless sword shall smite at last; he
 waits and knits
 His iron brow.

I see the Austrians mustering where
 The Adriatic's waters glare,
 Or by the Danube; and they swear
 Eternal vigilance against the Cossack hordes
 So sleepless there.

The crafty Chancellor, outworn,
 Who guards the German state, in scorn
 Watches the French frontier,—his
 thorn;
 Looks north to the Crimean gates, and east-
 ward to
 The Golden Horn.

Europa waits the signal, swells
 Imperial armies, still compels,
 From Britain to the Dardanelles,
 Fresh millions to her warrior camps, and
 millions more,
 For ships and shells.

Till on her mighty, martial field
 The greatest products she can yield
 Are armed men and sword and shield:
 Whole nations bent and strung for what?
 O Lord, thy thought
 Is still concealed!

Great Sovereign of the earth and sea,
 Whose sceptre shall forever be
 The reign supreme of Liberty,
 Draw thou the veil that dims our sight,
 light thou our eyes,
 That we may see!

CHARMIAN, 16 Feb., 1853

POET OF EARTH

OH, be not ether-borne, poet of earth;
 Stretch not thy wings to such a cloudless
 height

As ne'er to know the darkness of the night,
 As ne'er to feel the touch of grief or mirth
 That lives in human sympathy, whose birth
 Is longed for in this world of love and
 blight;

Thou, too, must drink of sorrow and delight,
 Must taste the joy of hope, and feel its
 dearth;

God's service lies not out of reach, and heaven
 Is found alone through lowly ministry;
 Some souls there are whose dumb chords
 wait the breath

Of other souls, divinely gifted, given
 To voice the deeper tones, and lead the way
 To immortality, through life and death!

THE WAITING CHORDS

HEEDLESS she strayed from note to note,
 A maid, scarce knowing that she sang;
 The dainty accents from her throat
 In undulations lightly rang.

She sang in laughing rhythms sweet;
 A bird of spring was in her voice;
 Till, on through measures deft and fleet,
 She caught the ditty of her choice.

A song of love, in words of fire,
 Now made her breast with passion stir;
 It breathed across her living lyre,
 And thrilled the waiting chords in her.

Uplifted like a quivering dart,
 One moment poised the tones on high,
 To tell the language of her heart,
 And swell the pæan ere it die.

She smote the keys with will and force,
 Like storm-winds swept the sounds along;
 Her flying fingers in their course
 Vied with the tumult of her song.

Her eyes flashed with the burning theme;
 A glow of triumph flushed her cheek;
 No need of words to tell the dream
 Of love her lips would never speak.

When the wild cadence died in air,
 And all the chords to silence fell,
 I knew the spirit lurking there—
 The secret that had wrought the spell.

Gossiter Johnson

EVELYN

If I could know
 That here about the place where last you
 played, —
 Within this room, and yonder in the shade
 Of branches low, —
 Your spirit lingered, I would never go,
 But evermore a hermit pace the round
 Of sunny paths across this garden ground,
 And o'er the fleckered lawn
 Whereon your baby chariot was drawn,
 And round these lonely walls,
 Where no sound ever falls
 So pretty as your prattle or your crow, —
 If I could only know !

If I could know
 That to some distant clime or planet rare
 Sweet souls like thine repair,
 Where love's own fountains fail not as they
 flow, —
 I'd be a traveller, and would ever go,
 Day after day, along the selfsame road,
 Leaving behind this desolate abode,
 My head upon my pillow only lay
 To dream myself still farther on the way,
 Until at last I rest,
 Clasp my little daughter to my breast,
 Though half eternity were wasted so, —
 If I could only know !

If I could know
 That you a child with childlike ways remain,
 I'd never wish to be a man again,
 But only try to grow
 As childlike, using all the idle toys
 That you and I have played with, till their
 noise
 Brought back the echoes of your merry
 laugh,
 When paper windmill whirled upon its staff,
 Or painted ball went rolling on the floor,
 Or puss peeped out behind the door,
 Or watch, held half in fear,
 With its mysterious pulses thrilled your ear:
 All manly occupation I'd forego,
 If I could only know !

If I could know
 That henceforth, in some pure eternal
 sphere,

The little life that grew so swiftly here
 Would still expand and grow,
 How should I strive against my wasting
 years,
 With toil from sun to sun, and midnight
 tears,
 To build my soul up to the height of yours,
 And catch the light that lures,
 The inspiration that impels,
 The strength that dwells,
 Beyond the bounds of earthly cares and
 fears,
 Beyond this bitter woe, —
 If I could only know !

Alas ! what do I know ?
 I know your world scarce compassed yonder
 stone —
 As little seems my own !
 I know you never knew unhappiness —
 Would I could mourn the less !
 I know you never saw death's darker side —
 The shore where we abide !
 I know you never felt the nameless
 dread —
 Ah, but if mine were fled !
 I know you never heard a lover's vow —
 And I'm your lover now !
 I know no answer to my wail can come —
 Let me be dumb !

A SOLDIER POET

WHERE swell the songs thou shouldst have
 sung
 By peaceful rivers yet to flow ?
 Where bloom the smiles thy ready tongue
 Would call to lips that loved thee so ?
 On what far shore of being tossed,
 Dost thou resume the genial stage,
 And strike again the lyre we lost
 By Rappahannock's troubled wave ?

If that new world hath hill and stream,
 And breezy bank, and quiet dell,
 If forests murmur, waters gleam,
 And wayside flowers their story tell,
 Thy hand ere this has plucked the reed
 That wavered by the wooded shore;
 Its prisoned soul thy fingers freed,
 To float melodious evermore.

So seems it to my musing mood,
 So runs it in my surer thought,
 That much of beauty, more of good,
 For thee the rounded years have wrought;

That life will live, however blown
 Like vapor on the summer air;
 That power perpetuates its own;
 That silence here is music there.

Amelia Walstien Carpenter

THE RIDE TO CHEROKEE

It's only we, Grimalkin, both fond and fancy
 free,
 So do your best, my beauty, for a home for
 you and me;
 For you the oats and leisure, for me the
 pipe and book,
 With sometimes, just at sunset, the long
 gray eastward look.
 For once there was another: ah, Kathrine!
 who shall say
 What wilful fancy seized you that sunny
 summer day;
 You turned and nodded, smiling as you
 went gayly by,
 And the man who strolled beside you had a
 braver front than I;
 It meant a day's undoing, a night's black
 watch for me,
 And this mad ride, Grimalkin, to-day for
 Cherokee.

The great crowd forges forward, like fire
 in fury blown,
 Each urging to the utmost, and God help
 him that's down,
 Shoulder to shoulder rising like shapes in
 horror cast,
 And my good mare aflashing a star along
 the blast;
 So—so—my brave Grimalkin, it's home
 for you and me
 If we ride the distance safely to the line
 in Cherokee:
 We'll pass our lives together,—you'll have
 a stall with me,
 And a blanket—if we win it—in the home
 in Cherokee.

There's one that's riding with us, with
 many a good steed passed,
 Look well, little Grimalkin, or you're left,
 too, at the last;
 He's singing as he's riding with his brave
 and gallant air,

With the fierce light falling hotly on his
 face and yellow hair.
 A rush—a shout; he's falling; God help
 the man that's down
 As the wild steeds thunder onward, on the
 hard earth baked and brown.
 On, on; and look, Grimalkin! we're safe,
 't is victory!
 We'll stake the claim and hold the home,
 here in the Cherokee.

And he that fell! a breath space I saw his
 glazing eyes
 As he lay staring upward into the dust-filled
 skies:
 Eyes one star-flash of memory told me I'd
 met before,
 Eyes that a woman's loving would brighten
 nevermore.
 And fancy flung me backward, from that
 maddening rush and whirl,
 To an old Long Island garden and a violet-
 laden girl;
 Ah well, he stole my treasure, my sweet-
 heart's heart, from me,—
 God rest him! I'm the victor, to-day in
 Cherokee!

RECOLLECTION

A SILVER birch-tree like a sacred maid
 Set with a guard of stalwart hemlocks
 round,
 Whose low-toned airs stole by with sighing
 sound,
 Stirred, shivering slightly, as if half afraid
 Where the black shadow crept along the
 ground.
 Breathless she stood,—as one whose work
 is stayed,
 But threads her shuttle while her thought
 has strayed
 To times when wild fauns haunted all the
 rills,
 And piped among the deep noon-checked
 hills

Till all the land with song was overlaid.
 O Pan, dear Pan! come forth from out the dark
 Of those dream days; outing our thrush and lark
 Till laughter-loving youths from window-sills
 Shall whisper, "Hark! who sang that love-song? Hark!"

OLD FLEMISH LACE

A LONG, rich breadth of Holland lace,
 A window by a Flemish sea;
 Huge men go by with mighty pace, —
 Great Anne was Queen these days, may be,
 And strange ships prowled for spoil the sea —
 For you — old lace!

Stitch after stitch enwrought with grace,
 The mist falls cold on Zuyder-Zee;
 The silver tankards hang in place
 Along the wall; across her knee
 Dame Snuyder spreads her square of lace,
 A veil — for me?

The Holland dames put by their lace,
 The bells of Bruges ring out in glee;
 The mill-wheels move in sluggish race: —
 Farewell, sweet bells! Then down the sea

The slow ship brings the bridal grace —
 The veil — for me!

Manhattan shores — a New World place,
 The Pinxter-blows their sweetest be:
 And now — come close, O love-bright face —

Bend low — . . . Nay, not old Trinity,
 To Olde Sainte Marke's i' the Bowerie,
 Dear Hal, — with thee!

John Lancaster Spalding

BELIEVE AND TAKE HEART

WHAT can console for a dead world?
 We tread on dust which once was life;
 To nothingness all things are hurled:
 What meaning in a hopeless strife?
 Time's awful storm
 Breaks but the form.

Whatever comes, whatever goes,
 Still throbs the heart whereby we live;
 The primal joys still lighten woes,
 And time which steals doth also give.
 Fear not, be brave:
 God can thee save.

The essential truth of life remains,
 Its goodness and its beauty too,
 Pure love's unutterable gains,
 And hope which thrills us through and through:
 God has not fled,
 Souls are not dead.

Not in most ancient Palestine,
 Nor in the lightsome air of Greece,

Were human struggles more divine,
 More blessed with guerdon of increase:
 Take thou thy stand
 In the workers' band.

Hast then no faith? Thine is the fault: —
 What prophets, heroes, sages, saints,
 Have loved, on thee still makes assault,
 Thee with immortal things acquaints.
 On life then seize:
 Doubt is disease.

THE STARRY HOST

THE countless stars, which to our human eye
 Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
 Forever bound to changeless points in space,
 Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,
 And like a flock of birds still onward fly;
 Returning never whence began their race,

They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face

As though God bade them win Infinity.
Ah whither, whither is their forward flight
Through endless time and limitless expanse ?

What power with unimaginable might
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance ?

What beauty lures them on through primal night,

So that for them to be is to advance ?

SILENCE

INAUDIBLE move day and night,
And noiseless grows the flower;
Silent are pulsing wings of light,
And voiceless fleets the hour.

The moon utters no word when she
Walks through the heavens bare;
The stars forever silent flee,
And songless gleam through air.

The deepest love is voiceless too;
Heart sorrow makes no moan;
How still the zephyrs when they woo !
How calm the rose full blown !

The bird winging the evening sky
Flies onward without song;
The crowding years as they pass by
Flow on in mutest throng.

The fishes glide through liquid deep
And never speak a word;
The angels round about us sweep,
And yet no voice is heard.

The highest thoughts no utterance find,
The holiest hope is dumb,
In silence grows the immortal mind,
And speechless deep joys come.

Rapt adoration has no tongue,
No words has holiest prayer;
The loftiest mountain peaks among
Is stillness everywhere.

With sweetest music silence blends,
And silent praise is best;
In silence life begins and ends:
God cannot be expressed.

FOREPLEDGED

O WOMAN, let thy heart not cleave
To any poet's soul;
For he the muse will never leave,
But follow to life's goal.

Then trust him not, he is not thine,
Whate'er he seems to be;
Strong unseen tendrils round him twine,
And keep him still from thee.

His words with passion are athrill,
And bear contagious fire;
He knows the charmer's perfect skill
To wake the heart's desire.

But love him not, his love is woe;
The genius at his side
Would prove for thee a fatal foe
Wert thou his wedded bride.

FROM "GOD AND THE SOUL"

NATURE AND THE CHILD

FOR many blessings I to God upraise
A thankful heart; the life He gives is fair
And sweet and good, since He is everywhere,
Still with me even in the darkest ways.
But most I thank Him for my earliest days,
Passed in the fields and in the open air,
With flocks and birds and flowers, free
from all care,
And glad as brook that through a meadow
strays.

O balmy air, O orchards white with bloom,
O waving fields of ever-varying green,
O deep, mysterious woods, whose leafy
gloom
Invites to pensive dreams of worlds unseen,
To thoughts as solemn as the silent tomb,
No power from you my heart can ever wean !

ET MORI LUCRUM

THE star must cease to burn with its own
light
Before it can become the dwelling-place
Of hearts that love, — beings of godlike race,
Through its own death attaining to the
height
Of excellence, and sinking into night,

That it may glow with a more perfect grace,
And bear a nobler life through boundless
space,
Till time shall bring eternity in sight.
So man, if he would truly live, must die,
Descending through the grave that he may
rise

To higher worlds and dwell in purer sky;
Making of seeming life the sacrifice
To share the perfect life with God on high,
Where love divine is the infinite prize.

THE VOID BETWEEN

WHEN from the gloom of earth we see the
sky,

The happy stars seem each to other near,
And their low-whispered words we almost
hear,

As in sweet company they smile or sigh.
Alas ! infinite worlds between them lie,
And solitary each within its sphere
Rolls lonely ever onward without cheer,
Is born, and lives and dies with no one
near.

And so men's souls seem close together
bound,

But worlds immeasurable lie between,
And each is centre in a void profound,
Wherein he lonely lives sad or serene,
And, planet-like, moves higher centre round,
Whence light he draws as from the sun
night's Queen.

AT THE NINTH HOUR

ELI, Eli, lama sabacthani ?

O sadder than the ocean's wailing moan,
Sadder than homes whence life and joy
have flown,

Than graves where those we love in dark-
ness lie;

More full of anguish than all agony
Of broken hearts, forsaken of their own
And left in hopeless misery alone,
Is this, O sweet and loving Christ, Thy
cry !

For this, this only is infinite pain:
To feel that God Himself has turned away.
If He abide, all loss may still be gain,
And darkest night be beautiful as day.
But lacking Him the universe is vain,
And man's immortal soul is turned to
clay.

Henry Bernard Carpenter

THE REED

"ET ARUNDINEM IN DEXTERA EJUS"

BENEATH the Memnonian shadows of Mem-
phis, it rose from the slime,

A reed of the river, self-hid, as though
shunning the curse of its crime,
And it shook as it measured in whispers
the lapses of tide and of time.

It shuddered, it stooped, and was dumb,
when the kings of the earth passed
along.

For what could this reed of the river in the
race of the swift and the strong, —

Where the wolf met the bear and the pan-
ther, blood-bathed, at the banquets of
worg ?

These loved the bright brass, the hard steel,
and the gods that kill and condemn;

Yea, theirs was the robe silver-tissued, and
theirs was the sun-colored gem;

If they touched thee, O reed, 't was to wing
with swift death thy sharp arrowy
stem.

Then the strong took the corn and the wine,
and the poor, who had scattered
the seed,

Went forth to the wilderness weeping, and
sought out a sign in their need,

And the gods laughed in rapturous thun-
der, and showed them the wind-
shaken reed.

O dower of the poor and the helpless ! O
key to Thought's palace unpriced !

When the strong mocked with cruel crimson
and spat in the face of their Christ,

When the thorns were his crown — in his
faint palm this reed for a sceptre
sufficed;

This reed in whose fire-pith Prometheus
brought life, and the arts began,
When Man, the god of time's twilight, grew
godlike by dying for Man,
Ere Redemption fell bound and bleeding,
priest-carved to the priests' poor
plan.

Come hither, ye kings of the earth, and ye
priests without pity, draw near:
Ye girded your loins for a curse, and ye
builded dark temples to Fear;
Ye gathered from rune-scroll and symbol
great syllables deathful and drear.

Then ye summoned mankind to your Idol,
the many bowed down to the few,
As ye told in loud anthems how all things
were framed for the saints and for
you, —

"Lord, not on these sun-blistered rocks,
but on Gideon's fleece falls thy
dew."

Man was taken from prison to judgment;
a bulrush he bent at your nod;
Ye stripped him of rights, his last garment,
and bared his broad back for the rod,
And ye lisped, as he writhed down in an-
guish, "This woe is the sweet will
of God."

But lo! whilst ye braided the thorn-crown
for Man and the children of men,

Whilst ye reft him of worship and wealth,
and he stood mute and dazed in your
den,
A reed-stalk remained for a sceptre; ye left
in his hand the pen.

Sweet wooer, strong winner of kingship,
above crown, crosier and sword,
By thee shall the mighty be broken, and the
spoil which their might hath stored
Shall be stamped small as dust, and be wafted
away by the breath of the Lord.

His decree is gone forth, it is planted, and
these are the words which he
spake, —
No smouldering flax of first fancy, no full
flame of thought, will he slake,
No bruised reed of the writer shall the
strength of eternities break.

Behold your sign and your sceptre. Arise,
imperial reed,
Go forth to discrown king and captain and
disinherit the creed;
O strike through the iron war-tower and
cast out the murderer's seed;

Go forth — like the swell of the spring-tide,
sweep on in measureless sway,
Till raised over each throned falsehood, in
bright omnipresence like day,
Thou shalt bruise them with rod of iron,
and break them like vessels of clay.

Robert Kelley Weeks

MEDUSA

ONE calm and cloudless winter night,
Under a moonless sky,
Whence I had seen the gracious light
Of sunset fade and die,

I stood alone a little space,
Where tree nor building bars
Its outlook, in a desert place,
The best to see the stars.

No sound was in the frosty air,
No light below the skies;
I looked above, and unaware
Looked in Medusa's eyes:—

The eyes that neither laugh nor weep,
That neither hope nor fear,
That neither watch nor dream nor sleep,
Nor sympathize nor sneer;

The eyes that neither spurn nor choose,
Nor question nor reply,
That neither pardon nor accuse,
That yield not nor defy;

The eyes that hide not nor reveal,
That trust not nor betray,
That acquiesce not nor appeal, —
The eyes that never pray.

O love that will not be forgot !
 O love that leaves alone !
 O love that blinds and blesses not !
 O love that turns to stone !

A SONG FOR LEXINGTON

THE spring came earlier on
 Than usual that year;
 The shadiest snow was gone,
 The slowest brook was clear,
 And warming in the sun
 Shy flowers began to peer.

'Twas more like middle May,
 The earth so seemed to thrive,
 That Nineteenth April day
 Of Seventeen Seventy-Five;
 Winter was well away,
 New England was alive !

Alive and sternly glad !
 Her doubts were with the snow;
 Her courage, long forbade,
 Ran full to overflow;
 And every hope she had
 Began to bud and grow.

She rose betimes that morn,
 For there was work to do;
 A planting, not of corn,
 Of what she hardly knew, —
 Blessings for men unborn;
 And well she did it too !

With open hand she stood,
 And sowed for all the years,

And watered it with blood,
 And watered it with tears,
 The seed of quickening food
 For both the hemispheres.

This was the planting done
 That April morn of fame;
 Honor to every one
 To that seed-field that came !
 Honor to Lexington,
 Our first immortal name !

MAN AND NATURE

O STEADFAST trees that know
 Rain, hail, and sleet, and snow,
 And all the winds that blow;
 But when spring comes, can then
 So freshly bud again
 Forgetful of the wrong !

Waters that deep below
 The stubborn ice can go
 With quiet underflow,
 Contented to be dumb
 Till spring herself shall come
 To listen to your song !

Stars that the clouds pass o'er
 And stain not, but make more
 Alluring than before: —
 How good it is for us
 That your lives are not thus
 Prevented, but made strong !

John White Chadwick

THE MAKING OF MAN

As the insect from the rock
 Takes the color of its wing;
 As the boulder from the shock
 Of the ocean's rhythmic swing
 Make itself a perfect form,
 Learns a calmer front to raise;
 As the shell, enamelled warm
 With the prism's mystic rays,
 Praises wind and wave that make
 All its chambers fair and strong;

As the mighty poets take
 Grief and pain to build their song;
 Even so for every soul,
 Whatsoe'er its lot may be, —
 Building, as the heavens roll,
 Something large and strong and free, —
 Things that hurt and things that mar
 Shape the man for perfect praise;
 Shock and strain and ruin are
 Friendlier than the smiling days.

THE GOLDEN-ROBIN'S NEST

THE golden-robin came to build his nest
High in the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest;
All the long day, upon his task intent,
Backward and forward busily he went,

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant
string,
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to
come
In search of stuff to build his pretty
home,
We dropped one day a lock of golden
hair
Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed
A lock that had the stooping shoulders
graced
Of her old grandsire; it was white as
snow,
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the golden-robin's work apace;
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion
dim,
Wondrous provision had been made for
him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disap-
peared;
The nest was finished, and the brood was
reared;
And then there came a pleasant summer's
day
When the last golden-robin flew away.

Ere long, in triumph, from its leafy height,
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,
And saw how prettily the white and gold
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming
fold.

But when again the golden-robins came,
Cleaving the orchards with their breasts
afame,
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden
head
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest
Taken from the elm-tree's ever nodding
crest.

Little the golden-robin thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden
hair!

RECOGNITION

WHEN souls that have put off their mortal
gear
Stand in the pure, sweet light of heaven's
day,

And wondering deeply what to do or say,
And trembling more with rapture than with
fear,

Desire some token of their friends most
dear,

Who there some time have made their
happy stay,

And much have longed for them to come
that way,

What shall it be, this sign of hope and
cheer?

Shall it be tone of voice or glance of eye?
Shall it be touch of hand or gleam of hair
Blown back from spirit-brows by heaven's
air,—

Things which of old we knew our dearest
by?

Oh, naught of this; but, if our love is
true,

Some secret sense shall cry, 'T is you and
—you!

STARLIGHT

"Look up," she said; and all the heavens
blazed

With countless myriads of quiet stars,
Whereon a moment silently he gazed,
And drank that peace no trouble ever mars.
Then looking down into her face upturned,
Two other stars that did outshine the rest
Upward to him with such soft splendor
yearned

That all her secret was at once confessed.
Then he with kisses did put out their light,
And said, "O strange, but more, dear love,
to me

Are thy pure eyes than all the stars of
night

That shine in heaven everlastingly!

Night still is night, with every star aglow;
But light were night didst thou not love
me so."

THE RISE OF MAN

THOU for whose birth the whole creation
yearned
Through countless ages of the morning
world,
Who, first in fiery vapors dimly hurled,
Next to the senseless crystal slowly turned,
Then to the plant which grew to something
more, —
Humblest of creatures that draw breath of
life, —
Wherefrom through infinites of patient pain
Came conscious man to reason and adore:
Shall we be shamed because such things
have been,
Or bate one jot of our ancestral pride?
Nay, in thyself art thou not deified
That from such depths thou couldst such
summits win?
While the long way behind is prophecy
Of those perfections which are yet to be.

HIS MOTHER'S JOY

LITTLE, I ween, did Mary guess,
As on her arm her baby lay,
What tides of joy would swell and beat,
Through ages long, on Christmas day.
And what if she had known it all, —
The awful splendor of his fame?
The inmost heart of all her joy
Would still, methinks, have been the
same:

The joy that every mother knows
Who feels her babe against her breast:
The voyage long is overpast,
And now is calm and peace and rest.

"Art thou the Christ?" The wonder came
As easy as her infant's breath:
But answer none. Enough for her,
That love had triumphed over death.

A WEDDING-SONG

I SAID: "My heart, now let us sing a song
For a fair lady on her wedding-day;
Some solemn hymn or pretty roundelay,
That shall be with her as she goes along
To meet her joy, and for her happy feet
Shall make a pleasant music, low and
sweet."

Then said my heart: "It is right bold of
thee
To think that any song that we could
sing
Would for this lady be an offering
Meet for such gladness as hers needs must
be,
What time she goes to don her bridal
ring,
And her own heart makes sweetest carol-
ling."

And so it is that with my lute unstrung,
Lady, I come to greet thy wedding-day;
But once, methinks, I heard a poet say,
The sweetest songs remain for aye unsung.
So mine, unsung, at thy dear feet I lay,
And with a "Peace be with you!" go
my way.

George Alfred Townsend

ARMY CORRESPONDENT'S LAST RIDE

FIVE FORKS, APRIL 1ST, 1865.

Ho! pony. Down the lonely road
Strike now your cheeriest pace!
The woods on fire do not burn higher
Than burns my anxious face;
Far have you sped, but all this night
Must feel my nervous spur;

If we be late, the world must wait
The tidings we aver: —
To home and hamlet, town and hearth,
To thrill child, mother, man,
I carry to the waiting North
Great news from Sheridan!

The birds are dead among the pines,
Slain by the battle fright,
Prone in the road the steed reclines
That never reached the fight;

Yet on we go, — the wreck below
 Of many a tumbled wain, —
 By ghastly pools where stranded mules
 Die, drinking of the rain;
 With but my list of killed and missed
 I spur my stumbling nag,
 To tell of death at many a tryst,
 But victory to the flag !

"Halt ! who comes there ? The counter-
 sign !" —

"A friend." — "Advance ! The fight, —
 How goes it, say ?" — "We won the
 day !" —

"Huzza ! Pass on !" — "Good-night !" —
 And parts the darkness on before,
 And down the mire we tramp,
 And the black sky is painted o'er
 With many a pulsing camp;
 O'er stumps and ruts, by ruined huts,
 Where ghosts look through the gloam, —
 Behind my tread I hear the dead
 Follow the news toward home !

The hunted souls I see behind,
 In swamp and in ravine,
 Whose cry for mercy thrills the wind
 Till cracks the sure carbine;
 The moving lights, which scare the dark,
 And show the trampled place
 Where, in his blood, some mother's bud
 Turns up his young, dead face;
 The captives spent, whose standards rent
 The conqueror parades,
 As at the Five Forks roads arrive
 The General's dashing aides.

O wondrous Youth ! through this grand
 ruth

Runs my boy's life its thread;
 The General's fame, the battle's name,
 The rolls of maimed and dead
 I bear, with my thrilled soul astir,
 And lonely thoughts and fears,
 And am but History's courier
 To bind the conquering years;
 A battle-ray, through ages gray
 To light to deeds sublime,
 And flash the lustre of this day
 Down all the aisles of Time !

Ho ! pony, — 't is the signal gun
 The night-assault decreed;
 On Petersburg the thunderbolts
 Crash from the lines of Meade;

Fade the pale, frightened stars o'erhead,
 And shrieks the bursting air;
 The forest foliage, tinted red,
 Grows ghastlier in the glare;
 Though in her towers, reached her last hours,
 Rocks proud Rebellion's crest —
 The world may say, if but my nag
 Get in before the rest !

With bloody flank, and fetlocks dank,
 And goad, and lash, and shout —
 Great God ! as every hoof-beat falls
 A hundred lives beat out !
 As weary as this broken steed
 Reels down the corduroys,
 So, weary, fight for morning light
 Our hot and grimy boys;
 Through ditches wet, o'er parapet
 And guns barbette, they catch
 The last, lost breach; and I, — I reach
 The mail with my despatch !

Sure it shall speed, the land to read,
 As sped the happiest shell !
 The shot I send strike the world's end;
 This tells my pony's knell;
 His long race run, the long war done,
 My occupation gone, —
 Above his bier, prone on the pier,
 The vultures fleck the dawn.
 Still, rest his bones where soldiers dwell,
 Till the Long Roll they catch.
 He fell the day that Richmond fell,
 And took the first despatch !

IN RAMA

A LITTLE face there was,
 When all her pains were done,
 Beside that face I loved:
 They said it was a son.
 A son to me — how strange ! —
 Who never was a man,
 But lived from change to change
 A boy, as I began.

More boyish still the hope
 That leaped within me then,
 That I, matured in him,
 Should found a house of men;
 And all my wasted sheaves,
 Bound up in his ripe shock,
 Give seed to sterner times
 And name to sterner stock.

He grew to that ideal,
 And blossomed in my sight;
 Strange questions filled his day,
 Sweet visions in the night,
 Till he could walk with me,
 Companion, hand in hand;
 But nothing seemed to be
 Like him, in Wonder-land.

For he was leading me
 Beyond the bounds of mind,
 Far down Eternity,
 And I so far behind.

One day an angel stepped
 Out of the idle sphere;
 The man had entered in,
 The boy is weeping here.

My house is founded there
 In heaven that he has won.
 Shall I be outlawed, then,
 O Lord who hast my son?
 This grief that makes me old,
 These tears that make me pure,
 They tell me time is time,
 And only heaven mature.

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